THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

free paper pattern on page 35

PRICE 2d.
Biggest Value in the World.

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN AUSTRALIA

Vol. I. No. 26. Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1933. 251 PITT STREET, SYDNEY. Phones: M 2081 (4 lines). 48 PAGES

Daughter of Australia

Four generations of Australian forbears stand behind this winsome girl. Looking at her nobody need doubt the future greatness of the British race in Australia. She is Elizabeth Lawson, the great-great-granddaughter of Lieutenant William Lawson, one of the early Australian explorers. The first expedition into the interior of the continent was made by Lawson, Blaxland and Wentworth. Striking pictures of descendants of Blaxland and Wentworth, re-living the past in period costumes, appear on page 23. —Women's Weekly photo.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601511

LONELY MEN are *Looking* for WIVES

Matrimonial Agencies Offer Bargains

Girls, if you are searching for a husband, what about one of these!

A farmer aged 30, worth £5000; a tradesman of 25, worth £600, in constant work; a home-loving business man of 45, worth £2500; a motor mechanic aged 26, with a prosperous business; a farmer of 56, worth over £7000; blue-eyed young men and dark-complexioned middle-aged men.

These and many other bargains are available at some of the matrimonial agencies in Australia.

IN other countries, even to-day, parents arrange the matrimonial future of their children, but the average Australian boy or girl would strongly resent parental dictation in the matter of choosing a life partner.

Yet, strangely enough, some are quite content to be guided and assisted in their choice of a partner by strangers, and, in addition, are prepared to pay for such guidance and assistance.

In Australia the male population exceeds that of the female population by over 100,000, so that there should be a husband for every girl who wants one.

Victoria is an exception to the rest of the Commonwealth; women in that State considerably outnumber men.

It should, therefore, appear that the majority of applications for husbands should come from Victoria, while the applications from men seeking wives should come from Queensland, New South Wales, and the other States. Unfortunately, there are no statistics to show whether this is the case or not.

Matrimonial agencies have on their books hundreds of names of men and women eligible for marriage.

One girl who approached a matrimonial agency in search of an eligible partner, "view mat.," received quite an interesting list of prospective husbands.

Her only obligation was to register with the agency, at a cost of 10/, and to pay a further 10/ when the marriage knot was tied. The agency informed her that the list was not a complete one, but just a few taken at random from a great number.

"The sole object of my club," wrote the principal of one agency, "is to place people of suitable qualifications in correspondence with pleasure or matrimony in view. If you are in earnest and want a husband, I am in a position to introduce you to the kind of gentleman you wish to know, and aid you in finding a husband who will suit you."

Then followed a list of prospective husbands.

If those enumerated do not please, there are "hundreds of others who have joined my club for me to find suitable wives. Every mail brings many more," adds the principal.

And the reason why all these men find it difficult to find a wife unaided? Well, here it is, according to the matrimonial agency:—

"The question may occur to you why so many gentlemen of good taste, wealth, culture, and refinement join my club with marriage as their object. There are many reasons. Among them are the fact that in some parts of this country one sex greatly outnumbers the other. Then there are those whose acquaintance is limited to their immediate neighborhoods, and want to circulate outside their own little sphere before making so serious a venture.

"Now, if you are in earnest and want to marry or correspond for pleasure, fill in the enclosed application form now. Enclose 10/- for one year's membership; also agree to pay me 10/- more when married. I feel sure you will not let the nominal fee of 10/- stand between you and marital happiness."

* * *

HERE is a list of possible husbands supplied by one agency:

Victorian, 60, 6ft., black hair and dark complexion. Protestant, quiet disposition. Farmer and grazier by occupation, with good education. Have £2000, and would like to hear from a lady who is fond of home life.

Adelaide man, 38, height 5ft. 10in., weight 10½st. Dark hair, blue eyes, light complexion. Australian, and a Presbyterian, with good business, position in life assured, and my wife would receive the highest comfort, love, and affection. I am particularly fond of home and children.

Queenslander, 42, brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, quiet, and happy disposition, good farm post. Am expecting to inherit £3000 soon, and would like to hear from a young lady about 18.

N.S.W. man, 48, fair complexion, Protestant, and a mechanic by occupation. Grammar School education, quiet disposition, have £500, and prefer city life. Would like to correspond with lady about own age.

N.S.W. man, 62, height 6ft., grey hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Have a jovial disposition, and manage an important works. Good education. Earn £10 a week. Prefer country life; fond of home and children.

Queenslander, 32, height 6ft., fair complexion. Protestant, with quiet disposition. Have £1000, and prefer country life. Do not smoke or drink. Want to correspond with lady about 25, good tempered, and a good cook.

Tasmanian, 45, 5ft. 10½in. in height, weight 11st. 4lb., Protestant, and an Australian, retired farmer, worth £4000. Like either city or country life, and am very fond of home. An honest, sober, quiet, respectable, and clean man.

A postscript to the list informed the applicant that there are many others—professional and business men, tradesmen—some very wealthy. A number are just working men, but they will make good husbands, and are all looking out for suitable wives.

GWEN MUNRO and Brian Norman, Australian winners of the Paramount "Search for Beauty" film quest, in which the Australian Women's Weekly was associated with Paramount, are having the time of their lives in Hollywood. Above you see them as the guests of "Snowy" Baker, that famous Australian sportsman who has made his home among the film people. Right: Latest study of Gwen Munro.

RIDDLE *of* DEARER MILK

BETTER *Regulation* Will Bring BENEFIT

The increase in the price of milk, following all the arguments in Health Week that everybody should use more milk, has puzzled everybody.

It is specially puzzling because of the great difference between the price paid by the housewife and the price received by the farmer.

However, this wide margin is to be reduced, according to the chairman of the Milk Board, Mr. E. A. Hamilton, who explains the whole operations of the Board in the following special article.

By the Chairman of the Milk Board, Mr. E. A. Hamilton.

DURING Health Week, which has just closed, milk has received a great deal of publicity at the various conferences and gatherings which are a feature of this great movement.

Such an important foodstuff cannot be allowed to be produced and distributed in a chaotic way, and in New South Wales Parliament has considered it of sufficient importance to be placed under statutory authority in the Milk Board of three members.

This State is not alone in this, as the tendency in many countries is for public control of milk.

AT its constitution the Board was faced with an industry which had developed into a very unsatisfactory and chaotic condition.

The functions of the original Board having failed to a great extent to control prices or to impose any measure of regulation in the collection and distribution of milk, created a worse position than had existed previously, as all the distributing interests were anxious to obtain all the trade possible before the defects in the 1929 Act were remedied.

The first duty with which the Board was charged after its appointment was the determination, after inquiry, of minimum prices to be paid to dairymen for milk, and a maximum retail and wholesale selling price.

A public Prices Inquiry was opened in January, 1932, at which evidence was taken from dairymen, factory managers, wholesale and retail distributors and representatives of consumers, the fullest publicity being invited.

In March, 1932, minimum prices payable to dairymen were determined and maximum wholesale and retail selling prices were fixed.

These prices were considered equitable to all sections of the industry, and it is anticipated that further reductions in the margin between producers' and consumers' prices will follow as a proper system of regulation and re-organisation is applied to the industry. The prices fixed at this inquiry have not been altered since.

* * *

AS from March 5, 1932, all country milk for the Sydney market became the property of the Board immediately on its delivery to and acceptance by a factory or depot operated by an authorised agent of the Board.

It is considered to be the duty of the Board, with the assistance of the Department of Public Health and the Department of Agriculture, to see that milk is produced from healthy cows and that the farmer, one of the best citizens of the nation, should be given a fair return for his product.

The Board has then to provide that the distribution of milk for the metropolis is conducted without unnecessary overlapping and under hygienic conditions, so that an ample supply of good, rich, pure milk can be made available to the citizens at a reasonable cost.

In its administration of the provisions of the Milk Act and in the exercise of its functions under the Act the Board is charged with the responsibility of ensuring to the consumer milk of a satisfactory standard of purity and quality.

Samples of milk are taken at all hours from dairies, milk depots, milk carts and shops, and tested for adulteration, butter fat content and cleanliness, in collaboration with the officers of the Department of Public Health.

Thousands of samples are taken each year. It is a tribute to the efficiency of that supervision to find that cases of adulteration are very rare, and that the milk companies, dairymen, and vendors of milk are maintaining and marketing their product well above the requirements of the Pure Food Act.

In this connection the Board appreciates the spirit with which all sections of the industry, producers and distributors alike, have co-operated in improving methods of production and distribution.

* * *

MEDICAL authorities all over the world are agreed that the addition of milk to the daily diet of children increases weight and height, and is particularly valuable in cases of malnutrition.

This has been conclusively proved by our own Department of Education in experiments conducted at Blackfriars School over a period of years.

The Board is closely co-operating with the Department of Education in arranging for the establishment of a milk service to all schools.

Inquiries are invited from any educational establishment desirous of obtaining a milk supply, and the Board will, on request, provide lecturers to deliver talks on milk and arrange for a suitable supply.

MRS. DON BRADMAN arriving at the Andrews-Collins-Kelleway testimonial cricket match at the Sydney Cricket Ground last week-end.

ATKINSONS
Black Tulip
Face Powder
So soft . . . . so natural

The moment you feel that soft caress of Black Tulip Face Powder, you marvel that such a soft airy powder could cling so smoothly and for so long. Delicately fragrant, and in eight smart skin-shades: Rachel, Rachel No. 2, Natural, Suntan, Ochre, Rose, White, and Brunette.

1/6 and 2/6 a box
J. & E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

Where to Find

	Page
BEAUTY	37
BOOKS	6
CLEVER IDEAS	32
COOKING	39
FILM NEWS	22
GARDENING	38
HOME DECORATION	32
CROCHET, NEEDLEWORK	41
LOUISE MACK ADVISES	6
MEDICAL	37
MOTHERS AND WIVES	38
PATTERNS	35
SPORT	46, 47
SO THEY SAY	19

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601512

Let's Talk of Interesting P·E·O·P·L·E

ANOTHER WORLD CHAMPION?

TEN women racing drivers competed in the women's Mountain Handicap, a race of over six miles. This is the first time women have been allowed to drive over the difficult mountain course at Brooklands. One of the entrants was Miss Rita Don, sister of the famous racing motorist, Kaye Don, who drove Mr. Freddie Dixon's Riley, one of the fastest small cars in Europe. Miss Don is an attractive brunette and never feels at home unless she is either driving a car or fixing it up in some way.

—Broothorn

REMEMBERS THE BIRTHDAYS

MRS. ISABEL A. GREEN was recently appointed auxiliary organiser of the Birthday League at Melbourne Hospital.

The Birthday League includes everyone who gives the hospital 2/6 (which maintains the hospital for one minute) or more. A contribution of £25 to the endowment fund makes you a member of the league in perpetuity. Even racehorses are invited to remember the hospital either on their birthdays or out of their winnings. They receive personal letters of congratulation and a message on the official birthday of racehorses, August 1.

Despite the many meetings and arduous plannings for the hospital, Mrs. Green manages to devote a good bit of time to her family of three children. She is a sister of the Attorney-General and Minister for Railways, Mr. R. G. Menzies.

RELATIVITIST'S WIFE

MRS. EINSTEIN, wife of the famous Relativitist, with her husband, on the s.s. "Westernland," which brought Einstein from Europe to his new home in America. Exiled from Germany because he is a Jew, Einstein has been offered a home by the U.S.A. He will find sanctuary at Princeton University, where he will teach special pupils and continue his research work.

DEEP *Currents* in ANGLICAN *Church*

☆ ☆ ☆

Anglo-Catholic *Versus* Evangelical

This article is designed to explain broadly what is happening in the Church of England in Australia to-day.

There are various schools of thought, all of the deepest spiritual significance, and of immense importance to the future of the Church.

By Our Clerical Observer.

GREAT ADVANCES have within recent years been made in Anglo-Catholic ritual and order. This picture shows a High Mass at the White City Stadium, London, conducted by the Bishop of Colombo, in the presence of the Bishop of London, during Congress Week. The nuns are practically indistinguishable from those of the Roman order.

THE extremes of Anglo-Catholic and Modernist in the Church of England might at the first blush convey the impression that religion was just what anyone liked to make it—an accommodative thing ready to take any ecclesiastical mould that might come its way.

The fault, if fault there be, is not, however, to be charged against religion, but rather against human nature; for is it not good that religion presents this general adaptiveness to minds which otherwise, some of them, reject it altogether, as unsuited to their make?

Much has been written about the Oxford movement in Anglicanism, but there is a good deal of misunderstanding, nevertheless.

That movement marked a reversion, a hundred years ago, to the doctrines and observances of pre-Reformation days.

It sought to link the Church of England up once more with the Christian Church in its earlier organised forms, to restore its observances, ritual, and what were regarded as its more original doctrines.

While these resembled those of Rome, and in some instances were identical with them, the movement was not in itself a movement in that direction. It has never, indeed, become that.

* * *

TRUE, secessions have taken place, sometimes singly and sometimes in groups; but Anglo-Catholics distinctly disclaim "Romeward" tendencies.

They claim descent from the apostles, but by a succession of bishops which does not coincide with that of the Roman fold.

Theirs, they hold, is an independent authority, or—to use their ecclesiastical word for it—"jurisdiction."

They claim continuity with the primitive, apostolic Church.

They ban Roman supremacy. While welcoming union with Rome, it must, they insist, be a union clear of submission to the Roman "obedience." This, Rome will not, of course, consider.

Hence the separateness, if not something like the antagonism, of the two.

Beliefs and Practices

THE strong point with Anglo-Catholics is in their emphasis of church order and institutions, which they regard as practically essential to the Christian life of the individual.

They have but a scant approval of "unattached" Christians.

The Church's sacraments, in their view, are the divinely appointed channels of grace, and there is positive danger in the disregard of them.

This distinguishes them from what is called the Evangelical school, which is willing to allow more scope to personal faith, apart from the more advanced symbolisms.

In Australia the diocese of Sydney is regarded as the stronghold of the Evangelical school of thought.

Anglo-Catholic beliefs and practices include the use of the crucifix, altar and candles, the eastern position, symbolic vestments, the Confessional, the Mass—High and Requiem—with its implication of purgatory, along with the doctrine of transubstantiation, which supposes the "transformation" of the "substance" of the elements used in the sacrifice of the Eucharist into the body and blood of our Lord.

There has also been an evolution—or a reversion—from deaconesses and sisterhoods to fully-fledged nuns, and there are in places something closely resembling monasteries for "monks" and other masculine orders.

More Than Religious

ALL this, in the Evangelical view, has more than a religious significance. It has, or is thought to have, its political bearings as well.

That is why the British House of Commons some time back twice refused ratification of the Revised Prayer Book, which sought to widen the doorway to further Anglo-Catholic developments, or to sanction those already in practice.

The English people are frankly afraid of pre-Reformation influences in political and community life. That, rightly or wrongly, would appear to be the all-round situation at the present time.

The Modernists

AT the opposite pole to this stands the Modern Churchmen's Movement.

This corresponds, within the Church of England, to the general Modernist development over a much wider field. It is not nearly as recent in origin as many people think.

It began as far back as 250 years ago, in a determined resolve on the part of one or two men in Europe to make an unbiassed examination of all questions of Biblical scholarship.

Within the last 70 years especially this attitude of mind has become greatly stimulated by the teaching of evolution and the results of scientific research in many related fields.

Large numbers of Christian people have come to see that there is no antagonism between a well-considered finding of science and an enlightened acceptance of Scripture truth.

Not only so, but they recognise that this more modern attitude has enabled them to hold their beliefs more satisfyingly and to find the Bible even more convincing and enlightening than before.

It is surely all to the good, so the Moderns say, that we are living in times when churches are willing to allow both their people and their spiritual leaders a wider freedom in such things than was previously the case.

Is it not better, they ask, that this modern way of thinking should be made articulate in the interests of thousands of sincere people to whom the older and cruder statements are a stumbling-block?

There is also the fact that on both sides of the controversial fence the men themselves are for the most part outstandingly good.

Within the Church of England to-day will be found men of these opposing ecclesiastical schools who both in devotion and devotedness far outstrip the self-satisfied clerics of 100 years ago, with their complete indifference.

And so the Anglo-Catholic and the Modern Churchmen go their separate ways, each of them finding and filling his avocation to good and noble purpose.

Effect on Union

EACH of these developments within the Church of England must exert a reflex influence on other denominations with which Anglicanism has for some time past sought union—or, to use its word for it, reunion.

Insistence on the acceptance of the idea of Apostolic succession would, however, be fatal to union with the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches—between which union is being talked of in Australia.

Methodism, though the youngest of the three, is mentioned first because, historically, it is the daughter of Anglicanism—a wayward daughter in that Church's estimation.

There might be more likelihood of a fusion on the part of these with the other school above described; although many persons in all three would demur to accept the Modernist platform, as affecting the validity of their "orders."

Drawing a bow at a venture, there are more improbable things than a coming together of the three outside denominations with the Evangelical section of the Church of England, with the Modern Churchmen's section thrown in.

In this case the Anglo-Catholic party would stand by itself. Something of the kind has even been forecast in certain Anglican quarters.

IS LARGEST CHURCH

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND is the biggest body numerically in Australia.

According to the latest available figures the strength of the four larger denominations is as follows:

	Per Cent.
Church of England	45
Roman Catholic	21
Presbyterian	12
Methodist	12

AN OPPORTUNITY TO SAVE MONEY

A CANTEEN of CUTLERY fitted with SIX of *Everything* for 70/-

Make a Lay-by if you wish.

Superior Oak Canteen, expertly lined, slotted, and finished with smart, beaded edge and two fasteners. There are six each stainless Table and Dessert Knives; six each stainless Table and Dessert Forks; and six each stainless Soup, Dessert, and Teaspoons. Forty-two pieces in a beautiful Canteen—at a good 10/- less than to-day's actual value.

STAINLESS CARVING SET 15/-

Three Pieces for 15/-!

ANGUS & COOTE

WATCHMAKERS, JEWELLERS, SILVERSMITHS, OPTICIANS,

500 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

WE ARE CASH BUYERS OF OLD GOLD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601513

SHORTS *for* MEN'S PYJAMAS

Latest London Fashion Ideas

Latest London fashions for men in shirts, pyjamas, shoes, and other articles are a good bit in advance of Australian ideas, according to Alan Rankin, the Australian actor, who has just returned from London.

WEARING a light grey suit, primrose shirt, gold tie, and buff suede shoes, Mr. Rankin created a small sensation in Melbourne last week.

He is feeling very embarrassed about being seen about, as all his shoes are of suede, and Australians are so unused to them that he is stared at wherever he goes.

Young men of Mayfair, lounge lizards, and he-men, are all wearing suede shoes, and even black suede shoes with evening clothes.

Plain colored shirts are quite accepted in London now, for instance, a navy shirt and plain white tie are worn with a navy suit. No striped ties or patterned socks are worn.

And the latest pyjamas for men are shorts with a sleeveless jacket.

Hats are hardly worn at all by men, but when they are the brims are so narrow that the average Australian hat looks like a sombrero in comparison.

SUCCESS FOR N.Z. FILM QUEST WINNER

A CABLE from the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, advises that Colin Tapley, one of the New Zealand winners of Paramount's Search for Beauty Contest, has been given an additional contract to appear in Paramount's pictures for his excellent work in "The Search For Beauty," now near completion. He is one of three British and three American contestants in The Search for Beauty to be given new contracts.

Colin Tapley

Natty Show

Giving the lie to statements that Australian men are bad dressers, Brisbane went off the deep end last week with a men's fashion show.

THERE were nobby styles for men and male models at the Brisbane Antiques show last week.

One unconcernedly demonstrated the zip fastener of a dream of milanese sport shirts with a flick of the wrist, and settled his blazer round his hips with a graceful gesture.

A perfect pet of a brown and tan ensemble was worn by a princely chap who carried his cream gloves like a bouquet, and switched a jaunty cane.

Another in nifty beach gown of jazz towelling was bare of foot, but his pedicure was an example to women, and his toe nails were polished!

The summer Tuxedos were so gracefully worn that one expected the model to break into a dance, and there was an Eton dinner jacket, cummerbund and black trousers with a stripe that almost took the breath away. In shorts those beaux were irresistible.

THE DANCE as expressed by Sonia Revid, a Russian girl now resident in Australia.

Last Minute RALLY For UPPER HOUSE

Women Make Big Effort to Gain Seats

This week's ballot for the third Upper House panel has the distinction of active participation by women.

The activity has been confined to the U.A.P. candidates. The Labor candidate, Mrs. Webster, M.L.C., is waiting for the last panel, a fortnight hence, in which she has a good chance.

In regard to the three U.A.P. candidates, there seems to have been a last-minute rally, which should lead to success in either this or the next ballot.

The report of a huge deputation to the Government, which we give below, makes interesting reading.

THERE are three U.A.P. candidates — Mrs. McKinnon, Miss Preston Stanley, and Mrs Laverty.

Miss Preston Stanley and Mrs. McKinnon received official nomination from the party.

Mrs. Laverty was independently nominated, and it is understood that considerable independent support has been obtained for her in the campaign.

But old campaigners are not to be caught napping. So a monster deputation of women from various U.A.P. branches was arranged to wait on the Government.

Over 100 delegates turned up at Parliament House. As Mr. Stevens was otherwise engaged, the Honorary Minister, Mr. Hawkins, was given the honor.

Herewith we give a detailed report of the proceedings.

* * *

MRS. JOHN BIRRELL, who introduced the deputation, stated that it was the express desire of the women's organisations that the Government should support the candidature of Miss Preston Stanley and Mrs. McKinnon, and they asked that both women should be included in the official panel for the third ballot. Both women, said Mrs. Birrell, were wonderful citizens, and, with regard to Miss Preston Stanley, apart from her work for the party, no other woman could excel her for keenness in any matter, legal, political, or otherwise.

Mrs. Arnott said that Miss Preston Stanley was recognised as one of the most brilliant women in Australia to-day. No one in the world could beat her as a public speaker. She was a capable woman who worked not only for all women's causes, but for humanity in general. The men should see that both Miss Preston Stanley and Mrs. McKinnon were returned to the Council.

Mrs. Pugh said that half the population of New South Wales consisted of women, and the organisations with which she was associated felt that Miss Stanley was more worthy of a seat than many of the men in the Council.

Mrs. Vickery, of the Croydon U.A.P., and a member of the Feminist Club, said that it was in the best interests of the community, as well as being fair and equitable, that Miss Preston Stanley and Mrs. McKinnon should be elected.

Miss Preston Stanley had filled the position as member of the Legislative Assembly with marked credit. She had a remarkable grip of Australian conditions, great organising ability, and the strength and courtesy necessary to carry her projects through.

Mrs. Kenna (Neutral Bay U.A.P.) said the time had arrived when women should be heard, not only as workers, but as members of the party and the Government. So many questions involved today were women's questions, and she considered that men had not the intuition to deal with them as women would.

Mrs. Walker said that during election time women did their share of the hard work, and it was high time they had proper representation in Parliament.

Mrs. Plummer, president of the Summer Hill branch, asked why were women relegated to the back seats.

Mrs. Partridge, of the Concord State Electoral Conference, asked that the two women nominees should be placed on the Government panel, Miss Preston Stanley first, and Mrs. McKinnon second.

She remarked that there was great unrest in their organisations, and efforts had been made to form a distinct woman's party, but they had not been in favor of breaking away.

Mrs. Champion, Coogee branch, brought under notice the recent cases where Lady Peacock and the Mayoress of Paddington had succeeded in winning their husbands' seats as evidence that public opinion was in favor of women representation in public life.

Other speakers were Mrs. Jones (Haberfield) and Mrs. Wellington.

* * *

MR. HAWKINS, in replying, said that he regretted that the Premier, Mr. Stevens, had been unable to find time to receive the deputation. The deputation asked for Government support for Miss Preston Stanley and Mrs. McKinnon on the broad ground that women represented more than half the population, and that women could speak on certain questions with a knowledge and intimacy and closeness of understanding not granted to men in that regard, and that all over the world the right of women to directly express their opinions instead of through the medium of mere man,' was being acknowledged.

Mr. Hawkins added that with regard to the qualifications of Miss Preston Stanley and Mrs. McKinnon he knew of no one more suitable than the ladies nominated, and he needed no convincing as to their ability, each in her own realm.

He hoped they would fully appreciate the position. They knew, as he did, that it was a matter of influence, rather than anything else. There were 205 electors in the campaign who had independence of opinion and judgment.

It was just a question of how far the fairness of the situation appealed to those who had the responsibility of making the appointments to what they hoped would be a stable and reliable Upper House.

LADY PEACOCK at her desk at Parliament House. She was sworn in as Victoria's first woman member last week.
—The Australian Women's Weekly photo.

Magnet DeLuxe Electric CLEANER

Possesses
Everything offered by other cleaners
PLUS absolute safety
and Complete Automatic Control

The new MAGNET is not merely——just another cleaner. It is not to be compared with cleaner standards hitherto accepted; it is a newcomer, out of the rut, bringing NEW features, NEW advantages, NEW standards of efficiency, serviceableness and value.
You can't leave a MAGNET cleaner switched on. When you leave the handle in a normal position the power cuts off. It only comes back when you pick the handle up again to operate. Safety is provided **automatically.**

Trade in your old Cleaner.

The MAGNET floor nozzle is designed to a generous size to enable you to cover the floor quickly and easily. The revolving brush for picking up threads, etc., is firmly motor driven.
Five nozzle positions make adjustment easy for carpets of different thicknesses, felt or linoleum.
The ten simple attachments make every cleaning task easy and quick, and a convenient rack is provided FREE for storing these when not in use.
If you are contemplating the purchase of an Electric Cleaner, see the new Magnet at any of the Magnet dealers below.

Cleaner complete with bag, 20ft. flexible & plug adaptor £15'15'-
VERY EASY TERMS.
Complete set of attachments and tools with rack (as illustrated), £4/4/- extra.

HOME DEMONSTRATION FREE from any of the dealers below

Beard Watson, 359 George St.
Caverswall Bros., 3 Barrack St.
Cullen, E. H., Ltd., 96 Bathurst Street.
Danks & Son, John, 324 Pitt St.
David Jones Ltd., George St.
Domestic Electrics, 387 George Street.
Elvy & Co., 397 George Street.
Forsyth, L. H., 401 Victoria Av., Chatswood.
Westcott Hazell, 225 Castlereagh Street.

An Advertisement of The British General Electric Company Limited

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601514

ZONIA *of the* GARDENS

By HAROLD MERCER

ELTON CALTHORP felt the ground rocking under his feet, and was suprised at the tempest of wrath overwhelming him—he who, from his youth up, had taught his spirit discipline. Perhaps the ways his life had travelled had not always been the most pleasant, but they had always been safe; his care for the feelings of others had acted as a guard to his own life. But the sudden shattering of a dream that seemed so sure, as well as so sweet, found him unguarded; he had been so cautious that it seemed a special malevolence of Fate had exalted his vision into the skies in order that his feet might be tripped.

His dream of a perfect love in his elderly years had been a folly. The dream was crumbling, now.

His mind went back to the morning of his first meeting with Zonia. Always when he thought of her, she was framed in the glory of that day. It was one of milk-crashed skies, joyful sunlight, heat intense but pleasurable—the sort of heat that invited the world to siesta. Pavements, exuding the warm smell of melting tar, shimmered in the sun, and bubbles of pitch boiled out of the asphalt road surface. Calthorp, sixty-two, and in the habit of regarding himself as old, felt that he was not so old, after all; felt a spring in his gait and a buoyancy in his breast that reminded him of youth. Indeed, well-preserved and carefully dressed, he looked rather a prosperous man of early middle-age than the oldster he was. The day was glorious to him; but there was an extra fineness about it as he turned into the Gardens, where a breath of something very like coolness struck the cheeks occasionally, bringing the smell of damp earth and the impression of sprinkling water, although the cooling sprays could not be seen.

His training of reticence rather than bashfulness would have caused him to pass his accustomed seat had he noticed that it had an occupant; but when, abstracted in thoughts about the beautiful view below, he arrived there, the quick action of the girl in making way for him was so disarming that he found himself sitting beside her, and adding to his thanks a remark about the weather.

"Oh, it is wonderful!" she responded. "On a day like this you glimpse the fulness of life that is to be enjoyed. But, if they could, they would lock up this beautiful sunlight and make profit out of selling it to us by the pint."

"Thank God no one can do that!" he said, devoutly. "The sunshine is free to us all."

"No, it isn't," she contradicted, rebelliously. "They make us pay for that, too. In the office where I work the girls will have to stay until the golden glory of the day is gone, and I, because I had to come out here, will probably lose my job."

WITH that start, Calthorp found himself listening, amused but also strangely interested and pleased, to the girl, whose delight at having someone to talk to was a great deal more evident than he allowed his own to be. He smiled sardonically at the reflection that her easy, friendly confidence put him in his place. He was an old man, a harmless old fogey, to whom a girl might chatter as she liked, upon a chance acquaintance without any suggestion of a need for circumspection. He represented disciplined old age; she was youth, crude youth, making its demands upon life for happiness. In a very little time he had learned a great deal about her, and—in spite of his long devotion to discipline, or because of it—what he learned he liked. She was a rebel whose enemies were a mysterious "They" who put shackles upon life and callously surrounded every precious pleasure with fences. She had a riotous hunger for the good things of the world, and though she resented the fact that in most directions it would remain unsatisfied, that did not in any way impair her enjoyment of those pleasures which came her way. She spoke to him of dances—cheap, poor little dances—and he found that their tawdry glories were invested with an interest because of her zest. References to "boys" came into her revelation, but they faded out of the narrative for reasons never explained, but obvious; the standard of the "boys" was not on a level with her own. Undoubtedly she was wholesome.

He was surprised to discover the time.

"Young lady," he said, "you have a very proper indignation against people who withhold from others things they might enjoy, so I hope you will not withhold from a lonely old man the pleasure of taking you to lunch. It is now nearly one."

"What a nice way to put it," she cried, her eyes gleaming. "I didn't expect to have anything to eat until I got home, but I am hungry. There is a place in the Gardens, here, under the trees——"

He liked the frankness of her acceptance, and, sitting in the dancing shadows and speckled sunlight thrown by the trees, he was inclined to join in her enthusiasm about the delight of the al fresco lunch. It was ages since he had enjoyed a meal so much.

"I don't want to encourage your habit of staying away from the office," he said, "but possibly we might arrange for some more of these lunches. And, as you like theatres, perhaps you will come with me to see 'The Honeymoon Girl'?"

"Ooh!" Her exclamation was that of one receiving unexpected gifts. "I would have to ask my boy; I wouldn't like to go without telling him. But, of course, he won't mind."

He smiled. He could hear her telling her "boy" that he was only a "harmless old gentleman."

By a Girl of 16

"The Flowerless Tree"

I PASSED the green camellia tree
When Summer reigned supreme,
And all the earth was bright with buds,
Like some unearthly dream.
But this poor tree stood void of flower,
Unlovely and alone,
As though in all the world of bloom
No bud on it was blown.

I passed again the lonely tree
When Winter ruled the day,
And all about, from earth to sky,
Was locked in deathly grey.
And lo! A vision startled me,
The tree was decked in white!
I swear it caught the winter frost
That whitened on the night!

—YVONNE WEBB.

After that they were friends, and, in a laughing humor at having called him that, she named him "Uncle." Calthorp was satisfied to be regarded as old and on the shelf, so long as he was allowed the companionship of youth which renewed his own. He was quite humble about it. The girl gave him more than he could possibly give her. Her avidity renewed his appetite for things long grown stale; the performance at the theatre, dull in itself, was given merit by her unsophisticated enjoyment. There were times when her crudeness jarred his fastidiousness, but as time went on he noticed the jar less.

Calthorp was not only satisfied to be regarded as old; he liked it. The guilt of years between them would have made their relations ridiculous on any other basis, as he saw it. There was no elderly foppishness about him. If he put a buttonhole in his coat and donned a tastefully selected new tie for his meeting with Zonia, it was merely that his bright "niece" would have no need to be ashamed of her companion.

Sometimes he wished he had met such a girl when he was younger. Such splendor as a great love affair can give to life he had missed. He had early found himself married to a woman by whom he had never been deeply stirred. Respect for her feelings had prevented any possibility of subsequent loose love affairs. Consideration for others was Calthorp's actuating principle. Calm happiness had come to him from a clean, well-modulated life; but, looking back, there was something distinctly unsatisfying in the wedded life that did not yield a deep grief when the companion of thirty-five years had died. His children had grown up and married, and had their own interests. In spite of intellectual resources, he was—but for Zonia—a lonely man. He thought of her doctrine of payments, which she had mentioned in almost her first words to him, reflecting that, if he had won serenity, his life had still made its payment.

As was natural to one of Calthorp's habit of mind, he saw Zonia's parents to explain his adoption of his "niece." It was an interview rasping to his senses. Their greedy hope that their daughter had hooked a wealthy admirer was obvious. Somewhere back in their lives there must have been romance, when Zonia was named; but life had edged them to a meaner sharpness. Frankly, he disliked them.

Always when he thought of Zonia she was framed in the glory of that day with a background of blossoms.

His estimate of her parents only made Zonia seem more wonderful. There was sheer enjoyment in all their meetings. The prospect of them gilded all the rest of Calthorp's days. And it was a real grief when he noticed that the merriment of his friend was clouded, and realised that a shadow had been upon her for at least a couple of their meetings—he had thought it a passing mood.

"Zonie," he said, "something has damped your spirits. What's the matter? Don't you think an uncle might be told?"

She fell silent.

"Well, if you don't want to tell me, I want to cheer you up. Suppose you come to a theatre with me to-night? Stay on and we'll have dinner somewhere, take a car for a run, and then the theatre."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, eagerly.

"That young man of yours won't object?" he quizzed.

And then he learnt that the young lover was gone. Although it would give him more of Zonia, he was angry; it had apparently hurt Zonia deeply. He picked out the most amusing of the evening's shows, and his heart glowed when she suddenly laughed outright, joyously.

BUT thereafter he sensed a sobered Zonia, and was distressed. His pleasure in serving her had reached a stage when sacrifice became a pleasure. Wanting keenly to chase the clouds from her life, he formed a plan on the memory of her delight in talking of travel—of Paris, London, Naples, Venice. He had the money and to spare. He would miss her desperately, but in the delight of a trip to those cities of her dreams she would forget her sorrows. She could take her mother with her. Delight in his sacrifice became an ecstasy as he pondered his idea and pictured her pleasure. But when he made her the offer her grave thoughtfulness surprised him.

"No; I have taken too much. I could not take all that money from you," she said.

"From an old man to his niece——"

"You are not old! You are not old!" she cried aloud, passionately. "For a man, you are young."

"Almost from the first you called me 'Uncle.'"

"I was only a girl; you have taught me to grow up. Don't you notice it?"

He did; but with her resistance he wanted now to press his sacrifice upon her. He felt her reluctance was only inspired by dis inclination to accept so large a gift.

Illustrated by Boothroyd

"But I don't want to go," she said.

The subject dropped; and Calthorp only realised that the offer had made a difference between them when she failed to appear at the time appointed for the next meeting. A multitude of questioning fears fell upon him. He realised that his young companion had grown to occupy so large a place in his life that he would be desolate without her.

Yet it bore upon his mind with a devastating humility that he was an old man and she only a girl—what more natural than that the return of her lover should create a passionate obsession that would cause him to be forgotten, unwanted. If she did not want him, if she had no longer use for the pleasures he could afford her, he would not pursue her.

In his loneliness, the desire to live once more the pleasant hours they had spent by walking one of their most frequented paths led him rambling through the Gardens. And at the end of the ramble he came upon Zonia, suddenly, despondently seated on a secluded seat.

The unexpected meeting created an earthquake of emotion in both. As, with a glad cry, he called to her, she rose in confusion, and then, in the chaos of explanation, she was sobbing in his arms, telling him that she thought the suggested trip abroad meant that he had grown tired of her friendship and wanted to get rid of her. Obsessed with this idea, she had decided not to intrude upon him; but, just as his steps had been led along the path, so had she come here to renew old memories.

Sweetly amazing as the revelation was, Calthorp fought against it. The union of youth with age, he gravely argued, was unnatural; it was a crime to youth which he shrank from committing.

Now that this dream that had been so wonderfully sweet was abruptly shattered, he recalled how he had resisted being flattered into what he had always regarded as folly, and, keen joy as it was to him, had only yielded to what seemed indisputable evidence that the marriage would make Zonia happy.

Fate had duped him maliciously. The joy of their brief married life had lulled him into a secure feeling that the marriage was an act not of folly but of wisdom; and then, entering the house one day, he all but intruded upon the scene which destroyed the foundation of his happiness.

Not daring to trust himself with the shock fresh upon him, he did not obey his first impulse to dash in upon Zonia and her lover, but withdrew hastily, before they had seen him, to fight with his anger. He had been a fool, of course; but it was Zonia who had made him one, against his better judgment.

Please turn to Page 12

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601515

Free Lottery Shares

Whiddon's Cash Offer

Whiddon is offering a special free Lottery share that can win £50 cash to all readers who send in the coupon below with an application for a fifth share, which can win £1000.

Send in for your fifth £1000 share and get your £50 share free of all cost.

WHIDDON WINS AGAIN!

£1,000 ON MONDAY

Whiddon's Weekly Win continues. He bought Ticket No. 68399 in the 168th Lottery for Mrs. McAuliffe, of O'Sullivan Road, Rose Bay, and last Monday won the second prize of £1000.

This follows on Whiddon's win of over £500 in the 167th Lottery drawn last Friday.

Whiddon has now an unbroken record of having won:

FIRST PRIZE	£5000	TWICE
Ticket No. 81379		155th Lottery
Ticket No. 96084		163rd Lottery
SECOND PRIZE	£1000	FOUR TIMES
Ticket No. 66062		152nd Lottery
Ticket No. 93661		156th Lottery
Ticket No. 47337		158th Lottery
Ticket No. 68399		168th Lottery
THIRD PRIZE	£500	TWICE
Ticket No. 69214		159th Lottery
Ticket No. 36473		164th Lottery

Share this Lottery Luck

You can share in this Lottery luck now. All you need to do is to send the coupon below with a postal note for 1/6 and stamped addressed envelope.

By return mail you will receive two Whiddon shares—one that can win you £1000 cash and the free share which can win you an extra £50 cash.

The special free share is only being offered to those who send in for one-fifth shares with this coupon.

SHARE IN WHIDDON'S WEEKLY WIN
RUSH THIS LUCKY COUPON IN

W. H. WHIDDON,
Desk W.W. 2, Box 4058W, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

I want to win £1000 and also an extra £50 with the free share which you are offering. Here is a postal note for 1/6 and stamped addressed envelope. Please send me a lucky £1000 (fifth) Lottery Share, also the extra £50 share which is absolutely free.

NAME .....
STREET .....
TOWN .....

Here are the FACTS about

THIS NEW FACE CREAM

Satinol is different. It will not tighten the skin . . . it cannot cake . . . it banishes "skin-shine." You have always wanted these qualities in your cream; now you can get them. And in addition, you get a cream that cleanses and whitens, a cream that retains the powder, a cream that is exquisitely perfumed. Try Satinol once. See how different it is. After you've tried it you'll never want to use any other. Price 1/6 and 2/6.

Satinol
VANISHING CREAM
Obtainable at Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., all branches Sydney and Newcastle; and at all good chemists and stores.

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY F. W. L. ESCH

PITFALLS *of* PLURAL MARRIAGE

Extraordinary Story of Mormons

One of the most interesting chapters in the history of the world was written in Utah, America, in the middle of the last century, when Brigham Young and his followers founded Salt Lake City and tried to establish Mormonism and plural marriage.

THE idea of a man having more than one wife, in fact, having as many wives as he can afford, has always roused the curiosity of both men and women, so that Susan Ertz' new book, "The Proselyte," meaning "The Convert," which describes the difficulties of a Mormon household, should find many readers.

Without commenting on the pros. and cons. of Mormonism this well-known woman writer tells a story of the American pioneering days, which demonstrates some of the awkward situations arising from plural marriage.

Zillah was married to Joseph Hewett before the establishment of Salt Lake City and before the revelations of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, with regard to plural marriage, were put into practice.

Later Joseph Hewett, a conscientious Mormon, decided he must have at least one other wife, so he takes Lucy Turnbull as his second, but only after Zillah has consented.

Zillah is persuaded into consenting by various plural wife neighbors. "You ought to try and look on Lucy as a sister, and not as a rival," says one. "Why, I'm so fond of Sister Martha McBey I'd just lie down and die for her. Brother McBey is a just man and treats us all alike, and so would Brother Joseph. I think it's a shame to limit him the way you do, just through selfishness and pride."

Things Changed

HOWEVER, once married, Lucy soon found out that she was not destined to oust Zillah from Joseph's heart. She discovered she was expected to perform the tasks allotted to her by Zillah, and trouble began.

Zillah boasted a piano on which she practised every day. Lucy did everything to annoy her at such times, making so much noise in the room that practice was impossible. At last Zillah had the piano moved to a friend's house across the road, where she could go and practice in peace.

When Joseph came home at night and found the piano gone, he asked questions, and the wives explained. Joseph then passed judgment in true man style. "It's a great pity," he said, "if you two women can't get on together without all this fuss and bother. Other women do. You ought to be ashamed. I don't feel to be pleased with you either, Sister Zillah, for moving that piano without consulting me. You oughtn't to have done it. You waited till I was out of the house and then did it behind my back."

Lucy's face brightened, and she said: "Sister Zillah's just too high-headed for any use. Why, I guess I could get along with anyone."

"I will not have you criticising her," said Joseph. "I've told you that before."

"Oh, you favor Sister Zillah all the time," cried Lucy. "I just don't know why you married me. It's Sister Zillah, Sister Zillah all day long. I might as well be dead."

This was the beginning of a long series of quarrels. Joseph Hewett quickly discovered that his wives would not let him share his affection between them, and he must have wondered, often, how on earth Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, managed with his collection.

SOME OF Brigham Young's wives. He had 56 children, 31 being daughters. Young men were allowed to visit them only en masse.

Brigham Young

BRIGHAM YOUNG had 27 wives, though they were not all alive at the same time. His children numbered 56. Most of his wives lived together in two large houses, the "Lion House" and the "Bee Hive."

Two wives, however, objected to living with the others. The first was Amelia Folsom, who married the Mormon leader on condition that she should have a house to herself. So he built her a mansion which became known as "Amelia's Palace."

The other wife did not fare so well. She was the last whom Brigham Young married.

When she refused to live with the other wives, he furnished a small cottage for her in the neighborhood. Later she obtained a divorce and wrote a book entitled, "Wife No. 19," though actually she was wife 27.

Mormon Movement

THE Mormon movement was of extreme importance in America from 1830, when Mormonism was founded, to 1877 when Brigham Young died.

The United States Government tried hard to stamp out the practice of polygamy for fifty years. First a bill was passed making marriage with more than one woman a crime, but this was evaded by the Mormons who claimed that they did not legally marry their wives according to U.S.A. law.

The intervention of the Civil War saved the immediate testing of the point.

Later, after much strife, some years after Brigham Young's death, the U.S.A. Government confiscated all Mormon Church property to enforce the laws against polygamy, and the Mormans, realising they were beaten, decided to abide by the Federal law in 1890.

In this way they were able to save themselves so that to-day Salt Lake is one of the great cities of America. Moreover a recent American census shows that there are at present over 500,000 followers of Mormon, but, of course, they do not practise polygamy any more.—**"The Proselyte," Susan Ertz. (7/6. Hodder and Stoughton.)**

SHORT REVIEWS

"Pat of Silver Bush." L. M. Montgomery. The simplicity and charm which characterised L. M. Montgomery's "Anne on Green Gables" is to be found again in "Pat of Silver Bush."

Reared in delightful surroundings on Prince Edward Island, Pat reacts against all the changes in the old homestead which time inevitably brings. Her two outstanding friendships with an orphan lad and an artist's daughter bring happiness and sorrow which are vividly described. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-.)

"Acres of Diamonds." Russell H. Conwell. The story of an Arab who spent his life searching for a diamond mine, while all the time the famous Golconda mine was on his farm undiscovered. A tragic little story which is used to point the moral of making the most of opportunities in hand. (Angus and Robertson. 2/6).

"Walk With Care." Patricia Wentworth. Those who revel in mystery yarns will appreciate the clever working out of this plot.

Blackmail, disappearance of important documents, subterranean passages, a young woman walking in her sleep, forgeries, and mediums provide a number of thrills in this, the latest of Miss Wentworth's books. The plot is well conceived, the sudden return of Gilbert coming as a good climax to the whole. (Cassell and Co. Ltd. 7/6.)

"Stories of a Housemaster." R. G. Jennings. The author of "Threads of Yesterday" and "The Human Pedagogue," has collected a series of his best short stories in this new volume. His style is light and easy to read, and his schoolboy characters live. Well worth reading. (Robertson and Mullens. 7/6).

"Old Soldiers Never Die." Frank Richard, D.C.M., M.M. Another very good war book (Angus and Robertson, 6/-).

"Among the Stars." Guy Fletcher. Joan Munro is successful as a hairdresser in a large London salon and in acting as one on the stage. She enjoys the various vicissitudes of her life thoroughly, but, like a true woman, cannot help but seek her partner in life. "Among the Stars" is full of interest and vivid accounts of stage life. (Cassell and Co. Ltd. 7/6.)

"The Gospel of the Sun." Alain Gerbault, who has been round the world twice in a small boat. A most interesting book, beautifully illustrated and full of anecdotes. He takes you for a trip through Polynesia in an unusual way. Gerbault's gospel of the sun seems to be very much against the teaching of the gospel by missionaries in South Sea Islands and other places inhabited by native races. (Hodder and Stoughton 10/6)

"As I Went By." Henry Boote. As the title suggests, Mr. Boote's poems touch lightly on innumerable subjects. The name-poem gives two vivid little pictures of a house at dawn and at dusk. Simplicity characterises his work throughout, and he gives to each subject a coloring by means of words and metre which it is hard to resist. ("Worker" Trustees.)

HOST HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar; it is a brew of excellent quality.

"JUNGLE NIGHTS." Reginald Campbell. The Siamese jungle is the setting of Mr. Reginald Campbell's latest story, "Jungle Nights." The adventures and hazards of an elephant-catcher's life are vividly portrayed, and there are thrills in plenty. Dales, the central figure of the tale, sets about the capture of one of the largest elephant herds seen in the country, and, incidentally, the heart of a very charming lady. He is, of course, successful in both enterprises, but not before he has met and triumphed over a series of incidents packed with excitement; there are fights to the death between huge tuskers, conflicts with a bandit from across the border of Indo-China. The love story running through the book is subordinated to the story of the elephants which fill so great a part of Dales' life, and in writing of them Mr. Campbell is at his best. "Jungle Nights" is a thriller, but an unusual one—and worth reading, if only for its picture of a comparatively unknown branch of human enterprise.—C.G. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6.)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601516

A Long Complete Story

The *Opportunist*

Illustrated by WEP

"Look at me... my face... my eyes... and tell me if you honestly think she'd be proud to claim me?".....

George scowled. There were times when the "Umvaluta's" red-faced captain drove him to positive frenzy.

By ANTHONY PARSONS

"HERE, George!" cried Mamie Townshend, and there was an unmistakable note of relief in her voice, "here's tea coming! Wake up, man!"

George Townshend lifted a sleepy eye. The "Umvaluta," thirty-four days out of London Port, was rising and falling lazily to the long, oily swell of the Indian Ocean. The nearly-empty ship, the blue sky, the gloriously sunny days—everything was just as he had hoped it would be when he had suggested to Mamie that they should snatch a brief honeymoon trip as far as Dar-es-Salaam. They had boarded the slow-steaming "Umvaluta" at Capetown, but within a very few hours of sailing had realised that in the person of her skipper, Captain Julius Drapper, they had unwittingly run up against the world's worst bore.

"Thank you, steward," said Mamie, when the man had finished laying out the tea-things. And, as he went back along the deck, "Pleasant fellow, that steward!" she remarked to her husband.

"M-m!" growled George, one eye on the retreating steward and the other on Captain Drapper's patent shoes. For two solid hours had those shoes been in the same position, and, as far as he could see, gave every sign of being there for two hours more.

"You're right about that, Mrs. Townshend!" his somewhat fatuous-sounding voice chimed in. "That steward is one of my successes."

"Your successes?" murmured Mamie, vaguely.

The captain nodded.

"I picked him up off the beach at Capetown," he went on to explain. "You see, I happened to want a man, and he happened to be wanting a job, so I took him on—and very useful he has proved himself to be."

"Marvellous!" sighed George Townshend.

"Well—it is marvellous, in a way," replied the captain. "A steward isn't made in a day, you know. And this fellow admitted that he'd never done any stewarding in his life!"

"Did he really?"

"He did, sir. In fact, if I remember rightly, he said he'd been an actor."

"An actor?" shot out the Townshends in unison. In one bound the somnolent George was sitting bolt upright in his chair. "An actor, did you say?" he demanded, sharply.

Captain Drapper stared. By some extraordinary chance he seemed to have struck an interesting subject. He looked from one to the other of them, wonderingly, then cleared his throat.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I think that's what he told me—though I dare say he's no more of an actor than I am. You can't believe a word of what these down-and-outers tell you, you know. They're the biggest stiffs in the world.

"And you picked him up off the beach, you said?"

"Off the beach at Capetown. He was down and out—what they call a beachcomber, you know—and I'm almost certain that he said he was an actor."

"But you think he wasn't telling the truth?" insisted Mamie.

"I very much doubt it. In fact, I'd never expect him to," laughed Captain Drapper. "I never bother to inquire the back history of the men I am forced to take on out here, because I know they'd never dream of telling me the truth. Take this chap, for instance. He's been on half the beaches in the country—by his own showing—and knows 'em all from Mombasa to Table Mountain. What sort of a history can he have that is tellable?"

George muttered something incoherent. Except for one lightning glance at Mamie he seemed to have lost all interest in the captain's story. He glanced at his wrist-watch, and from that to the setting sun.

"I think I'll go down and dress," he observed, presently. "Coming, dear?"

"What—at half-past five?" ejaculated Captain Drapper.

"I have a bit of writing to do, too. Coming down, Mamie?"

Mamie Townshend rose swiftly to her feet.

"See you at dinner, Captain!" she said as she gathered up her cushions. But the moment the two of them were out of the captain's hearing, "Do you think he'd know Glen?" she flashed out.

"I don't know," answered George. "But it struck me at once that he might." He slipped his arm through hers and hurried her down to their cabin. "I'll ring for him, and see if he can tell us anything about h'm. You never know!"

HE rang the bell, and for a minute or two stood cracking his fingers impatiently. "Come in!" he shouted as a knock came at the door.

"You wanted me, sir?"

"Are you busy for a moment, steward?"

"Not particularly, sir, if there's anything I can do for you," answered the man, quickly.

"Then sit down for a second!" Townshend indicated a chair, and after a glance toward Mamie—"Mallory," he said, "I gather that you were a bit on your uppers, so to speak, in Capetown?"

"Sir?" There was an unexpected dignity in the steward's voice.

"That's all right!" soothed George. "I'm not going to ask you anything personal. The fact of the matter is this. Mrs. Townshend has a brother out here, somewhere—she doesn't quite know where—and since you seem to have roughed it a bit we were wondering if by any chance you had ever come across him; met him on any of your—er—travels, so to speak?"

"I see!" The steward relaxed visibly, and settled himself back in his chair. "What would the gentleman's name be, might I ask?"

"Danvers!" supplied Mamie eagerly. "Glen P. Danvers. Buck Danvers, more usually!"

"Danvers." The steward repeated the name as though he were tasting it. "Mister Danvers. A Yank, Madam?"

"But of course," said Mamie. "My brother!"

"I see!" The steward thought for a moment. "Danvers. Buck Danvers?" he repeated slowly. "What was the gentleman's profession, might I ask?"

Mamie flushed.

"Well, he wasn't doing anything that matters!" supplied George, vaguely. "In fact, he seems to have been living on his old—on his father, that is."

"You mean he was a remittance man?"

"Something of the kind," admitted George.

"I see!" The steward nodded, understandingly. "Well, I can't say that I remember the name, sir," he went on, "but, of course, folks are apt to change their names when they get down to the—er—the beach, you know. The beach isn't a very pleasant place, you understand! What kind of man was he—I mean to look at?"

"Oh, splendid!" cried Mamie. "A great big husky fellow, with bright red hair—hair like mine, in fact—and a complexion to match. Pale, you know, excepting that I suppose he would inevitably be tanned by now."

"Any beard, moustache—or anything of that, madam?"

"Er—not that I know of!"

"You see, Mrs. Townshend hasn't seen her brother for nearly fourteen years," explained George. "And I haven't seen him at all!" He was going on to explain how he himself had met Mamie at a Capetown hotel, and how the searching business had suffered a temporary check while they two fell in love with each other and got themselves married, but a glance from Mamie stopped him in full career. "And so there you are!" he ended feebly.

"About what height would he be, then?"

"About five feet ten, I should think," Mamie decided. "Somewhere about your own height, steward."

Once again the steward thought back.

"You can't remember ever having met such a man?" asked George at last.

"I'm afraid I can't, sir," the man admitted then. "I'm afraid I can't. You say he might be anywhere along this East Coast?"

"Anywhere!" sighed Mamie. "I don't know where he is."

"But isn't he still receiving his remittances?"

"No. That's why I decided to come out and look for him myself. He hasn't written to his lawyer for over a year."

"Then it looks as if he's——"

"Yes?" breathed Mamie.

"As if he'd gone up-country!" the steward corrected himself quickly in response to a warning glance from George. "It looks as though he's gone on a hunting trip, or something." He was silent for a minute or two. Then: "I'm awfully sorry I can't help you at all," he added, regretfully.

"Oh, well, never mind," sighed Mamie. "We thought we'd just ask you—just to make certain——" And at the sound of impending tears in her voice, George butted in with a cheery—

"We'll find him, dear. We'll find him before we're through with it!"

"I'm sure I hope so, madam," chimed in the steward. And, at a glance from George, rose from his chair and silently left the cabin.

Two days later the "Umvaluta" anchored off Lorenzo Marquez, but although Mamie and her husband made their usual tour of the town—and made inquiries in every likely and even unlikely direction — they got to hear nothing of the missing man.

"I'll go ashore again to-night," promised George as they sat at tea in the saloon of the "Umvaluta" that afternoon. It was in his mind that he might do better on his own. He had had several talks with the steward since that first questioning, and had learned a lot from him that the man had naturally hesitated to say in front of Mamie.

"You're sure you don't mind going off alone, George?" Mamie asked for the twentieth time as he made his way toward the companion.

"Of course not!" he responded cheerily. "You leave it to me, old girl. I'll find the lad, never you fear—if he's in the place at all, that is!" He kissed her warmly, and with a final wave of his hand ran down the gangway and was soon lost to sight in the intricacies of the dock buildings. Five minutes later he was out on the highway, and, signalling a gharry, was soon being driven toward the lights of the town.

GEORGE met him in the Paobla Square—just below that big tobacco kiosk of the same name. A tall, thin man, in battered sand shoes and an old white suit, and in whose voice—when he greeted him—was just the right blending of pleasure plus surprise. "Hello, George!"

But for the moment George was too wary to be caught like that. He had only just got rid of a disgusting bundle of rags that had persisted in hailing him as "My dear old Bill!"

Please turn to Page 8

UP AND DOING

In seasons of depression, in moments of despair,
You'll find in life's procession two sorts of people there,
When business isn't thriving, two firms in ev'ry street—
One planning, working, striving, one talking of defeat.
One business is pursuing, while others hesitate:
One firm is Up and Doing, the others Sit and Wait.

One firm is advertising, the other cutting down.
It really is surprising: you find in ev'ry town
One fellow who is trying, another in the block
Not doing any buying, and always out of stock.
One firm is blue as bluing, and getting worse of late:
It isn't Up and Doing, but Messrs. Sit and Wait.

If things are ever booming (not IF they are, but when),
Consumers start consuming and buyers buy again,
If someone starts a movement, and someone surely will,
To bring about improvement and start us up the hill,
Prosperity renewing, it's pretty safe to state
It will be Up and Doing, it won't be Sit and Wait.

A.F.S.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601517

The OPPORTUNIST

Continued from Page 7

"YOU go to hell!" he said with uncompromising directness.

The thin man stared.

"Say, Bo!" he muttered. "I haven't picked the wrong guy, have I?"

"You have!" returned George, trying to push past him to continue his way.

"Half a mo'!" The thin man caught at his arm and held him. "Say, aren't you George Townshend?" he persisted.

At the sound of his name, George stopped. An awful suspicion had sprung to his mind. For one breathless second he stood stock-still while his eyes raked the thin man's face.

"W-who the devil are you?" he stammered helplessly.

"Waal," drawled the other, "if you're George Townshend, then I guess you've met your brother-in-law!"

George clutched at the wall behind him.

"Brother-in-law?" he gasped. Once again his eyes roved over the other's blotting-paper complexion, over those dry, cracked-looking lips from which dangled a cheap, unlit cigar.

The thin man bowed.

"Glen P. Danvers!" he announced, with the faintest touch of irony in his voice. And, as he swept off his battered hat with an exaggerated flourish, "At your service, George!" he added.

Townshend caught his breath as an unkempt, tangled mass of bright-red hair was revealed by that piece of buffoonery. Surely, surely this appalling-looking derelict couldn't be Mamie's brother! The thing was beyond all reason. It wasn't possible. Yet the accent, the height, the hair——

"Say, Bo—you haven't brought Mamie with you, by any chance?" broke in the other's voice sharply.

And that settled it. Beyond any shadow of doubt—it settled it. But even as the tide of certainty rolled up to engulf him, George made one more effort.

"How do you know me?" he challenged.

"Waal," drawled Mamie's brother, "I'm an observant sort of cuss, old man. You see, I read of your marriage in the 'Cape Argus,' and when I saw Mamie walking across the square on the arm of a well-set-up guy like you—waal, I just put two and two together, see?" He laughed at George's obvious dismay. "But come and drink a cup of coffee with me," he went on. "I usually take mine about now—and you sure look a bit hipped!"

And George was hipped. He was too flabbergasted either to accept or refuse.

"Round here, Bo!" said the thin man, slipping an arm through his. "And you can tell me all about Mamie as we sit."

"But—but if you saw us this morning, why on earth didn't you come over to us?" stammered George as they started off. "You must have known she has come all the way from America to find you!"

"Come over to you? Me?" The other chortled as though the idea amused him. "Waal," he remarked as they entered a third-rate kiosk just off the square, "if you'll just run your blinkers over my general appearance, you'll realise that I wouldn't be much of an ornament upon Fifth Avenue! I'll say I would not, Bo! No, not exactly!" He pulled out a chair in the dingiest corner of the kiosk, and motioned George to take one opposite. "They're used to me here!" he explained.

"But this is ridiculous!" George burst out when the villainous-looking waiter had gone to fetch the coffee. "I came ashore expressly to find you. I promised Mamie to take you back to the ship—if I had the luck to drop across you, that is."

"Waal—you haven't happened to drop across me, that's all! I don't want to go back to any ship. I'm very happy as I am. In fact, if it hadn't been for my insane love of the dramatic, I'd never have spoken to you at all." He sighed gustily. "But I can't help it. It's been my one besetting sin. Not content with dying off peaceably, I must needs go and resurrect myself. Yet the funny part about it all is this: When I tried to be an actor, I was no darned good!"

"It was as an actor that we last heard of you," mumbled George. "That was the clue we were following."

"Ah!" sighed the derelict. "I'm afraid I left no mark on the world of drama, George!" But with a sudden gleam of impish merriment in his eyes, "In fact, I don't seem to have left much mark anywhere, do I?"

"Save on Mamie's heart!" said George, significantly.

GLEN P. DANVERS opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again as the waiter appeared with two cups of coffee. But when the man had retired——

"Sentiment, George," he said, slowly. "Sheer sentiment!" He reached for the sugar, and with abstracted care helped himself to two lumps and George to four.

And George, his eyes fixed upon those freckled hands, suddenly woke up to the strange fact.

"How the devil do you know that I take four lumps of sugar?" he burst out loudly.

"Eh?" The derelict paused in handing him his cup. "Observation, Bo!" he grinned. "I saw you in the Pinto Cafe this morning, and watched you having tea. I'm an observant sort of guy, Bo, as you'll find out if you watch me closely enough." And with a note of reminiscence in his voice: "I used to be accounted pretty cute when I was a kid at school!"

"I see!" Townshend relapsed into an uncomfortable silence. Once again his eyes studied that queer, blotting-paper complexion, and when he next spoke something of the doubt he was beginning to feel was mirrored in his words.

"You say you won't come back with me to the ship?"

"I sure won't, George!"

"But——"

"Now, see here, old man!" exploded the derelict. "Don't be such an all-fired fool! Good God, you don't imagine Mamie would be pleased to see me, do you?"

"But I promised I'd find you!" insisted George, tacitly ignoring the other's question.

"Waal—you haven't found me, that's all!"

"But I have found you!"

"Cha! Cut it out, man! Here, look at me! Look at me! Look at my face, look at my eyes, look at my hands—and tell me if you honestly think she'd be proud to claim me?"

A dead silence fell between them. The derelict's hands were trembling as though from ague. Tiny drops of sweat were standing out on his forehead and rolling unchecked down his grimy cheeks. Feeling round in his pocket, he suddenly produced a twisted wad of paper, and, opening it, spilled its contents into his coffee.

"What's that?" Townshend shot out.

And after a second's hesitation: "Sugar," whispered the thin man, his dry lips twisted into a curious smile.

And then Townshend understood. Vaguely he wondered if it were cocaine or opium that he took, but at the back of his mind was a growing conviction that in no circumstances whatever could he possibly take this man to Mamie.

"Waal—d'you think she'd be proud to have me back?"

And Townshend, his eyes on those caked lips, slowly shook his head.

"Then cut that out," said Danvers in a tone of sudden relief. "And now tell me all about her. Tell me what she's doing and how she came to meet you. Must have been a pretty sudden affair, wasn't it?"

Thereafter, for more than an hour, Townshend told as much of Mamie's doings as he himself was in a position to know. And only ceased when another tatterdemalion came up to their table.

"Yours, Buck," said the man, thrusting what looked like a folded envelope into the other's hand.

Please turn to Page 40

HUSBAND: Why will you have to start putting back your age?
WIFE: I've caught up to mother!

Marvellous New

BEAUTY MASK

takes the years away

No need now to worry about those age-telling wrinkles or atrophied skins—they will disappear, as if by magic, after a few applications of this new Beauty Mask, which is now available to Australian women, and is the favourite rejuvenation treatment in Hollywood, where Beauty Culture is a science of paramount importance.

The formula is a well-guarded secret, containing certain harmless astringent properties, which act immediately on the skin, tightening up the facial muscles—skirmishing deep down into the pores—attacking the various acids and carrying them away to the surface—thus bringing back the natural glamorous tints.

It's simply magical . . . you can positively feel the mask doing its work, rejuvenating the facial expression and afterwards bringing back that glamorous fresh feeling of youth.

- Beauty Mask
- Anti-wrinkle Cream
- Pore Cream
- Orange Skin Food
- Cleansing Cream
- Face Tissues

In the Compact are all the aids for a perfect toilet—the complete price is only 15/-. These will last several weeks, and there is sufficient mask for five applications—which may be purchased separately.

Send 15/-, and if you are not satisfied, money will be refunded, or ask for Booklet giving further particulars, POSTED FREE.

Nobody bothers about your age if you look young. This compact will make an ideal Xmas gift.

Illustrated booklet sent free on request

ANDREE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS CO.
67 OXFORD STREET, SYDNEY.

BUCKINGHAMS LTD.
Sole Distributors

UNDER BRILLIANT LIGHTS OR SEARCHING GLANCES

Be serenely sure of your complexion's loveliness

LADY MARGUERITE BLIGH

COUNTESS OF GALLOWAY

IN cruel sunlight, under the glare of electricity, or before the critical glances of friend or enemy . . . there is one way to know that your complexion is smooth, soft, clear. It is the Pond's way.

The Countess of Galloway says: "I don't have to worry about my complexion. Pond's takes care of that."

Lady Marguerite Bligh says: "My secret is called 'Pond's.' Every night and morning a wise girl cleanses her face with Pond's Cold Cream . . . The Vanishing Cream is velvety and becoming."

Cleanse the skin at night, and daily after exposure, with Pond's Cold Cream. Its fine oils sink into the pores and float all dirt to the surface, to be wiped away with Pond's Tissue. Smooth on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream as a protection and powder base.

Australian women lead vigorous outdoor lives. There is only one way to combat the tax on their complexions—the Pond's way.

Pond's 5 Aids to Beauty—Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Skin Freshener, Cleansing Tissues and new exquisite Face Powder, are obtainable at all department stores and chemists.

QUALITY OF 70 YEARS' STANDING

For free samples of Pond's Two Creams, and new Face Powder, send 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to:

W. J. BUSH & CO. LTD., DEPT. X11., BOX 1131 J, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

Name _____ *Address* _____

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601518

OH, for A GOLD PASS ... Sighs LOWER!

He Would Brighten Our Politics

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist.
Illustrated by WEP.

Are you girls interested in politics? Neither am I. Of course, if elections were not too much trouble, I would have liked to have been elected a member. I would have hung my gold pass around my neck and spent whole days riding up and down in trams and trains free.

BUT apart from small privileges such as gold passes a politician's life is a hard and strenuous one. For instance, they are continually called upon to move things about.

You read: "Mr. Soandso then got up and moved the adjournment." They have to move the thing practically every day, and why they haven't got rid of it altogether puzzles me. Then, again, you read about a motion being carried by a majority of fourteen. It makes my blood boil to think that our leaders have to get fourteen of their number to carry this motion to wherever it has to be carried when there are so many men out of work, some of them with lorries, too.

It's a precarious job, being a member of Parliament. Just when you think you're set for life you find yourself pushed out into the cold by a herd of unsympathetic electors. The Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, is doing his best to safeguard himself against such a possibility. With himself, his wife and his eleven children, in a few years time he will have thirteen sure votes. If he can keep going he will soon have an electorate of his own with no possible chance of being defeated.

IT must be rather interesting to be married to a politician. For instance, the wife, accompanied by her children, would find her husband considering weighty affairs of state in the washhouse or the garden.

"What would you like for dinner tonight?" she asks.

The politician clears his throat, draws himself up to his full height and commences:—

"Ladies and gentlemen! I feel sure that you will agree with me when I say this is a question which cannot be passed over lightly. Wages are going down while the cost of living goes up. We are confronted with the appalling spectacle of thousands of hungry women and starving children. Why should they not have steak for their dinner? I ask you . . why!"

"What about chops?" interjects little Willie.

"Certainly you shall have chops! There will be chops for all when I am returned to Parliament."

"But I want sausages!" pipes little Annie.

"You shall have them! There will be chops and sausages and steak and corned beef and onions and carrots and potatoes and cucumbers and beetroot and asparagus and nuts and jelly beans. The Government will see to that!"

Then the whole family cheers themselves black in the face and the meeting disperses. And for dinner that night they have tripe and bread.

* * *

I DO not approve of women in politics. A married man myself, I have attended a great number of late sittings and have listened to the various rulings of Mrs. Speaker when I would much rather have gone into recess. If women are to enter politics, I think that the total membership should number only two. The woman member and a male member—the male member to do the listening.

Two significant things have I learned within the past few days. One is that the home of the Prime Minister in Canberra is named Taronga Park, which is the same name as the Sydney Zoo, and the other is that Miss Mary Fuller, of Sydney University, who has been studying blowflies in Western Australia on behalf of the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, has returned to Canberra with two suitcases of blowflies. Though sympathising with the blowflies, I think that if there is any blowing to be done there are sufficient gentlemen in Canberra to do it.

DAD EXPOUNDS his political platform—from the wash-tubs.

A Dream

Within a dream she came last night,
And yet it scarcely seemed a dream,
For in her eyes I glimpsed love's light,
And on her hair a golden sheen.
Her hair that binds me with its ropes of gold,
Its plaited loveliness I would unfold.
And as she bent with love o'er me,
I sensed love's deep tranquillity.
Its peace and hope, and deep content,
Made it for me a sacrament.

—F.M.E.S.

Working *as a* MODEL?

Careers... For Girls
By Our Special Commissioner

The whole world is interested in pictures, more particularly figure subjects and figure compositions, but what of the models?—well, I suppose a lot of people are interested in them, too.

Although not a career in which great numbers can find employment, it is nevertheless an interesting and well-paid vocation, in which girls suffer no handicap in these socially freer days.

TO our mothers and grandfathers—grandmothers were too carefully brought up to know the artistic fraternity intimately—the profession of "Trilby," partly due to Mr. Du Maurier's book and play, had a certain glamor similar to that of the stage, only many degrees more exotic.

Our mothers read the works of Robert Chambers, in which the job was even more definitely glorified and mixed with romance. In these pleasant fictions, studios were always warm, models always coy, the pictures they inspired always purchased, and marriage between inspiration, as personified by the model, and genius in the person of the painter, the culmination of a long period in which the social status of the young lady in question was perilously in the balance, until stabilised by the needful ceremony properly accompanied by orange blossom.

o o o

IN these socially freer days, the ordinary model has somewhat the same social standing as the lady help. It is a less comfortable job than the latter, but rather better paid. Quite nice suburban girls become models, make a decent living without any special training, and suffer no social handicap from their profession.

Payment is at the rate of two shillings to two and sixpence an hour, with an occasionally slightly higher rate for private sittings. Posing usually means sitting for the figure, as although draped models are used, they are in less demand than those who will pose either draped or undraped, according to the requirements of the moment.

Much of the model's employment is at schools, where classes are held from ten till four, with an hour for lunch in the middle of the day, and a night class from seven until nine at night. The pose is taken for three-quarters of an hour for the first session, morning, afternoon, and evening, with a quarter-hour rest at the end, and then in periods of twenty-five minutes with a five-minute rest in between. Class poses are generally standing poses, and often by the end of the day the model is thoroughly tired, but she will have earned about fifteen shillings, or perhaps more.

Good models are not necessarily pretty, but have a fair figure and able to maintain an interest in the pose so as to not only sit still, but to sit still with interest.

* * *

Posing for the nude is not the dreadful ordeal of fiction either. It may be that these days of sun-baking and scant beach costumes have helped in this, but most models after the first sitting become quite indifferent. To step out in one's skin before a mixed class of perhaps forty people for the first time must appear rather an ordeal, but the whole thing is without any personal note.

The model stand is twelve or eighteen inches from the floor, and the nearest row of students some six feet away. No one is really interested in this everyday business, save to wonder if the model will really keep her pose, and what of her figure?

Romance in the business there is not. Studios are almost invariably dirty, particularly in a class where charcoal is used, and they are equally, as a general rule, draughty, uncomfortable places, hot in summer and icy in winter, despite the efforts of a radiator to warm things up a bit.

DISPLAYING hat styles—part of the model's work.

The job has its pleasant sides, however. There is a good deal of variety attached to the work for a good model. She may be employed for costume sketches for period illustrations, as a lay figure, to wear the clothes of some important portrait sitter who can only give the artists sittings for the actual head, so that the rest of the picture is put in from a model. Interesting people are met from time to time; artists as a body try to be kind and considerate; and, lastly, the evidence is that young male artists still marry about 50 per cent. of the models. There is no record of any of the women painters marrying a male model though.

The ordinary work of the model is supplemented by sitting for trade photographs at the advertising studios, doing an occasional week as a mannequin, and, if she has a good head, sitting for photographers of the new season's hats for newspaper display.

It is one of the few things which quite untrained people make take up and hope to get a living at, but it is hard work nearly all the time, and only suited to girls with a good constitution.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601519

An Editorial

DECEMBER 2, 1933.

"SING 'EM MUCK"; R.I.P.

ANOTHER justification of the "sing 'em muck" incident has been given.

Mr. E. J. Gravestock, the director of many big concerts, in a broadcast talk last week, said that everybody seemed to have lost the real significance of Melba's remark to Clara Butt.

"It happened 25 years ago," said Mr. Gravestock, "before Australia had the benefit of conservatoriums and colleges of music."

Surprisingly, Mr. Gravestock does not seem to have mentioned broadcasting, which in the last five years has popularised good music in a way that can be described as miraculous.

The battle of the high-brows and low-brows is waged by listeners, of course. But the high-brows, who started off as a plaintive minority, are now almost the ruthless majority.

So commonplace is good music to-day that those pests of culture, the artistic snobs, have resorted to sneering at broadcast performances as being "mechanical." Nobody need worry about them, however.

In the present series of broadcast opera by the Izal-Aldrovandi Co., the National stations have reached a new high-level of cultural achievement. This company of Australian artists, featuring the brilliant Lionello Cecil, is led by two principals who came to this country with former Italian opera companies.

The fact that they were able to assemble a company speaks highly for the standard of musical training in Australia. And, of course, for the natural talent of the singers. But, finally, and most important of all, for the notable degree of appreciation the public is able to accord.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

TRUANT

Softly, at dawn, I stole away
Into the woods where shadows lay . . .
Purple dreams of the passing night . . .
Mists that mottled the dawn with white.
Into the woods where winds were wet
And twisting paths were hidden yet . . .

Leaving the house that lay behind
With bolted door and shuttered blind,
With walls and beds and smoke and chairs,
Little pleasures and little cares.

Into the woods where dawn winds pass,
Bare feet wet in the long wet grass . . .
Laughing aloud in the early day
In the purple woods where shadows lay.

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

POINTS of VIEW

What Is a Friend?

A DIFFICULT problem has been set, to the trustees, by the will of Mrs. Sheffield, of Birmingham, which, according to a cable, leaves £60,000 to be shared between the two executors and "my many dear friends."

No doubt, when the news gets round it will be found that Mrs. Sheffield has thousands of friends, and it will then be the task of the trustees to define what the word, "Friend," means.

They will, no doubt, consider the opinion of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, when defining the true friend said: "He that will tell you in private of your faults . . . . is your friend."

Chesterfield may help them out with his theory that "Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit!"

Perhaps, however, they will decide to be guided by Aristotle, who said: "He who has many friends has none at all!"

✣ ✣ ✣

"Crime" or "Coercion"?

WOMEN have some compensation for their status as "weaker vessels."

A curious case was heard before Judge Foster in Melbourne last week, in which Mrs. Blanche O'Brien was charged with perjury in having, so the Crown case alleged, signed a false declaration. Mrs. O'Brien's counsel raised the defence that the document was signed in the presence of her husband, and, accepting the defence, Judge Foster directed the jury to discharge the defendant.

"It is a very unusual point!" Judge Foster said, "and is based on a very old doctrine of the law, that when an offence is committed by a woman in the presence of her husband she is presumed to have committed it under the coercion of her husband."

The rule, however, does not work the other way. The woman is never presumed to have coerced her husband, "although," Judger Foster added, smiling, "she may do it at other times!"

✣ ✣ ✣

A Tragic Warning

THE two deaths, by electrocution, which occurred in Sydney suburbs last Saturday, are a grim reminder of the danger of electricity.

Marjory Wakefield, partner in a hairdressing saloon, was killed when she tripped and fell while handling an electric blower, and Joyce Tumuth, a nine-year-old girl, met her death by touching a live wire while playing on a factory roof near her home.

Such cases are a tragic warning to people that electricity is not a force to be handled without care.

The Education Department should take steps to see that all children are given at least an elementary understanding of electricity and its dangers.

✣ ✣ ✣

Special Schools Needed

A PLEA for more schools for mentally defective children was made last week by Dr. G. E. Phillips, of the N.S.W. Education Department, when he addressed the Racial Hygiene Association at the Health Week Conference.

Dr. Phillips pointed out that one in every 100 public school children was in danger of becoming a social inefficient.

Every year, in New South Wales, about 300 parents of children suspected as being mentally backward were invited to consult him, but only about 5 per cent. responded.

Special schooling was needed for such children, said Dr. Phillips, but there was only one school of this type in New South Wales for 4000 deficient children.

Other States are as badly off.

Weather Cycles

DR. CHARLES ABBOTT, of the Smithsonian Institute, America, has declared, says a cable, that the weather repeats itself every 23 years, everywhere on earth.

This may or may not be so. Meteorological experts are still arguing about it. But one thing is certain, in some parts of Australia the weather repeats itself every week-end with monotonous regularity.

✣ ✣ ✣

Children's Libraries

"HETEROGENEOUS," "dull," and "inadequate" were some of the scornful epithets flung at children's libraries in Australia by speakers at the Australian Library Convention, held in Melbourne last week.

The Rev. R. St. George (Brisbane) said that he had not yet seen a children's library in Australia that even approached maximum efficiency. He added that the demand for so much trashy reading by adults to-day was due to the forming of slack reading habits during youth. Mr. Wallace, of Melbourne, agreed with him, and added that the children's sections are the foundations of a library.

Only one speaker found a good word to say for any children's library in Australia. Mr. H. R. Purnell (South Australia) said that in Adelaide the children's library was a delightful place.

It was generally agreed that lack of money was the root of the trouble. Mr. McMicken suggested that the time had come when we must consider the introduction of a distinct library rate, such as existed in Britain, where practically every municipality was empowered to raise money to help libraries.

✣ ✣ ✣

To Save the Babies

THE timely gift to the Melbourne Children's Hospital of a special artificial respirator for use in acute cases of infantile paralysis saved the life of a six-year-old boy the other day.

The machine, which cost £200, was presented by the Rotary Club.

The device had been installed only a few hours when young John Sallis, who had developed paralysis of respiration during the day, was rushed to the Children's Hospital. The machine kept the boy alive all night, when his respiratory muscles had failed to function.

The machine is an air-tight box resembling a Turkish bath. The patient is placed in it with only his head and arms outside. A vacuum pump exhausts air round the patient's body, and a small intake valve admits air about 20 times a minute, the rate corresponding to normal breathing.

Sydney Children's Hospital has imported this device, too, but it is not yet installed.—C.H.

AN INTERESTING SURVIVAL of early history.—Cardiganshire salmon fishers carrying their old coracle boats, which date from the time of ancient Britons.

How Feminine Charm Changed History

The fatal fascination of a shapely ankle, a sparkling eye, an aquiline nose, or even a pug nose!

We have all heard and read of such things, and of how such attributes in women have changed a nation's history.

IT has been said that if the nose of Cleopatra had been either one-eighth inch shorter or longer than it actually was, the whole course of the history of the world would have been different. Her nose exercised a fatal fascination over Julius Caesar and Mark Antony in turn, and it is quite certain that, in the absence of that fascination, the history of Europe, as well as of the Christian Church, would have been incalculably changed.

If Duke Robert of Normandy, riding across his Dominions, had not seen a shapely ankle suspended above the stream, and thus been beguiled to make a closer acquaintance with its owner, whom he made his Duchess, William of Normandy might never have become William I of England.

If Joan of Arc had stayed at home and remained there to live the life of her class, and to die of old age as obscure as every other inhabitant of Domremy, Queen Elizabeth would never have ruled over the realm of England.

If Henry VIII had not looked into the lovely eyes of Anne Bolelyn, and that lady had not declined to surrender herself except as a queen, the Reformation had never commenced in 1534, and, if it had come later, would have been a very different Reformation from that which it was.

If Queen Anne had been able to secure that one of her nineteen children had lived after her, or if when she had come to die she had died leisurely rather than at once, the Stewarts would doubtless have continued the reigning dynasty, or a sanguinary and doubtful civil war could not have been avoided.

If the soldier on duty at the gates of Geneva on March 14, 1728, had not made a tryst for that evening with the girl of his heart, and in his haste to keep the tryst had not locked Rousseau out, the latter would probably have lived the life of a good Christian, a good citizen, a good man altogether, and not have been the sower of the seed, the harvest of which was the French Revolution.

Moustache Ends Happiness

RECENT American divorces include one in which the husband claimed as cruelty his wife's objection to his use of face cream—the lady was afraid that her he-man, a fireman, wanted to make himself attractive for other women—and another in which the cause of offence was the husband's passion for raw onions.

It seems ridiculous, but America, after all, has only struck the idea of making the issues, which produce sunderings everywhere, a direct cause for divorce.

Boiled down, a divorce granted only the other day in Melbourne, was the result of a husband growing a Charlie Chaplin moustache.

When his wife objected, with an announcement that friendly relations were at an end until he sacrificed the absurd growth, the hirsute ornament became a matter of principle on which the husband's authority as head of the house depended.

By the time the estrangement reached the Divorce Court, separations, maintenance applications, and, most important, a lady who apparently admired the Charlie Chaplin moustache, had widened the breach; the ultimate result, reached indirectly through distressing experiences, was the same as if the wearing of a "mo," or the unreasonable objection to it, had been the ground for divorce.

The only difference is that a knowledge that it might be a ground for divorce might have caused the couple to reconsider their initial quarrel before it went too far.

A Platonic Friendship

IT is interesting to read, from the London cables, that Lord Oxford, who died not long ago and who was perhaps better known in Australia as Mr. Asquith, had a platonic friend in Mrs. Harrison, a war widow.

She has just published letters written to her by Asquith, since 1925, in which he addresses her as "Dearest Hilda." It is said of the friendship that "it was a source of refreshment, rest, and delight to Lord Oxford, which his wife and family understood. Evidently the confidant was the intimate woman friend that he needed."

JANE'S JOURNAL —— The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601520

A GIRL can't be *too* CAREFUL

...Especially when the decision involves one's future happiness!

Illustrated ... By ... STIRLING HILL

- - - BY - - -
Edna Forrey & Elizabeth Stewart

A SILVER sandal flew across the room, followed by a cloud of pink chiffon. A door slammed, then a drawer clattered to the floor, spilling its rainbow contents in fluffy disorder. The telephone rang shrilly, and a slim young person struggling into pyjamas raced to answer.

"Hell-o-o, this is Judy," she fluttered expectantly. "Oh." Bitter disappointment crept into her voice. "It's you, Sturdy. Is there a fire or something? Why, I came home because I was bored." A vast sigh escaped her. At times the overwhelming ennui of her seventeen years was more than she could bear. "Your jaloppy is here. You don't care, do you? You'll get a lift. G'bye." And the receiver banged into place.

Standing in the middle of the floor, Judy ran her hand through her short yellow hair, narrowed her brown eyes until they were the merest slits and looked inscrutable. It was a private pose of hers, and one that never failed to thrill her.

But even slim young things must sleep, and soon realities faded into dreams.

* * *

Two miles down the beach from Judy's summer home—she had parents called the Windsors—was the Fish's Fin. Sturdy scowled as he stepped from the 'phone box, for his conversation with Judy had been far from satisfactory. A jumble of gay voices, bright colors, and soft lights engulfed him. Barbaric music beat upon the air, but it went unnoticed. Sturdy's jungle-blood refused to be stirred.

At that moment the leader of the orchestra chose to announce: "I have a surprise for you to-night. You've all heard of Nicky, of the famous Rhythm Rogues. Well, here he is." And a sleek-haired youth stepped forth to bow and smile at the applauding dancers.

"Darn it," muttered Sturdy in disgust, "she would fall for an egg like that!"

Resentment rankled in his breast, for one hour earlier that same sleek youth had cut in on his dance with Judy. Naturally Sturdy had thought she knew him. He sighed. You never could tell what the girl would do next.

"Hello, Beautiful," Nicky said, as they whirled away.

Judy's eyebrows asked questions.

"I'd have been here sooner, but one look at you knocked me cold. Where do you bury your victims?"

Judy's devastating dimple got in its deadly work.

"Haven't these people any homes?" he muttered, glaring about. "Foul place."

"I think it's great. Keenest dance floor on the whole beach." She wilfully misunderstood.

"Anyone in the room with us would be a crowd. Let's get out." And as the music wailed to a stop, the daring pair dashed for an open window and disappeared under the startled nose of Sturdy.

Little waves rippled on the moon - drenched beach. Countless stars glowed above them. It was a spangled evening.

"Careful," cautioned Nicky, helping Judy into a boat anchored at the water's edge.

"O-o-h." She clutched at him, fully aware that the flat-bottomed old tub wouldn't tip.

"Gosh!" said Nicky softly. "My heart almost stopped beating. I just thought of something. Suppose I hadn't come here to-night!"

"You'd never have known me. Could you bear it?"

He ignored her flippancy.

"I have a strange feeling this was meant to be."

"It couldn't be something you ate?" suggested Judy.

"Golden Girl," whispered Nicky close against her ear.

She trailed her hand through the water. "Blondes are going out," she remarked indifferently. "I'd rather be the dark, slinky type. They're so fatal."

"You're fatal enough the way you are," responded Nicky.

"Pretty good for the first twenty minutes," she replied coolly. To herself she was thinking what an air he had. He was a man who knew his way about. The summer might not be a failure after all.

"Twenty minutes?" stormed Nicky. "This will last a lifetime."

"What a line! Did it take you long to learn?" Judy giggled.

"No foolin'. We were made for each other."

"Am I? I'm Judy Windsor, darling. Didn't you know?"

"Gosh, should I?"

"Brute!"

"Judy!" called an anxious voice.

"THAT'S Sturdy. Suppose I'll have to dance with him," whispered the girl reluctantly. Getting acquainted was a fascinating game.

"Don't go," pleaded Nicky. "Is that the silly ass you were dancing with when I cut in? The idiot doesn't know he's alive."

"Oh, he's kind o' nice," she defended Sturdy. After all, he was her property and she couldn't have him maligned.

"Oh, pardon my round shoulders."

"Judy!" The voice was nearer and more insistent.

She vanished with a soft swish of trailing chiffon. Her laughter floated back to him, a silvery challenge. For a split second Nicky wavered. Then grimly he followed.

Sturdy carefully maintained a dignified silence during the dance. He was never very hilarious but he needn't sulk, thought Judy, he didn't own her.

"What's the matter?" he finally asked as she missed a step.

There was no answer, but the reason was apparent, for just then Nicky breezed past with a gorgeous red-head in his arms. He brushed Judy's shoulder but ignored her completely. He was drowned in the luminous depths of his partner's eyes.

"I've got the next dance," said Sturdy ruefully.

"Well, go to it! I'm busy myself," snapped Judy, turning on her heel. She had troubles of her own. So Nicky fell for red-heads as well as for blondes. Well, he certainly wouldn't get a chance to humiliate her before that gossipy beach crowd. She was going home.

"Hey, what's wrong with you and Judy?" someone called to Sturdy as his yellow roadster careered madly down the driveway.

SUNLIGHT flooded the Windsors' breakfast room, and through the open windows came the sound of lapping waves. Gulls screeched overhead, and white sails floated by.

Mr. Windsor laid down his paper.

"Might a fond father inquire as to the whereabouts of his charming daughter?"

Mrs. Windsor smiled and a duplicate of Judy's famous dimple twinkled for a minute.

"John, please go call your sister."

"Aw mom, her stomach ought to tell her it's time to eat."

"Yours never fails you, does it, son?" queried Windsor pere.

"Judy-eee!" screeched the son and heir just as she entered.

"Heavens! What a frightful noise," complained his sister, looking pained.

"Oh, yes?" John paused, only because his mouth was full.

"How revolting," and Judy turned away. "Good morning, Mother and Dad."

The youngest Windsor gulped and, glaring at his sister, resumed the argument. "Aw, you're not so hot yourself to make a poor guy hoof it home and keep his car."

Judy bristled. "That's my affair."

The older Windsors exchanged surreptitious glances.

"Horsefeathers! Fightin' again," snorted John, edging toward the door.

As Judy hastily finished her melon and an unbuttered piece of toast, a girl's voice was heard outside.

"There's Jean. We're going for a swim," she announced abruptly, relieved at averting parental questions.

"I declare I don't understand her," observed her father.

"Why, darling, the infant's in love."

Down on the beach placid Jean flopped on the warm sand while her companion paced to and fro. Jean sensed impending confidences but asked no questions. She knew the suspense would not be long.

"Oh, darling, was I ever thrilled!" burbled Judy. That meant nothing much to Jean. Judy was often thrilled.

"What a man dropped in at the dance last night! He practically dragged me away from Sturdy!"

"Was he nice?"

"Well, what do you think? We parked in that old boat back of the club and he wouldn't let me go."

"You didn't let him kiss you?"

Judy evaded the shocked question by looking mysterious.

"Well," Jean was troubled. "I don't go in for petting myself, but I do think it's good to hold little fingers."

Judy howled. "You'll be the death of me yet. I'm going to take a day off and tell you some of the things you ought to know."

"Well, go on. What next?"

"Of course Sturdy would find us, so I had to dance with him and didn't the new Boy Friend barge into us with an awful red-head simply clinging to him! He pretended he didn't see me. I was never so mortified in all my life." She gave a shell a vicious kick.

"What did you do?" breathed Jean, all sympathy.

"Came home."

"Alone?"

"I took Sturdy's car."

"But Judith, who was he? Don't you even know his name?"

"Nicky," replied Judy, looking romantic. Then remembering. "The fickle beast!"

Jean sighed. "Shall we swim?"

HOURS later patient Sturdy lounging in his wayward car watched the girls approach and set up a furious honking.

"Hi," greeted his idol, "just in time to take Jean home, and we'll both go dancing with you to-night."

"Okay."

"Well, Abyssinia," called Judy halfway up the steps.

She was barely out of hearing when Jean exclaimed: "Oh, Sturdy, there's something you should know."

"I don't doubt that," he grinned. "But my parents are bashful."

"Sturdy! This is serious."

"How come?"

"It's about Judy and a new man." Jean's round face was anxious.

"I guess I know about it if you mean last night," answered the boy, stepping on the starter.

"I'll bet you don't know he kissed her. At least I think he did, and that's what worries me."

"Say! I can feel a good scrap coming on. I'll give that punk such a swift kick he'll get pinched for flying without a licence."

"Don't you dare tell I told you. O-o-o!" Jean gave a little squeal as John's head popped up on her side of the car.

"Hey, Hot Stuff," greeted the Windsors' pride and joy. "How about a little jack?"

"What's the idea?" growled Sturdy. "Why can't you be a pal instead of a pest?"

"All right for you. How'd-ja like me to tell Judy everything?"

Sturdy, wise in the ways of small boys, dug deep and groaned: "What a racket this turned out to be. What I should do is knock you for a row of Korean soup bowls. Now run away!"

John ran.

In the depths of Judy's mind when she suggested taking Jean to the dance was the bright idea that Sturdy would be off her hands, which would give her time to work on Nicky. Subtle Judy!

WHEN Nicky was invited to be guest leader of the orchestra that evening, Judy stared in amazement.

"Yeah," said Sturdy in answer to her question. "Sure, he's the Nick of the Rhythm Rogues. Don't tell me you didn't find that out!"

She squelched him with a look. "We talked of other things."

"Oh, pardon me. It isn't the heat, it's the stupidity." Sturdy's sarcasm was meant to be withering.

Nicky laid down his megaphone and walked straight to Judy's side.

"Aren't you surprised?" he asked tenderly, his dark head close to the yellow one.

"Don't be provincial." Dry ice could not be colder.

"No, no! I mean because I'm who I am."

"O-o-o-h!"

"Meaning what?"

"Nothing much."

Nicky looked at her. "You burn me up. I suppose you know you look like yellow thistledown in that dress?"

"Idiot! Thistledown isn't yellow."

"Well, who cares? Let's go look at the lop-sided moon."

"Can't. I've promised the next to Sturdy."

Nicky scowled. "That fool?"

Judy nodded brightly. "Where's your red-headed woman?"

"Jealous?" probed Nicky.

His question was ignored.

"Aw, don't be snooty. I'm visiting her brother." And back he went to the orchestra.

Judy pouted. The role of an abandoned woman was a new part for her to play.

Please turn to Page 46

"You didn't let him kiss you?" Judy evaded the shocked question by looking mysterious.

"Night Eyes"

The wicked black houses
are staring at me,
Their window-pane eyes
looking over the street.
I wouldn't advise you to
stray from your room,
You couldn't be certain of
what you might meet.
I've heard there are phantoms and goblins abroad,
Who creep up behind you
and sweep you away,
And gnomes who are digging with might and with main
A hole in a laneway to bury
the Day.—Yvonne Webb.

A Complete Short Story

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601521

FREE! Multi-Colour Plate—If You Hurry!

THIS picture, beautifully reproduced for you in multi-colour, was the sensation of the Academy year, and was bought by the N.S.W. National Art Gallery. "Angels, Not Angles," tells a poignant story that stirs the hearts of all who see it. This picture ready for framing is given FREE in every copy of the Christmas issue of

"Health and Physical Culture" Magazine

ARE YOU SUCKING POISON GAS?

IF you are a smoker, you may be knocking years off your life by sucking into your lungs one of the deadliest gases we know of. Dr. Roberts, in an article on smoking in "Health & Physical Culture" Magazine, tells you how you may smoke with safety, and just when tobacco is a deadly poison or otherwise. All smokers must read this!

ON SALE NOW!

All Agents

How You Can Master The Crawl Stroke

HERE is a quick, easy, and sure method for those who can't swim to master the crawl stroke. Written specially for "Health & Physical Culture" by Norman Astro—the man who has trained champions. Illustrated by photographic diagrams. With this you will be able to swim the crawl stroke at the second attempt! Get it now!

INSOMNIA CAN KILL! HOW YOU CAN BANISH IT

THE disease that isn't a disease, but which will kill you by slow torture—that is, insomnia. Nothing is so exhausting as inability to sleep. "Health & Physical Culture" shows you how to banish this affliction.

SOME OTHER SPECIAL FEATURES!

WILL GERMANY DIE OF OLD AGE?" "SHOULD WE ABOLISH THE DEATH PENALTY?" "THE NEW MYSTERY GERM-KILLER." "PRINCE'S PHYSICIAN'S AMAZING STATEMENT." "WHY DO WE LAUGH?" "WHISKERS BLAKE TELLS ABOUT HIS WHISKERS." "HOW TO BALANCE YOUR UPPER ARMS." "THE MODERN WAY OF CASTING OUT DEVILS." "WILL GOLD KEEP ITS VALUE?" and numerous others. GET YOUR COPY NOW!

Go Now and Get Your

Tip-Top, Bumper, Bigger and Brighter Xmas Number!

SPECIAL:— On Sale now EVERYWHERE. If your local newsagent has sold out, send 1/- to the MANAGER, DEPT. W, "H. & P.C." 107 PITT ST., SYDNEY, and a copy will be sent by return mail.

"Health & Physical Culture"

Flavour *irresistible!*

Put the finishing touch to your dinner by serving Kraft Cheese. No other cheese is quite so piquant and delicious. Successful hostesses also use Kraft for sandwiches and all cheese dishes. Wrapped in silverfoil to protect its flavour and purity. In convenient 8-oz. and 4-oz. cartons and 1-oz. portions.

KRAFT AUSTRALIAN CHEESE

"Only the finest Cheese is made by Kraft"

K63/16/33

PROBLEMS OF REAL LIFE . . .

How *Life* at SEASIDE *Influences* CHILDREN

By A MOTHER

What is the effect on children of life lived perpetually at a seaside resort? Does the care-free atmosphere of such places, the abandonment due to the holiday mood, the philosophy of "eat, drink, and be merry" take toll on the future well-being of the young?

The writer of the following article considers that it does. What do our other readers think about it?

DURING recent years the tendency of the successful city business man, of persons with property yielding sufficient income to keep them and various others has been to drift to the seaside holiday resorts along the coast and to settle with their families to live a life of carefree ease.

These coastal resorts are fast becoming popular, and the number of permanent residents is rapidly increasing.

For nine months of the year life is stagnant, torpid, the "hibernation" period sets in: business people, and those dependent on the tourist traffic, exist on the profits of the summer, like the ant, who gathers his grain in the harvest in anticipation of the lean winter months ahead.

Life is dormant: the one thought uppermost in the minds of all is the return of the swallow, the eager desire for the "season" to come; and so the winter and autumn pass.

* * *

THEN, like an avalanche, comes the "rush." Christmas Eve! There are thousands who spend it on railway stations, on country roads, anywhere; any inconvenience is suffered so long as they get to their destination for the morrow.

Overnight, a city springs into being. What was a slow-moving, uneventful village is suddenly transformed into a town. Streets are converted into a gay and gaudy parade of holiday wear, spirits run high, everyone is bubbling over with happiness, the beaches are packed with surfers, a veritable paradise for all. The demand is far in excess of the supply and prices soar high. Where there's a penny to be made, it is being made.

Time is limited, and life is fast and furious. The holiday spirit prevails in the extreme sense of the term. Every night is carnival night, and there is a continual round of parties.

* * *

"ALL is not gold that glitters," runs the adage. We have forgotten one item. Wherein this melee and confusion of city-weary toilers seeking the bliss of the lotus-eaters comes the child?

It takes little thought to realise that the environment is not one for the growing child of the local resident. What is there in his surroundings to inspire him to higher ideals? How can ambition be born in this life of dissipation and laziness? All that meets his eye is the succession of pleasure-seekers, and not for one moment would the child stop to consider that each and every one of them have worked throughout the year for their few weeks' respite. The moral effect on the child-mind is drastic.

Years go by. There are practically no education facilities beyond the usual primary schools, and the age is reached when school-books are discarded, generally 14 or 15. The parents feel that something must be done to ensure a future, but the seasons soon creep along the years, and young manhood is reached with nothing done. The only employment locally is that of yardman, kitchenman, and waitress at the boarding houses, prawning, fishing, and the like—nothing substantial, not even an equal footing with his fellow men.

Inexorable time is merciless. Gone are the career-moulding days; a future, handicapped from the start, is embarked upon. The rest is obvious. There are thousands of his kind to be met with, but they have not been similarly treated as the lad from these resorts.

ZONIA *of the* GARDENS

Continued from page 5

SOON, very soon, the angry thoughts gave way to a dull hopelessness; and he felt an old man again, the weight of his years restored to his shoulders and dragging more heavily than ever they had before. In his well-regulated mind order restored itself. It was futile to blame Zonia; she was a creature of young, crude impulses, and his was the folly in having allowed his matured judgment to be set aside. How could he throw the responsibility on to her? He had held out a golden bait to her, and by that had encouraged her trickery. He had known well enough that young blood would call to young blood, and that discipline was not the lodestar of the rebellious girl he had met on a sunny day in the Gardens.

His appearance, calm and grave, startled Zonia and the young man. They were seated apart now, but a look of guilt was on their faces.

"I want to speak to you—to both of you," he said as the young man rose. "I may say that, coming in a while ago, I heard—and saw—you."

"Elton!" cried Zonia, her face flaming. He blessed those blushes; there was at least honesty in their confession.

He was calmly judicial, and he spoke down Zonia's protests. He exonerated her from blame; the wedding of age and youth was a mistake for which he took responsibility. It was for him to rectify the mistake; his care was Zonia's happiness. But they would have to wait. He would put it in Zonia's way to procure a divorce. "And I will also provide her with some money—the money that tempted her to her deception."

He could not help a tone of bitterness. Zonia cried out incoherently against it.

"Yes; an old man who marries a girl invites trouble," said the young man. "It isn't natural."

"Will you go!" Zonia flared at him furiously. He seemed to shrink out before her.

Calthorp watched him go. He had explained the situation, and now he felt dazed. He turned towards the door, but found, suddenly, that Zonia, her eyes flooded with tears, was standing before him, pouring out words.

"I did love him, but he did not want to marry me," he heard her say. "When he heard I was married he came here, and his coming took me by surprise. I——"

"I will not stand in your way," he said. "I have wronged you all the way through, and I will supply you with at least the evidence for a divorce. Then——"

"You will not, Elton!" she cried, passionately. "Don't you realise that, living with you, I have changed? I am no longer the crude girl you first met; I know that life means restraints as well as impulses. Don't you see the change in me?"

"Yes, you have changed," he said. "But what has that got to do with it? You love this young man——"

"I don't!" she cried. "I have grown to love something finer than youthful selfishness. I have been learning, and how could I have any consideration now for a man who would shamefully make love to a woman, the wife of another man, whom he would not marry when he could? How can I compare a cheap creature like that with my husband?"

Calthorp's brain cleared. The light of a very clear adoration was in his eyes. The weight of years suddenly dropped from his shoulders.

(Copyright)

Easily MADE TOYS *for* CHRISTMAS

Last week we introduced the Jolly Miller toy set, which can be so easily and inexpensively made at home. Full instructions were given for making the Jolly Miller, Farmer Giles, and his horse and cart.

NOW follow directions, with illustrated diagrams, for making the fascinating windmill and the quaint tree.

THE WINDMILL

Use 3-ply to make the mill, as this is strong and light. The more important sections are clearly shown in the accompanying diagrams, so there should be no difficulty in cutting out.

You need two pieces (marked "A"), and two similar pieces, the thickness of the timber smaller on each side than A, so that the four sides fit together squarely; two triangular pieces for the cone-shaped roof, cut, as shown in diagram C and D, to fit one into the other; a 3½ inch square, flat roof; a 4½ inch square base; two sails (diagram

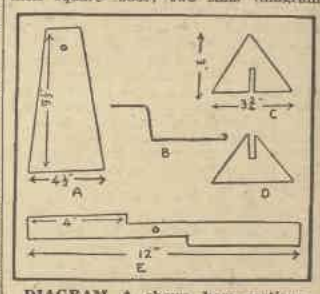


DIAGRAM A shows how sections should be cut for walls; B, the handle; C and D sections required for cone-shaped roof; and E shows you how sails should be cut.

E); a block of wood, and a piece of wire, 10 inches long.

Nail the four walls together, using a light tack-hammer, and half-inch brads. Attach to the base.

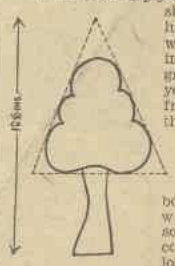
Make the cone-shaped roof by fitting together the two triangular pieces. A slit the thickness of the 3-ply is made half-way up in one piece, half-way down in the other. Slip one into the other, and nail to the flat roof. Do not nail this into place, however, until the sails have been fixed satisfactorily.

Make a small loop at one end of the wire to prevent it slipping, then pass through the centre of the sails, block and walls. Bend the handle to shape at the back, as shown in diagram B, and test to see if it works properly. Should the sails knock against the walls, another small block must be inserted. Fix the roof into position, and the mill is ready for painting.

Use cream for the walls and sails, green for the roof, door and window, and brown for the sail markings.

Fruit Trees

THIS tree stands 11 inches high and is cut from 3-ply with a fretsaw as shown in the illustration. Nail to wooden stands 3 ins. square. Paint green with dabs of yellow to represent fruit, and make the trunks brown.



Tree shape. Use a fretsaw for cutting.

If you prefer, you can carry out the same idea in cardboard. The toys would not be so durable, of course, but would look equally attractive. A carton could serve for the windmill and a box for the cart, with shafts and axle formed from meat skewers and wheels from corks. (Pickle corks sliced in halves.) Corks could also be used for tree stands and the dolls' bodies, with heads of stuffed cloth.

House-keeping Made Easy

CHOOSE a special day to clean and tidy all cupboards and boxes. See that you have a supply of paste, string and labels so that things may be sorted and labelled immediately—taking care not to paste the label over the string. Unbleached calico or newspapers are good wrappers as they prevent moths.

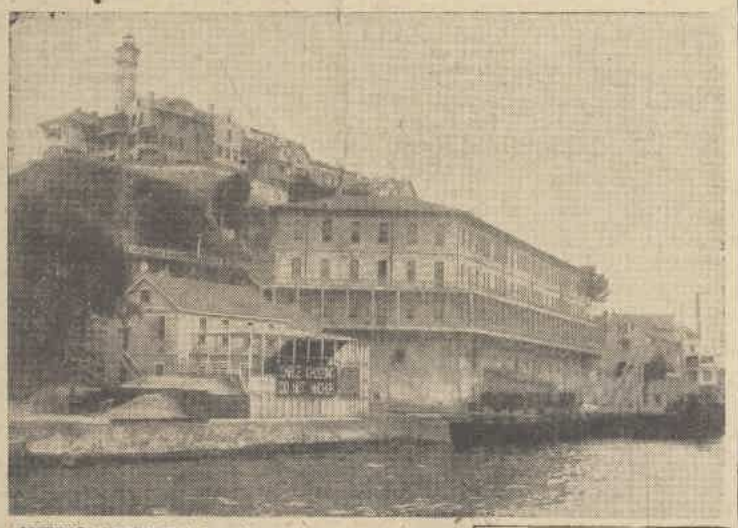
Because housework is so familiar to us, we do not always stop to consider ways of improving our methods or style as the golfer does! But science, realising that most of the world's happiness depends on the home-maker, is doing all it can throughout the world to lighten and make more interesting her daily life.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601522

Ballet by Aeroplane :: Trains for Campers

A FULL CHORUS of ballet girls travels by air. These are the famous thirty dancers picked from the Ziegfeld show in New York for appearance in Europe. After a trip to Monte Carlo, where they danced, they returned to Paris and flew to England.

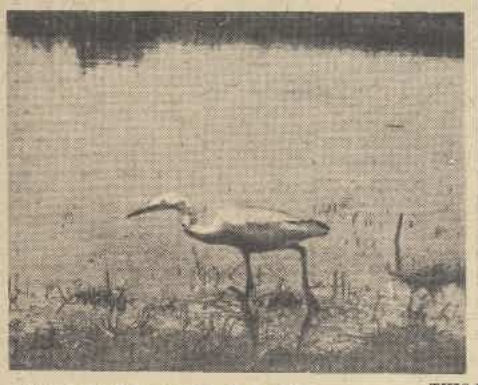
AN IDEA which our Australian railways might well copy. These English girls have hired a railway carriage, which conveys them to their destination, in the country, and is then shunted to a siding for them to camp in.



AMERICA INTENDS to keep its most dangerous gangsters on this smart little island, the island of Alcatraz. Authorities claim that even if a prisoner escaped he could not swim ashore. However, read about the girl at the right.

BABE SCOTT, daughter of a sergeant on Alcatraz Island, proved that the island was not "escape proof" by swimming to the mainland in 47 minutes.

HERE IS an electric hearth, the latest invention for quick cooking. You just put it over the plate on which your uncooked food lies and wait hopefully.



ONE OF OUR readers, Mr. R. T. Littlejohns, took this photo. of a White-fronted Heron with a clever camera arrangement. The bird photographed itself.

THIS DOG has won more medals than any other dog we know of. Kentucky Boy is the name, and he became famous by saving the lives of several people when a fire broke out in a Los Angeles film studio.

MODERN DAIRY MAIDS with their milk cans. The Great annual Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, London, was the cause of this unusual scene.

LEFT: SANDALS for men and women, next season, was the note struck at the International Shoe Fair in London, recently. The picture shows two styles, but just try and get the one on the right locally.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601523

You can't stop him scratching

PULVEX Can!

No use scolding your dog because he's always scratching. The only way to stop him is to get rid of his fleas. Powder him with Pulvex, the non-poisonous, non-irritant preparation that kills vermin and protects animals from further attacks.

COOPER'S PULVEX KILLS all fleas

Obtainable from all good dealers. Wholesale from:
Wm. Cooper & Nephews (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney, and N.Z. Loan and Mercantile Agency Co. Ltd., Melbourne & Brisbane.

"Ask the man who owns a show dog."

EXCLUSIVE PARISIAN "CHANEL" TOILET PREPARATIONS

All Stores Throughout Australia.

FALLING STAR

By VICKI BAUM

Author of "Grand Hotel"

CONCLUDING INSTALMENTS

The story so far—

THE night that Oliver Dent became the idol of filmgoers in "Hardogan" was also the night of the return of Donca Morescu, an old-time star of the silent films. Her voice had been a failure, and she had retired beaten. But when on this great first night Oliver, the handsome young English actor, appeared accompanied not by his heroine, Ria Nara, but by Donca, people began to talk.

The audience enjoyed the film to the point of hysteria. One of Oliver's admirers even fainted, though that was partly starvation. She was Frances, a lovely blonde, who had persuaded Aldens, an unknown German actor, to accompany her. Aldens took her to his flat and fed her.

The next morning brought the result of Donca's triumph at "Hardogan." There was a message from Bill Turner, of the Phoenix Picture Company, that they had a film for her. The moment she arrived Eisenlohr, the director, set her to work on "Night of Fate."

Oliver felt lonely. They had taken Donca away, and all he ever saw was a tired actress. He tried to interest himself in other things, but failed.

Meanwhile, affairs were moving at the studio. The great scandal of the moment was Grannit, a producer, who, on discovering that his wife was unfaithful, beat her. He himself was thrashed by the man, and became a laughing-stock. It is doubtful whether Oliver even heard of this scene, so obsessed was he by his longing for Donca. Finally he saw her at the studio and begged her to see him that evening after work. Donca agreed, for she still loved him. But there remained the problem of Grannit. Donca was afraid he might harm himself, and persuaded him to return to her bungalow. She rang up Oliver and told him simply that she was too tired to visit him.

Soon after midnight Oliver arrived, and entered the bedroom where Donca was guarding Grannit. Misunderstanding, he apologised for disturbing them and walked out.

Still Frances had not got a job, and still Aldens saw that she did not starve. Then came a day when she decided that she would give all if she could become famous that way. Returning from an excursion with Aldens, they collided with another car. In it was Oliver. After he left Donca, the next hours had been spent in drinking. The crash sobered him. Nobody was hurt, and Oliver offered to take Frances in his car. For Frances it was her great moment. She pretended she had no home, and Oliver took her to his house.

Feeling horribly ill, Oliver went straight to his bedroom. Presently Frances knocked at his door and asked for some adhesive plaster for a cut. Oliver said he had none, and wished her good-night. Frances did not go. Instead she came further into the room. Tired to death of pretty women, he ordered her to get out.

This episode finally decided him to go to Europe, away from everybody. Donca heard too late to stop him, but, acting on impulse, she drove after the train in her high-powered car and intercepted Oliver at a railway junction. Oliver left the train and spent a few hours with Donca, then he continued his journey by aeroplane. Unfortunately the trip by air aggravated some sickness which had begun to worry Oliver. He went to a country doctor, who told him he was a healthy man. But another doctor clapped him into hospital. Eventually Oliver was sent to New York to be under the care of the specialist, Dworsky, in whom he had great faith.

The story continues in detail:

IN the tumult of Grand Central Station people turned around to look at the stretcher on which a young man was being carried. He closed his eyes and felt the footfalls of the stretcher-bearers and smelled the dust of the station and heard a racking noise that made him feel sicker and dizzier. He felt as if he was falling continually while he was being carried, falling like an elevator when the cable has suddenly broken. He was not taken through a station, but through hell. And he didn't know that with his closed eyes and waxen face he already looked as if he had died. He still felt himself to be Oliver Dent, tall, handsome, with a little moustache, and a field flower in his buttonhole; and he hoped that nobody was recognising him as Oliver Dent at this moment.

The door of the ambulance closed. The car shook. Somebody put a hand on his forehead and took his pulse. He was no longer very conscious, but conscious enough not to tell Dworsky's clinic registrar that he was Oliver Dent. He still kept his eyes closed as he was taken up the elevator and carried through hallways. They undressed him and put him to bed—a good, friendly bed, a bed that somehow alleviated his pain, he thought. He missed some walls. There weren't four. It was agreeably cool, but he seemed to think there were black rags in the air when he opened his eyes.

He fell asleep. The man who awoke him was Dworsky himself—a serious man, an authority, a grey-haired man who would not allow him to doze off. The discipline was very severe, and sick men were not allowed to abandon themselves to willless-ness. Called back to consciousness, Oliver felt his pain a little more than before. But he also remembered that he had to get well soon. And he explained that he had to get well soon because he had rather important professional duties to fulfill.

He explained as well as he knew how what he could tell about his ailment. Under Dworsky's steady look he seemed to feel better and more hopeful. Dworsky lost no time. Back on the stretcher, Oliver was carried to a little room to be examined under harsh lights and then taken to the X-ray room. He smiled at the nurses that got him ready. It was a rare smile, the smile of all people seriously ill who feel the necessity of excusing themselves before the healthy. Dying is a shameful affair, but it is done once forever; it was ten times more shameful for a man as handsome and as proud as Edward O. Drake. . . .

Three days later Dworsky decided to operate on that stomach. He called his patient back to consciousness and made him fully conscious, by a tiny injection, to ask his consent for the operation.

OLIVER had not surmised the seriousness of his condition until the Doctor asked him with a serious mien the names of his relatives.

"I have no relatives," Oliver whispered. His lips were paining him when he spoke; they were so stiff, as if they were not his lips at all. He took stock of himself. Didn't feel any pain. But he felt as if he was continually slipping out of his bed and becoming smaller and smaller.

"Do you want to operate?" he asked. "What? How dangerous?"

"For a good surgeon, no operation is dangerous," Dworsky answered evasively.

He was the best surgeon in the country. He was a little partial to operations.

"Will I get well afterward?" Oliver asked in a childish voice.

"Let's hope so."

Oliver thought of the doubtful answer. Everything was now clear before him. He realised that he hadn't really seen Dworsky's face until that moment. He had only seen part of it, shadowy parts; one eye, a smile, a furrowed forehead under stiff grey hair. Now he saw him for the first time, whole, clear, as clearly as he had once seen the dead trout at Clearwater. Dworsky's eyes were grey, but his pupils were dilated and black. There were red little veins over his lids. At the same moment Oliver also saw the dead trout, with round eyes and circles of gold and silver and one circle of black, and their bleeding gills.

"Is it dangerous?" he asked again.

"Not to operate would be considerably more dangerous," Dworsky said hesitatingly. He believed in telling the patient the truth. Patients had a lot more gumption when they knew how seriously ill they were. "And it is not without danger," he added. "Well, we will have to get ourselves together and see it through."

Oliver fell back on his pillow. He had to think quickly and clearly. He raised a hand, feeling for his forehead, found it after a little while, and rubbed it pensively. So it was dangerous! So it was a question of life and death! They were not beating around the bush here, it appeared. And Dworsky looked as if he was quite indifferent to the whole affair, one way or another. "He wouldn't be so indifferent if he knew I am Oliver Dent," the patient thought. He swallowed twice, and his tired heart began to beat faster. Until now he had concentrated on only one thing; no matter what, it must be concealed that Oliver Dent was sick. There were many reasons for that. To be celebrated, and sick, was a hellish affair. The reporters, the newspapers, all the busybodies and publicity-seekers. All the competitors, all the do-nothings, know-nothings, the curious and the pitying ones, and the self-seekers and the thoughtless, all of them would be on his tail. He had avoided that till then. He had hidden himself proudly and silently like a sick animal. But now, if it was a question of life and death, his silent pride broke completely.

Edward Oliver Drake withdrew like a dumb shadow of a delicate substance. What remained in the hands that reached for Dworsky's wrist in such a piteous way was Oliver Dent—a sick man, a movie star, frightened to death.

"You've got to see me through!" whispered Oliver insistently. "I am Oliver Dent. You know." He looked fixedly into the face of the Doctor to see what effect his words would have.

There was some effect.

"It would be a horrible blow if you allowed me to die," he whispered again with his helpless lips. It sounded threatening and pitiful at the same time. He was scared himself as he heard himself say the word die.

Please turn to Page 43

TO KEEP YOUNG . . . .

As the old folks said: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

Anxiety ages the youngest face.

DOROTHY JORDAN tells you a secret

"I've used Lux Toilet Soap for a good many years and from the very beginning I noticed the improvement in my complexion. This nice soap keeps my skin beautifully soft and makes it really younger."

Dorothy Jordan
R.K.O. RADIO

LUX SUPERCREAMED TOILET SOAP

A LEVER PRODUCT

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE

LUX Toilet Soap SUPERCREAMED

6.137.10

EASILY EXPLAINED

MRS. S.: Mother! Is that another new hat you're wearing?

MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the frock I bought to go with it!

MRS. S.: Wherever do you get the money for all these new clothes?

MRS. J.: Well—the truth is, your father and I have begun to watch every penny we spend, and you can't imagine how much we've saved lately.

MRS. S.: I wish Roy and I could economise.

MRS. J.: Then just you ask Roy to get a copy of "The Private Man's A.B.C.," and study your income and expenditure month by month.

MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?

MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send One Shilling to Box 3005P, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll save pounds every month.

kill flies

● Flies carry disease. It has been definitely proved that over 30 frightful blood diseases are directly transmitted by these loathsome insects, born and bred in vilest filth. The only sure protection for your home and children is to kill every fly. Spray with "FLY-TOX," the quickest acting of all insect sprays. Insist on genuine "FLY-TOX." *Made in Australia.*

EASILY QUICKLY and ECONOMICALLY.

FLY-TOX

"THERE IS ONLY ONE FLY-TOX"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601524

LUCKY MOTH

— By —
Anne Elizabeth Christie

"My dressmaker says I can't go wrong in blue."
"Is that why you usually wear black?"

THE postmistress looked over her spectacles at Mrs. Deaning. "Now fancy Vaire going to Sydney," she said, the right note of disapproval in her tone. Sydney was not popular with the elder section of Wattle Flat.

"Vaire?" Mrs. Deaning dropped a handful of letters. "Vaire?"

The postmistress was not observant.

"Mrs. Charters told me last night," she continued, "Mr. Faney told her about him getting Vaire a job in his sister's dress shop. I wonder you let her go, Mary. A girl isn't safe alone in the city, I always say!"

Vaire going to Sydney! Vaire going to Sydney!

"You've got it all wrong, Mabel!" Mrs. Deaning said firmly. "Vaire has said nothing to me about going to Sydney."

The postmistress removed her spectacles and polished them.

"But Mr. Faney said she was."

"Mr. Faney can say what he likes," Mrs. Deaning retorted with dignity. "Vaire happens to be **my** daughter, and I wouldn't let her go to Sydney to work in any shop. Tell Mrs. Charters so!"

The postmistress was crushed. She resorted to malice.

"I don't suppose she'd ask your permission, Mary. After all she's 21."

"She'd ask me, even if she was 51."

"Don't be so sure, Mary. Vaire's been different lately. Giving herself airs and graces. Nobody's good enough for her since she's become so friendly with Mr. Faney."

Mrs. Deaning did not reply. There was nothing to say. Vaire **had** changed. Since her friendship with Reg Faney the young schoolteacher, Vaire no longer played tennis on the bumpy church court, or danced at the School of Arts. Instead, she read books Reg Faney lent her. Books on 'osophies and 'ologies. It troubled Mrs. Deaning. She did not like Reg Faney, with his unveiled superiority, his high-falutin' speech, and too perfect clothes.

Vaire had been satisfied enough for anything, Mrs. Deaning reflected, before Reg Faney came to Wattle Flat. She had been satisfied enough with tennis and dancing—and Dinny Carstairs.

Dinny was the "catch" of Wattle Flat. He was good-looking, and had a prosperous farm. Mothers of eligible daughters made no secret of their preference for him. But Dinny had eyes for none but Vaire. He had carried her books to school, and had fought other young gallants who had sought to deprive him of that privilege. Later there were dances, and picnics, and tennis. Wattle Flat knew he was in love with Vaire Deaning. It had been all right until Reg Faney's arrival. . .

MRS. DEANING turned the horse's head homewards. Vaire going to Sydney? Impossible! Vaire would have told her . . . But Vaire **had** been different lately. More quiet and thoughtful. It hurt Mrs. Deaning. She stopped at Dinny Carstairs' farm.

"Dinny," she said, "do you know anything about Vaire going to Sydney?"

An expression of amazement crossed Dinny's lean brown face.

"Sydney?" he asked. "Whatever for?"

"To work in Reg Faney's sister's shop!" Mrs. Deaning replied: "Everyone seems to know. Mabel Hilton had it from Mrs. Charters. Reg Faney told her!"

Dinny frowned.

"Don't let her go, Dinny!" Mrs. Deaning pleaded. "Surely you can stop her!"

"Don't see how I can!" Dinny answered slowly. "She hardly looks at me now. But don't mention it to Vaire, Mrs. Deaning. Perhaps there's nothing in it. Some of Faney's swank!"

So for two days Mrs. Deaning said nothing. Then Vaire told her. Vaire spoke with a defiant nervousness of one who expects opposition.

"Mater, I'm going to Sydney on Saturday!"

Mrs. Deaning hated that "mater." Reg Faney had taught it to Vaire.

"I'm sick to death of Wattle Flat," Vaire rushed on. "The littleness of it is **stifling**. A backwater!"

"What about Dinny?" Mrs. Deaning asked.

"Dinny?" Vaire's eyebrows raised. Another trick of Reg Faney's. "What about him?"

"You know what I mean, Vaire. What does he think of you going off to Sydney?"

"I haven't consulted him!" Vaire replied shortly. "And I don't intend to either!"

"Well, you know dear!" Mrs. Deaning said gently, "you've been keeping company with Dinny for years——"

"Keeping company?" Vaire flared up. "I loathe that expression. Just because I go to a few dances and play tennis with a boy I'm **keeping company**, and I have to consult him how I'm to live my own life!"

"Now, dear——"

"That's Wattle Flat all over!" Vaire said fiercely. "Reg was quite right. The big littleness. I hate it. I'll be glad to get away. Reg says his sister will give me a start in her frock shop. She'll do anything for Reg."

Mrs. Deaning said nothing. But Dinny would not let her go. Dinny would do something. Dinny would not let her go. . .

But Dinny did, and it was three years before Vaire returned to Wattle Flat.

SHE wrote scrappy letters, which Mrs. Deaning gave to Dinny, and watched his face. Dinny had become something of a recluse since Vaire's departure. An unhappy expression crossed his face when he read Vaire's letters. Dances and shows filled her life. She changed her address frequently.

"I'd hate to stagnate!" Vaire wrote gaily. "I simply must keep moving. New places and new faces . . ."

Letters like that. She was getting on well at "Lucille."

"I'll never rest until I own a place like this!" Vaire wrote. "Think of rows of lovely gowns, and lovely women buying them!"

"The glitter has her!" Dinny said, gloomily. "I never thought it would. I thought Vaire'd get sick of Sydney in a few weeks. She can't even leave for her holidays, because she might miss a dance!"

"I suppose her home does seem poor and shabby, after those lovely flats!" Mrs. Deaning sighed, and returned to the description of a mauve and pink bedroom and a tiny black and white kitchenette.

"I'll be home for a month!" Vaire wrote after three years. "I've been burning the candle at both ends, and need the soothing atmosphere of Wattle Flat. . ."

Vaire, her hair flattened to her head in sleek waves. Her eyebrows plucked into a perfect curve. Her finger nails long and polished brilliantly. Vaire, in grey flannel slacks, and tennis shirt, a cigarette between her red lips. . . .

Mrs. Deaning was afraid. The city had done something to Vaire. Something terrible. Her eyes had hardened, her mouth had hardened. Her laugh was odd. Hard, brittle.

Dinny Carstairs was afraid.

"Not married, Dinny?" Vaire greeted him. "Is there a slump in maidenly affection locally? Surely a young man of your collection of virtues isn't left on the shelf?"

Vaire smiled at him, and took a gay cigarette from her pocket. She tapped a cigarette, and studied him reflectively. A decent hair cut, a made-to-order suit. Or evening clothes. His hair sleeked down until it looked like spilt ink.

Suddenly Dinny leaned forward and took the cigarette from her hand.

"Keep that for your city friends!" he said shortly. "You don't need impress me. I happened to know you before you put on these frills!"

Vaire stretched her grey-flanelled legs and yawned.

"Topping evening for a sleep," she said. "Seems funny sleeping in the evenings!"

Vaire closed her eyes. Dinny studied her. She was paler, despite her make-up, and thinner than Dinny thought natural. There were tired lines about her face.

"You look ill!" Dinny said.

"You aren't flattering!" Vaire answered. "In Sydney——"

"Tell me about your life in Sydney."

"Hasn't Wattle Flat told you? The countryside knows more about me than I do about myself!"

"I never listen to gossip."

"Commendable. Well, I arise at 7.30, breakfast off dry toast and weak, black coffee. Figure, you know. At 9.0 a.m. I slink through the doors of 'Lucille,' and spend my day among georgettes and satins. Among loveliness. O' nights I dance, or do a show!"

"With—er—men friends?" Dinny tried to make his tone one of mere casual inquiry.

"Tell me," Vaire smiled scornfully, "if you think I resemble a blushing wallflower!"

"See anything of Faney? He was transferred to town soon after you left!"

"And how glad he was!" Vaire murmured.

"You like it all, the life?"

"Like it?" Vaire's brittle laugh jarred. "My dear youth, find me some human who wouldn't!"

Please turn to Page 34

Beautifully Waved

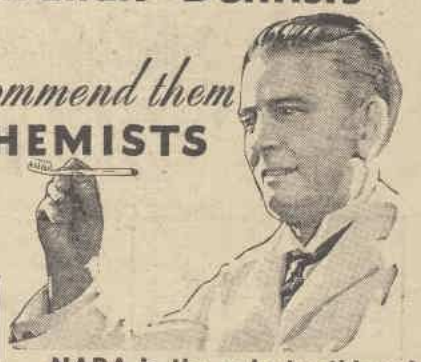
ANDREE WAVE - 15/-

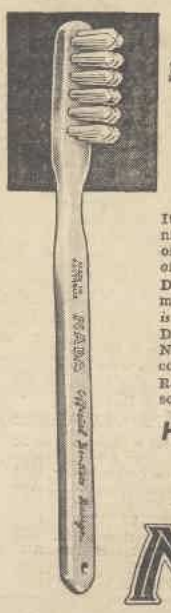
An actual photograph of beautiful Kay Marsh, showing one of our Andree Waves. It depicts the new mode for coiffures of dozens of tiny ringlets clustering around the nape of the neck. Under the skilful treatment of our expert operators, we can give you a perfect wave with the same attractive effect. The hair is waved into soft, deep, undulating waves, falling into masses of clustering ringlets, so deceptively natural and of lasting permanency.
Satisfaction or complete refund is given with every wave.
Shingle Heads 15/-
Ringlet Ends—as illustrated .. £1/1/-

Buckinghams
OXFORD STREET

The NADA TOOTHBRUSH was designed by Australian Dentists

We recommend them say CHEMISTS





NADA is the only toothbrush that has been given the official endorsement of the Australian Dental Profession.

It is a unique honour, being the only brush so recognised by this powerful body of Professional men, and one which definitely tells its own story of correctness of design, high quality, and fair price. . . . . .
Dentists and chemists throughout Australia are unanimous in their opinions that, *"We say definitely Nada is the finest toothbrush made in Australia to day."* . . . . .
Drop in to your Chemists (for Chemists only sell Nada) and just say "A Nada Brush, please." It will cost you only 1/9 . . . . . .
Refuse any possible substitution—Nada brushes are sold only in the smart Blue cartons. . . . . .

Here's a Happy Thought.
Whilst you're about it . . . buy two Nada brushes for 3/3 You'll save 3d. and you will get a dainty Nile Green Toothbrush holder FREE for your bathroom . . . . . .

NADA
OFFICIAL
Dentists' Design
TOOTHBRUSHES
Inserted by
N.N.2. THE NATIONAL BRUSH CO. (AUST.) LTD., SYDNEY Copyright.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601525

MISSING LINE COMPETITION

Sergeant "Dicky Duck"

This is Sergeant Dicky Duck,
Who waddles on parade,
You can, if you have any luck,
Enjoy the things she's made.

Jellies crystal clear and sweet,
Ripe fruit just off the tree,
All blended in one perfect treat.
That please you perfectly.

You will love them more and more
And want each helping twice,
Dinner's tame without them, for

Try your Skill

FILL IN THIS LAST LINE : _____

(To rhyme with "twice")

First Prize £5 cash! EACH MONTH Closing on the last day of the month

25 Consolation Prizes valued at - 2/6

Each Entry must be accompanied by the COUPON SIDE of a "Fountain" Fruit Jelly Carton. Other side of Carton not accepted

Address entries "Fountain Pure Fruit Jelly Competition," Box 218 D, G.P.O., Sydney

FOUNTAIN PURE FRUIT JELLIES are sold as follows:

3 LARGE PACKETS (SYDNEY) 1/- (COUNTRY) 1/3

If you cannot obtain these Jellies from your grocer, write to W. C. Douglass Ltd., Box 218 D, G.P.O., Sydney, and send us the name and address of your grocer.

FOUNTAIN PURE FRUIT JELLIES

Write your name and address here :

Name _____

Address _____

Name of Grocer _____

Be sure and attach COUPON SIDE of a packet of Fountain Jelly to each entry.

Waiting for you.. FREE

PILLOWCASE of fine strong cotton with good linen finish, hemstitched borders and delightful embroidery. 30 x 20 inches. FREE—FOR 24 SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

GLASSCLOTH of splendid-wearing pure linen. Durable and absorbent—33 x 23 ins. FREE—FOR 18 SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

Save all your Sunlight Soap wrappers

Be sure to get

BOTH Free Gifts

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE PILLOWCASE AND GLASSCLOTH

Save Sunlight Soap wrappers, 18 (from 6 cartons) for a Glasscloth or 24 (from 8 cartons) for a Pillowcase, then cut off the wrapper tops (the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap"), and take them to Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter St., Sydney. If you cannot call or send personally attach them to a sheet of paper giving the following information :—

1. Your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS.
2. The number of wrappers sent. 3. The gift required.

Post to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS LTD., BOX 4100WW G.P.O., SYDNEY. Be sure to put correct postage on your envelope.

OFFER OPEN UNTIL 31st DECEMBER, 1933

SUNLIGHT SOAP

THE ONLY SOAP WITH £1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY

2.161.36 LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

BRIDGE PLAYERS *Settle* DOWN

New controlling body gets busy

The recently formed association for the control of bridge is losing no time in getting down to business.

The association held its first council meeting at the Millions Club on Monday evening. In the absence of the president, Sir Arthur Rickard, Mr. S. E. Jamieson presided over the meeting.

EVERYTHING is now happy and peaceful in bridge circles, and the Joske-McAdam match will be played in Sydney at Christmas time with the approval and support of the New South Wales Bridge Association.

At Monday's meeting, which was attended by The Australian Women's Weekly, considerable discussion ensued on the match.

Dr. McAdam explained to the meeting that prior to the formation of the Bridge Association he had received a letter from Mr. Joske, of Melbourne, which stated that four players proposed to visit Sydney at Christmas time, and asked him to arrange a match with a Sydney team.

Dr. McAdam said he later received a wire from Mr. Joske, informing him that a Melbourne newspaper had agreed to donate a cup for the match.

* * *

THE idea of forming a bridge association had been mooted for some time past, said Dr. McAdam, and one of the objects of the match was to give the movement a kick off.

The match, added Dr. McAdam, had been incorrectly described by some people as a representative interstate match, but he, himself, had made no such claim or statement, and he had not said one word publicly about the match.

The match had all along been regarded by him as a private one between four Victorian players under Mr. Joske and four New South Wales players under him. When the match was proposed there was no controlling bridge body in New South Wales which he could have approached, and he had therefore arranged the match, as he was fully entitled to do.

* * *

NOW that the Bridge Association had come into being, he invited its approval of the fixture, and its co-operation in welcoming and entertaining the visiting team. He did not, however, ask that the association should regard his team as a New South Wales representative one.

* * *

IN reply to questions Dr. McAdam said that as far as he was aware the donors had attached no specific conditions to the trophy, except that it should be utilised for perpetual interstate competitions. He did not want the cup, and, if his team won it, it was his intention to hand it over to the Bridge Association, which would control its future destiny.

After some discussion it was unanimously agreed that the council should give its approval to the match as privately arranged between teams selected by Dr. McAdam, of Sydney, and Mr. Joske, of Melbourne, and that the tournament committee should co-operate with Dr. McAdam in making all necessary arrangements for the game.

The question of the ultimate disposal of the trophy was left over for further consideration, as members considered that the question did not concern them until such time as they were asked to receive the trophy.

WOMAN *BEHIND* NEW CLINIC

IT takes courage of a kind to pioneer anything new, particularly anything that is on the "outer" of a conventional community.

For this reason great interest has been manifested in the institution of a birth-control clinic by the Racial Hygiene Association, at 14 Martin Place, Sydney, and the woman who is to conduct it.

Dr. Katie Ardill-Bryce is the pioneer medico. Her experience has converted her to the strongest belief in the necessity of the work she is about to undertake. She is married, but has no children.

Dr. Ardill-Bryce is a daughter of George Ardill, well known for his work with the Sydney Rescue Work Society.

She is a graduate of Sydney University. During the war she was five years with the English R.A.M.C. She is on the honorary staff of the Royal South Sydney Hospital for Women, a maternity hospital, where babies are born, not prevented. She admits that she deliberately chose "His Majesty, the Baby" as the subject of her address at the Racial Hygiene Conference, when she spoke on baby-care and feeding, and a woman in the audience got up and said that a copy of her address should be in every mother's hands.

Dr. Ardill-Bryce is also in charge of the Soldiers' Clinic, which treats soldiers' dependents under the auspices of the Returned Soldiers and Sailors' League. She does that honorarily, one afternoon a week, which is all the birth-control clinic is expected to be open at first. It, too, will be an honorary job at the beginning. If it demands the whole of Dr. Bryce's time she may relinquish her Macquarie Street work and, in that case, she will receive a salary from the nominal 5/- fee which seekers after birth-control advice will be charged.

The clinic is stated to be strictly for married women only. Advice will be given only to those whom the authorities decide are justified in seeking it, for health and economic reasons.

Dr. Ardill-Bryce, whose home is at Newtown, has her main practice in Macquarie Street.

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.

Dry Skin—Normal Skin—Oily Skin—use the Zöldy Cream created for your particular type . . . Soon your skin will regain its youthful freshness—that exquisite illusion of radiance smoothing away the years—adding to your charm a thousandfold!

Zöldy SKIN CREAM

Jar ..... 2/6 Tube 1/-

Listen-in to 2UW every Thurs., 8 p.m. 2.3.6.

USE SOAP THIS *New* WAY

- CONVENIENT
- MORE ECONOMICAL
- GERMICIDAL !!!

Cleanliness is the basis of beauty—but you cannot be too careful in the selection of Toilet Soap.

Give yourself a beauty treatment with AMBA-FOAM Liquid Soap. After the rich lather has been carefully rinsed and the skin gently dried, you will be surprised at its delicate softness and healthy glow. AMBA-FOAM builds with each treatment a healthy resistance to germs. These little parasites, which are the primary cause of skin disorders, cannot live where AMBA-FOAM is used.

AMBA-FOAM is sold in the new, convenient, and attractive pourer top bottle.

Moderately priced, AMBA-FOAM is so very economical because there is no waste, and it retains its germicidal strength to the last drop.

AMB

Health Protection Products

AMBA-FOAM contains Ambol, the oil of the Tea Tree. Nature's great Health Protector. Price, 1/6 per bottle.

If your Chemist or Storekeeper is out of stock, ask him to get in touch with his wholesaler.

AMBA-FOAM *Liquid Soap*

AUSTRALIAN MEDICAL BUREAU LTD.
195-197 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601526

Most *Cruel* JEST of FATE

Woman who fought Blacks and dared the Ocean in a tank . . . perished of thirst

Here is the tragic story of one of the pioneer women of Australia, who met death after an amazing attempt to cheat it.

Of such indomitable spirits is the Australian race compounded.

– By –
June Eversleigh

They trusted themselves to the mercy of the seas in surely as unique and frail a craft as ever carried human freight.

ALTHOUGH the fine monument erected in the main street of Cooktown, in memory of Mrs. Watson, states the fact that this unfortunate woman died of thirst, very few people, outside of Cooktown, are acquainted with the details surrounding the death of this brave and heroic woman.

In the year 1881, with her baby, and her Chinese servant, Mrs. Watson escaped in a tank from their home on Lizard Island, after putting up an heroic fight with the blacks—unfortunately, only to perish a little later from thirst.

* * *

MRS. WATSON was the young wife of Captain R. F. Watson, a beche-de-mer trader, and from the time of their marriage at Cooktown, on May 30, 1880, had resided on Lizard Island.

Six weeks before the tragedy her husband left for Knight Island, a little over two hundred miles further north—with a view to forming a fishing station.

Mrs. Watson and her baby, together with two Chinese servants, remained on Lizard Island.

On September 27, 1881, about ten canoeloads of blacks arrived on the island. They attacked and killed one of the Chinese servants at the homestead farm, about a quarter of a mile from the cottage. The hat found was the only proof of the grim fate of the Chinaman.

The next day the other Chinaman was speared—though not seriously—but the courageous woman put up such a splendid fight with firearms that the abos. were temporarily driven off.

However, to remain on the island seemed to the unhappy woman to mean certain death, and on October 3, provisioning an iron tank (used as a beche-de-mer boiler) she, with her baby and wounded Chinese servant, embarked in this frail craft and escaped from the island.

They floated all night, and next day landed on a bare reef, where they remained till October 6. Water then giving out, the poor woman pulled the tank over to No. 1 Island, of the Howick Group, but, not finding water, and observing that natives inhabited the island, she again started out, and reached No. 5 Island, about 40 miles away, on the 8th.

* * *

HERE her remains were discovered by Captain Bremner, of the beche-de-mer schooner, Kate Kearney, who, on January 19, 1882, put into the island for the purpose of allowing the boys to cook some fish which they had caught. The baby was resting on her arm.

At a little distance were the remains of Ah Sam, the faithful Chinese servant.

By the dead woman's side was found a diary, written in lead pencil, on some sheets of notepaper—just the merest details, of how she escaped from her savage foes, trusting herself to the mercies of the seas in surely as unique and frail craft as ever carried human freight—only to perish from the agonising torments of thirst on an uninhabited coral isle.

Her Diary

Yet every line tells its own tale of a heart that was courageous and brave to the end.

Only the constant phrase, "no water," tells of the agonies which these unfortunate fugitives suffered during the week which evidently elapsed between the arrival on the island, and their terrible deaths.

By the entry it would appear that the Chinaman was the first to die, and Mrs. Watson's last entry, on October 12, mentioning that the baby was still living, but that they were nearly dead from thirst, betokens that the end was near.

* * *

ONLY a mother can realise the added tortures this woman must have endured there, surrounded by water, yet all salt; seeing her helpless baby dying before her eyes, and she herself suffering the same terrible agony.

The memory of her heroic action in the face of peril from her uncivilised foes, and the subsequent awful fate of this brave woman must surely live in the hearts of all true Australians for all time.

Our *Women Medicos* Number 300

Time was when a woman doctor was sufficiently uncommon to invite comment, but those days have long since passed. There are approximately three hundred women doctors registered throughout Australia.

NOT all these are practising. Not all of them have desired to practice. Many have given up their profession because of the claims of marriage and children.

Perhaps it is wrong to speak of the place of women in medicine, for sex scarcely enters the matter. A medical practitioner is a medical practitioner whose status depends on ability rather than sex, and ability alone is considered for most appointments.

Nevertheless, there are certain special lines which by reason of their very nature are more attractive to women and in which the majority of medical women may be found. Probably the most attractive, and the most suitable, of all lies in the treatment of children. The motherly instinct not only finds expression amid the pathos of sick children, but also finds its complement in the greater readiness that children display in being treated by women.

In several of the capital cities of the Commonwealth there are women who specialise in the treatment of children, and some of these are in the front rank of the profession. To those who are not so fortunate as to possess the talent or the means to be a consultant there are the various education departments in the medical services of which many women may be found.

Obstetric Specialists

Many women prefer to be treated by persons of their own sex, and, consequently, throughout Australia there can be found women practitioners specialising in gynaecology and obstetrics. Many of these have large practices, some few are expert surgeons, and one or two have a high standing in the profession.

But the ranks of consultants are of necessity thin, and thinner than ever in these days of hard-earned money, and most women must seek other niches in the profession. They are faced with two alternatives. Whether to enter the hurly-burly of general practice, or whether to seek some salaried position wherein is peace and security.

It is to the latter that most women turn. The general hospitals absorb some; appointments at some hospitals, particularly the obstetric ones, are only open to women. Such a life is usually one of hard work, but one nevertheless with compensations of variety, company and absorbing interest. Some are to be found in the mental departments, guiding the lives of those who, after all, in many ways are to be looked on as children.

Laboratory work is a calling to which women are admirably suited.

General practice has not appealed to many. It is a hard life, beset with worries, late hours, and necessitating rather a pushful personality such as most women do not possess.

The modern woman doctor realises that brains can co-exist with beauty, and takes care of herself accordingly. She dresses neatly, uses powder and lipstick and differs not at all from other women in appearance.

To all women love comes sooner or later, no matter how absorbed they may be in their profession, and to the woman doctor often comes the alternative of sacrificing marriage or sacrificing her profession. Medicine is usually a whole time job, and only in exceptional circumstances can a woman look after a home, a husband, bear children, and carry on with her work. Nevertheless, it has been done, and done with success. Perhaps some of the most perfect partnerships in life are those where doctors marry and carry on a profession as well as a home together.

Not much research is carried out in Australia, for research needs money and time. As yet we have no names to place with those famous oversea women doctors and scientists. We have no Madame Curie, May Mellanby, Dr. Dick or Dr. Mackay. But the material is there, and one day, given the right circumstances, we will have names as famous.

THREE EXTRA SPECIAL GIFT CASKETS

EVENING IN PARIS

Gifts that radiate the gaiety, brilliance, and glamour of an "Evening in Paris" . . . What could be more fascinating and irresistible in their appeal?

S.4 23/6 S.2 31/6
N.31 12/6

Also many others to select from.
All Stores and Chemists

COMPARE YOUR FIGURE —NOW!

Dorothy Manners, judged the world's most beautiful woman, reveals the ideal Youth-o-form figure.

Her measurements are:—

Height	64½in.	Hips	34in.
Weight	8st 4lb.	Thigh	19in.
Bust	33in.	Calf	13in.
Waist	25in.	Neck	12½in.

GET YOUR TAPE MEASURE

and compare your own figure, and if during the winter ugly rolls of fat have come round waist, hips, or bust, to hide the beauty of your body, go to your chemist, and get a 3/6 carton of Youth-o-Form Tonic Reducing Capsules, and begin taking just one capsule each day at bedtime.

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE YOUTH-O-FORM

Doctors know that Youth-o-Form is prepared by highly qualified chemists from the most scientifically balanced formula in the World, and prescribe it as the most effective treatment in ridding the body of ugly, aging fat, effectively, harmlessly, and permanently, leaving no wrinkles or sagging flesh, and acting as a tonic, too.

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.

Youth-o-form is taken at intervals by thousands of people, not only to reduce ugly fat, but to banish High Blood Pressure, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation, and Indigestion. People of all ages from 18 to 80 take Youth-o-Form, and this report from one of our clients is interesting:—

TAKES CORSETS 4 SIZES SMALLER

"I have reduced from 12.7 to 11st. in six weeks, without diet or exercise," she says. "I feel wonderfully well, and, though 60 years of age, I feel 20 years younger. I take corsets four sizes smaller now than I did before. Gratefully yours, L.W."

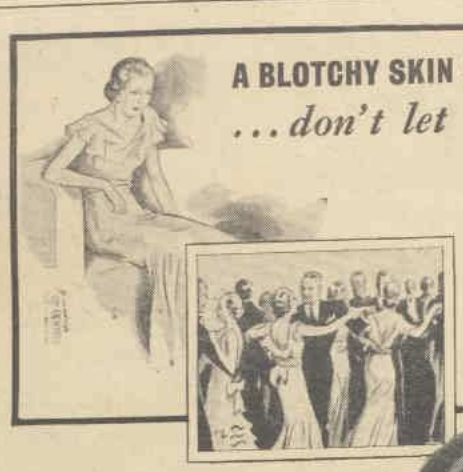
EVERYONE CAN AFFORD YOUTH-O-FORM,

for you can get the full six weeks treatment for 20/, which is enough to show definite results, or the trial carton for 3/6, from all leading chemists in Australia. The rate of reduction varies from two pounds to eight pounds weekly—the fattest parts reducing first.

BE SURE TO GET GENUINE YOUTH-O-FORM.

There are so many imitations of Youth-o-form that you must refuse substitutes offered to you, because they cost a little less, or because they give more profit to the one who tries to push them on to you. If you are not near a chemist, just pin a postal note to this advertisement, with your name and address. Send it to W. James Rogers, Chemist, Dept. 1, 285 George Street, Sydney. W. J. Rogers and C. F. Lloyd and Co., McKwan House, 242 Little Collins Street, Melbourne. W. J. Rogers and D. Maclean and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; and Youth-o-Form will reach you, plainly wrapped, with full directions, by return post.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601527



A BLOTCHY SKIN SPOILT HER ENJOYMENT..

...don't let it spoil yours!

Her skin did not do her justice. It was not the first time she'd stayed at home simply because she didn't care to go out with an ugly blemish disfiguring her face.

• • •

REXONA
Medicated
SOAP

removes discouraging facial blemishes....

A sallow, blotchy skin, or a complexion disfigured by pimples and blackheads is fatal to your attractiveness. Yet it is so simple to correct skin-troubles like this, for all time. Instead of using an ordinary toilet soap, change to Rexona—the healing MEDICATED Soap. By always using Rexona Soap you clear every unsightly blotch from your skin.

Underneath the surface of your skin Rexona Soap begins to build beauty

The medications of Rexona Soap penetrate deep down into the pores, and to the microscopic cells and tissues. Here these marvellous healing and soothing medications begin their beauty-treatment. Each pore is thoroughly cleansed of germs. Cells are toned-up. Tissues are renewed. And your skin takes on a new loveliness that comes from perfect health —*right through!*

Start now to enjoy skin-beauty—GET REXONA SOAP TODAY!

After using Rexona Soap your skin becomes really lovely. Rexona Soap just goes to improving it—clearing the surface, rebuilding tissues—you'll notice the difference in a few days. But even then you won't realise how beautiful it eventually makes your skin when you use it always. Get your first tablet to-day!

Never be without Rexona Ointment—it prevents unnecessary pain when everyday accidents happen, and is wonderfully healing and soothing for sore or inflamed skin

Miss Joan Murray of Sydney has *proved* that Rexona Soap prevents blemishes!

Every girl, anxious to keep her skin lovely, will be interested in this letter: "*I have used Rexona Soap for years. And I can honestly say it has prevented me from getting pimples and blackheads as so many girls do. People are always remarking on the clearness and fineness of my skin and ask me how I keep it so nice—but that is Rexona Soap's secret.*"

Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP

Sold by all chemists and stores..

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Save your REXONA SOAP COUPONS and exchange them for *valuable* gifts

Wrapped round every Rexona Soap Tablet there is a coupon that is worth money to you! You can exchange them for really useful and attractive gifts.

TWO LINEN GLASSCLOTHS—FOR ONLY 25 COUPONS

They are a large useful size and very strong. Start saving the 25 coupons for them now—it won't take you long!

A VALUABLE BEDROOM CLOCK—FOR ONLY 100 COUPONS

These very attractive clocks are the famous Westclox make. There are several pretty colours to choose from.

—and other gifts just as attractive!

Ladies' Handkerchiefs.
Guest Towels.
Pocket Knife.
Stainless Steel Bread Knife.
Sifter Vanity Case.
Fountain Pen (14ct gold nib).
Platinoum Propelling Pencil.
Scissors.
Stainless Dinner Knives.
Stainless Nickel Silver Forks.
Stainless Nickel Silver Teaspoons.
Ladies' Wristlet Watch.

Full particulars on every Free Gift Coupon

S.120.13

NOVEL XMAS CARDS

Monte Luke's artistic photography is revealed in a series of Christmas cards produced by him. David Jones have taken the exclusive rights for these in N.S.W. The cards are at once a novel idea and a splendid example of camera art.

Father (entering unexpectedly): Well, I never——

Daughter: Oh, Daddy, you must have.

He (after being rejected): I shall never marry now.

She: Foolish man! Why not?

He: If you won't have me, who will?

New Maid (who has been told to address the guests correctly, ushering in admiral): "This way, your flagship."

Employer: I see you have a glass eye, Pat.

Pat: Yes, yer 'anner; but it's a swindle, sir; I can't see nothin' out of it.

Is ART TRAINING a *Luxury?*

Apparently the Government considers that art training is a luxury, and that only utility courses should enjoy low fees.

A BOMBSHELL has landed at the feet of fine art students at the East Sydney Technical College. Fees for the year are to be raised from £3/3/– to £15/15/–, it has been announced.

The Darlinghurst Technical College, which has the most exclusive fine arts course in the State, has not been officially informed of the proposed increase, but already students there are planning to ward off the blow before it falls.

The argument has been used that there are plenty of scholarships for talented students who cannot afford the higher fees. It is pointed out, however, that at present only 30 scholarships are offered to primary and high school students desirous of doing art courses.

Those who win them must also pass the entrance examination to the technical college, but the usual number who pass each year generally only amount to ten persons.

At the end of the first year another two scholarships are offered from the lower course to the higher, with 30/- added to pay for materials.

There are more than 300 students at different stages at the college at present, but most of them aver that the increase of fees would prevent their return next year, and will cast them out unqualified for any occupation, and too old to begin a fresh training.

As only the first year students are to be charged £2/3/- per year and as materials cost about 2/- per week extra, the number of students will be sadly depleted in 1934, should the new regulation be put into effect.

* * *

THE National Art Students' Club which is formed of students from all arts branches, arranged a meeting this Wednesday, to plan a deputation to the Premier and the Minister for Education. Mr. Max Osborne was previously elected to represent the painting students.

* * *

THE proposed increase in fees is considered in many quarters to be a breach of contract.

The handbook stipulates a given fee for a given period of years, and students embarked on the course of study on this understanding. If the proposed increase is put into effect, many students will be unable to continue, and the interruption to their chosen careers will have disastrous results on their futures.

DIAMOND *Girl Adds Lustre to Gems*

Millions of diamonds flash their magnificence all over the world, and millions of diamonds lie unearthed in their natural dullness of origin.

Elza Joris, aged 21, of Rose Bay, Sydney, a daughter of a Belgian soldier, toils by the hour over spinning discs and wheels, to bring rays of brightness breaking through this dullness.

FOR three generations her forefathers have changed the hard-won stones into radiant gems. Behind a strong locked door on the fourth floor of a city building, the little Belgian now sings over her work to the accompaniment of whirling wheels, and diamond cutting diamond. Down below trams clang in a dusty swelter.

Many diamonds lie scattered round her. Little white packages are deftly unsealed, and their contents spilled upon the grubby benches. Lathes are set operating; gas flares spring forth; wax is swiftly melted and plied into position around the rough stones.

Love songs of Belgium, Australian bush songs, and classics of the old masters continue to find expression in the soft and trained voice of the diamond girl, as she fondles the gems and removes them from the lathes to another bench for polishing.

Small containers of dirty liquid are here scattered about, almost obscured by an array of tweezers, magnifying glasses, "dops," and other strange instruments. The liquid is called diamond dust, and is made of crushed diamonds and oil.

Most of the stones have been cut with 58 facets, and every face must lose its tarnish and glitter.

Three years ago Miss Joris came to Australia with her family. Her father was a diamond cutter and polisher in Antwerp, before and after the war.

We will Pay your DOCTOR'S BILLS

● Lubri-Lax, the authentic lubricating laxative, definitely cures CONSTIPATION — quickly and safely. To prove this fact to you, the proprietors of Lubri-Lax, The Natural Remedy Co., make this amazing offer.

There are two Lubri-Lax preparations. The medium strength in a yellow carton at 2/9 is prescribed for average and obstinate cases of constipation. The Double Strength Lubri-Lax in the blue carton at 3/6 is recommended for chronic cases.

Medium strength Lubri-Lax seldom fails—**Double strength never fails.** If three jars of Double strength Lubri-Lax do not effect a cure—your trouble is organic—probably serious—and you should consult a specialist at once.

A GENUINE OFFER

The Natural Remedy Co., G.P.O., Box 1436, J.J., Sydney, will pay the consultation fee (usually £2/2/) for you to be examined by a duly qualified medical specialist in Sydney, Melbourne, or Brisbane, if three jars of Double Strength Lubri-Lax fail to banish your constipation. This is a genuine offer—without restrictions or conditions other than that you first write and state the name of your chemist—and the dates of the three purchases. You will then be given a letter to the specialist we consider most suitable for your case. To be on the safe side keep the three cartons. It is unlikely that you will need them, because Lubri-Lax will not fail you.

The Lubri-Lax Way is the Doctors' Way.

LUBRI-LAX

Note.—If your chemist has not got Lubri-Lax, order from Hallam's Pharmacies—or Washington H. Soul-Pattinson and Co., Ltd.

Lubri-Lax (Medium Strength) 2/9
Lubri-Lax (Double Strength) 3/6

TONS OF MONEY

Arthur Buckley, who has for years made a study of planetary influence, is now arranging Lottery Syndicates, according to birthdays.

Let him buy your ticket in the next State Lottery.

Send the date and month of your birth, a stamped addressed envelope, and a postal note for 1/6 for a full share ticket in a syndicate of seven. This is your opportunity to win £714. Supervised by a public auditor.

BOX 3799, G.P.O., SYDNEY
Monthly Numerological Charts Free!

TIRED——?

This Oxygen bath will restore your vitality

WHEN you crawl home after a strenuous day, fagged out and irritable . . . a Radox oxygen-bath is indicated. Once submerged in the silky-soft water, with the oxygen in Radox giving new life to your muscles, you'll forget all the day's discomforts and simply revel in this Radox luxury! Radox releases active oxygen . . . Nature's tonic for weary minds and bodies. How gloriously alive it makes you feel! Tingling all over . . . fit for anything . . . and with a skin as cool and soft as satin. Certainly Radox is a luxury—but never an extravagance.

At all Chemists

RADOX
8 oz. packet 2/6

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601528

SO THEY SAY

A page for open discussion on all kinds of topics.

THIS feature has now been increased to more than twice its original size, in order to give additional readers a chance of participating. It has, therefore, become necessary to redistribute the amount allocated. In future there will be a first prize of £1, and 5/- awards for all other letters used. Entries should be clearly marked "So They Say."

FOOLISH WOMEN

THAT will catch their eyes! And so they are foolish. A full tram—a woman gets in, perhaps laden with parcels or carrying a baby. Immediately a man rises and offers his seat. She refuses, and after the man's persistence at last takes the seat. Naturally this must make the man feel awkward at any rate, and unwilling to repeat the experience. Perhaps a young girl offers her seat in a similar case, with the same result. Then we wonder why "men have no manners these days," and young girls are so thoughtless. This happens often in our city—we wonder if it does in the mainland cities.

S. Smales, 45 High St., Launceston, Tasmania.

o o o

STANDING EQUALITY

BACK to the old argument again of men standing up for women in trains and trams. These practical days, when women make themselves men's equals in the business world, why should they make a difference travelling? The male gets just as tired as the female, and I think each is as deserving as the other of a seat. I certainly think both should rise for an elderly woman, a woman and baby, or disabled person, and I bestow much contempt upon the girl who refuses to stand for an elderly man.

Miss Elizabeth Field, 55 Mitford St., Elwood, S.3, Vic.

o o o

THOSE PRESENTS

MRS. J. R. CREES' letter and suggestion in a recent issue of The Australian Women's Weekly is one of the most sensible I have ever read in any paper. When one receives a highly-priced but unneeded Christmas gift one's natural desire is to return something just as good. It would be a far more sensible thing only to send gifts to dear relatives or give them to our own children. I have often felt the same as Mrs. Crees, but it needs pluck to write as she did.

Mrs. E. J. Collins, 29 Argyle Ave., Ryde, N.S.W.

o o o

SPIRIT OF MOURNING.

MRS. MARTIN is undoubtedly correct in stating that people should realise the body only is committed to the earth.

However, the fact that a loved one's spirit has gone to a higher and happier plane can scarcely be expected to console one in the first crushing sensation of complete loss.

Mourning is actually more an expression of self-pity—however subconscious—than of sorrow for those who have completed their earthly existence.

Further, the placing of flowers on the grave constitutes far more than any insincere "keeping up of appearances" to those who are deeply bereaved.

Miss E. McGrath, 324 New Canterbury Rd., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

o o o

HONI SOIT

MISS GILMORE strikes the right note in her remarks about ancient Greek civilisation. What is there either disgusting or repellent about the normal human body in the nude? Abnormal forms are certainly not things of beauty. Children should be taught not to be conscious of their bodies—as bodies. In parts of Japan, and in Germany, I have seen adult members of both sexes bathing together in the nude—and thinking nothing of it—and most certainly not with any lewd intent. Unfortunately, the world is full of people who can read a lewd meaning into anything that is beautiful.

J. Lamb, 10 "Ilan Court," Wylde St., Potts Point, N.S.W.

o o o

NO MORE MARY JANE.

A RECENT award in Western Australia covering employees of boarding houses, etc., stipulating that such employees must be addressed as "Miss" or "Mrs." is a step in the right direction towards dignifying domestic work, and removing what is often regarded as the stigma of "service."

Many capable but high-spirited young women refuse to take work of this description, because every Tom, Dick or Harry who can pay his weekly board considers himself entitled to address her as "Mary Jane," and this type of familiarity, coming often from people who are her inferiors, intellectually and otherwise, is a nasty blow to her self-respect.

Mrs. K. J. McKenzie, 53 Park Street St. Kilda, Melbourne.

Fashion the Tyrant

CURVES NOT WANTED

LET us hope that our own slimly-proportioned girls will not be influenced by all this enthusiasm about the "Mae West Figure." How anyone could admire the over-emphasised figure of Lou in "She Done Him Wrong," is beyond comprehension.

Mae West was evidently chosen as having a figure typically suited to the ugly fashions of the period, and she portrays a type of womanhood which few would be anxious to copy. Therefore, why should Dame Fashion encourage her followers to take as their model the lady friend of the proprietor of a low-class cafe in the Bowery. Assuredly she is feminine, but femininity when made too obvious loses much of its attraction.

Miss M. Goldwin, 37 Greengate Rd., Killara, N.S.W.

BLACK NAILS

IN one of our fashionable cafes recently I noticed a smartly dressed woman displaying a newly-imported craze. Her fingernails were painted black to match her black and white ensemble. Horrible!

The only time it is natural for the fingernails to be black is when a person has just died from cholera. As an addition to the well dressed woman's toilette I fail to see the charm or beauty. What next will our sex be asked to do for Dame Fashion!

Mrs. A. Farmer, Shamrock St., Kedron, Brisbane.

TATTOO FROCKS ON

THE scantiness of women's attire today has caused one fashion expert to predict that in the future clothing will disappear altogether, being superseded by the tattooing of the body. Then the bright young things will flaunt their modernity, and flatter themselves they are right up to the second. But nothing of the kind! When Julius Caesar landed in Britain, half a century before the birth of Christ, he found a very similar state of affairs. The early Britons of both sexes wore little clothing, but stained their bodies with woad. So our ultra-modern after all will be merely a "reversion to type."

Mrs. J. R. Crees, Yeerongpilly, Brisbane.

That Basic Wage

WEIGHTY ARGUMENTS

I ALSO was amused at the amount of clothes allowed for the woman, in the account on the basic wage. I take, for instance, the subject of corsets, too. Can you imagine the woman of 12 to 14 stone wearing one pair of corsets for two years.

I am in the 12 stone class, and I need at least two pairs of corsets a year. The cheaper line, of course, must do, as the basic wage does not allow for an expensive line.

They do not take into consideration the woman above the average size. She also likes to look her best.

Mrs. E. V. Funch, 96 Denison St., Newtown, Sydney.

DEPEND ON USAGE

CORSETS like everything else depend on their usage. Three years is the life of my corsets, and they are frequently washed and mended, but are never asked to make me two inches smaller than I really am, and they cost a trifle over one pound to buy. Any woman who laces would need corsets more frequently than the slim female.

STILL SMILING

IN reply to a recent article in The Australian Women's Weekly asking "Why does the Prince always look so sad?" numerous readers have sent in cuttings of recent photographs showing him smiling. Here is one of them.

Cheap corsets are responsible for many flour sacks. And anyone who could piece the awful puzzle of the basic wage allowances would need be a superhuman mathematician, or the husband of Adam's Eve.—**L.W.**

TWO A YEAR

I QUITE agree with Miss D. M. Bourne about the allowance for corsets. It takes two pair and more to last one year, especially the kind the working man's wife and daughters can buy on the new wage. It would indeed be interesting to know how many pair the women folk of the men responsible for the new wages have in a year, or, for that matter, do they live in bounds of any of the stated articles.

Mrs. W. Newton, Ward's River, N.S.W.

Engagement Ring Value

REFUSAL RIGHT?

MY idea is that a person who refuses the engagement ring is right, for, if bad times came and the engagement ring had to be sold it would not bring in anywhere near the money it cost, and the ring does not always mean true love, but outward show!

Mrs. J. Rofe, 9 Stewart St., Camberwell E.3, Vic.

WISE TO HAVE ONE

REFERRING to the engagement ring question, I think a girl is very wise who has a good engagement ring. The chance in most cases never occurs again to own a really good piece of jewellery, and often the money is not used to better advantage at the time.

The value of the ring is untold if necessitous circumstances arise, when the ring can be realised on, although it is heart-breaking to have to part with the emblem—I know.

H. East, 269B Edgecliff Rd., Woollahra, N.S.W.

DO NOT DEPRECIATE

IN reference to Miss White's argument re engagement rings, I think that the latter girl to be far the wiser, as diamonds do not depreciate in value, but would be a good investment for anyone's money. Whereas if you were to buy furniture, or suchlike, after even a few months' service, one would be lucky to get even one-quarter the value, especially these days.

Miss J. Young, 71 Smith St., Summer Hill, Sydney.

HAVE YOUR DIAMONDS

REPLYING to Miss L. White, of Victoria, re engagement rings, I would like to state what happened in my case. I refused an engagement ring and a honeymoon so as the money could all go as a deposit on a home. Owing to depression we lost the home and all the money put into it. Since, I have always thought I missed a good bit of the enjoyment and excitement attached to the biggest day of a girl's life. A wedding ring always looks so lonely without the sparkles. My advice to girls is: Have your diamonds and your honeymoon and let the future look after itself.

Mrs. W. Brinson, 25 Richard St., Fivedock, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE

IF, BEFORE a dinner party, you are introduced to one of the guests, begin to converse at once and try to avoid the weather, also try to avoid controversial matters. The latest book, game or play are the best topics to toy with.

TRUE SUCCESS

ON reading E.E.W.'s letter on "Women and Happiness" (A.W.W. 28/10/'33), I thought how often we come in contact with that type of person to whom "unhappiness" and making other people so, seems to be a much easier process than the reverse. How selfish. I think one has no right to brood on their troubles and make other people around share them.

We were made to be happy, and those who are so, are the ones who have achieved the true success in life.

Mrs. J. Blair, State School, Chelona, via Mackay, Qld.

o o o

A "FRIEND" INDEED

IN the interesting article on the Girls' Friendly Society in last issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, no mention was made of one branch of the society's work. That is, the hostels for British "girls" (a very elastic term) in many cities outside the Empire. For a girl without knowledge of the language and ways of the foreign country, these homes are a haven of refuge where members of the G.F.S. have a charming home with pleasant companionship and protection, a little bit of England abroad.

Formerly the matron also ran a select employment bureau, and a good deal of work in finding safe and agreeable positions for British girls is still done by the G.F.S.

V. M. Hancock, Francis St., Clayton, Vic.

o o o

NO STIMULANTS NEEDED

A HANDSHAKE to Mrs. Tayler for her staunch support of the Girl of To-day. Such an outlook is quite refreshing to the modern girl, who, because she enjoys her cigarette and little "spot," receives more adverse criticism than any parliamentary legislation. As to drinking, an impartial observation of any ballroom will show that 75 per cent. of women enjoying intoxicants are those well past the "first flush of youth." The young girl does not need a stimulant—youth is untiring—what she does need is a little more sympathy and understanding from her elders.

Miss T. Haynes, 4 "Pasadena Flats," Ben Eden St., Waverley, N.S.W.

o o o

LAUGH TO DEATH.

THERE is amusing food for thought in Miss J. Gilmore's "Plea for Nudism" (18/11/33), but I would refer her and other enthusiasts to American Frederick Arnold Kummer's ironical suggestion in this direction that "if one half of the world saw the other half without its clothes on, it would laugh itself to death and so end the depression." So maybe there is something in nudism after all!

Edna White, la Dalgety St., St. Kilda, S2.

o o o

TAX CYCLES

I HAVE been driving a car continuously now for eight years, in city, suburbs and country, and cannot understand why, in these days of taxing everything, they haven't started on cycles. Even 2/6 per cycle (surely they could afford that). I am sure every motorist will agree they are the biggest nuisance on the road. I would certainly be pleased to hear others' views on this suggestion.

Mrs. P. Brownlow, 62 Macquarie Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

o o o

ROWING FOR HEALTH.

IN reference to the letter headed "Danger of Rowing," I don't agree with Miss Doris M. O'Shea as regards rowing being dangerous for women. I think rowing is one of the finest exercises a woman could take up, as long as it is not indulged in competitively. It is also ideal for both slimming and building up, and also one of the cleanest sports there is.

Mrs. Dorothy Finnan, 357 Johnston St. Abbotsford, N9, Vic.

In and Out of Society — *By WEP*

PREFER HOME TO RING.

IN reference to letter entitled "Engagement Rings." In my opinion the person who refused the engagement ring in preference to some article for the home-to-be is wiser than the other person who received the £63 engagement ring, as a home is a home and £63 can go a long way to making a home very comfortable; and what is nicer than a cosy home which goes a long way towards happiness. Whereas the other person has a pricey ring, it may be years and it may never be that bad times ever befall them, but should they strike unfortunate times, I think they would be lucky if they realised £33 on their £63 ring; and also a small article like a ring can easily be lost, like many are. But I know I would prefer a cosy home more than a pricey ring on my finger.

Mrs. S. Saunders, Matson Cres., Yowie Bay, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601529

MUSIC RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

Nineteen hundred and thirty-three will go down in Australian broadcasting history as the year of opera. We have heard Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, and Boito. What a happy thought it is to perform one of the finest works by the father of modern opera, Cristolph Gluck. His "Iphigenia in Aulis" is listed for national relay on Monday evening, December 4.

THE operas presented so far by the A.B.C. all have been written within the last fifty years or so. "Iphigenia" is 171 years old, and is one of the few early operas still figuring in operatic repertoire.

A Word About Gluck

Gluck was the son of a gamekeeper in the employ of princes and nobles of Nuremburg. Though the parents were poor, they gave the boy a good education, particularly in music. Yet it was not until he was about forty that he really became convinced of his own powers as a composer. Then he set out on a crusade against the fashionable Italian style of opera which was musically frivolous and only served as a vehicle for the fancy vocal flights of the singers.

Some thirty operas remain to the credit of Gluck, "Iphigenia in Aulis" being one of the most beautiful. It is rather quaint, by the way, that, after his intense Christian training, Gluck mostly should have written operas based on the pagan dramas of the Greeks.

The Story in Brief

"Iphigenia in Aulis" is founded upon Racine's play of the same name, which in its turn had been derived from the tragedy of Euripides. The scene of the opera is laid at Aulis, where the Greek fleet is delayed by contrary winds from starting from Troy. Diana, who has been unwittingly insulted by Agamemnon, demands a human sacrifice, and Iphigenia, the guiltless daughter of Agamemnon, has been named by the high priest Calchas as the victim. Hoping to avert the death of his daughter, the distraught father, thinking she will flee, tells her that her lover, Achilles, is false. Just as she is about to leave the city, however, Achilles appears, and, with vows of his love and fidelity, holds Iphigenia in the city.

The second act begins with rejoicings over the marriage of Iphigenia, which, however, turn to lamentations when the impending doom of the lady is disclosed. Achilles vows to save her.

In the third act the Greek superstitions lead the populace to angrily demand their victim. Achilles and his Thessalian followers dash to the rescue and give battle. Conveniently, however, the high priest arrives in the middle of the fighting to announce that the gods are appeased. The combat ceases; Iphigena is restored to Achilles, and the opera ends with general rejoicings.

Melbourne Students

Actually "Iphigenia in Aulis" is not new to Australia. It was played first in Melbourne at the Playhouse in 1916, under the auspices of the Albert Street Conservatorium, and made a profound impression. It was repeated in the following year, and later heard in Adelaide.

In the original Melbourne production such notable singers as Strella Wilson, Gertrude Johnson, and Tom Minogue appeared. Most of the principals for the broadcast on December 4 appeared in the Conservatorium production of Rutland Boughton's "Immortal Hour."

DAME CLARA BUTT, who has just concluded a series of concerts in Sydney.

They have been trained at the Conservatorium under Mr. Hart's direction by that distinguished teacher, Miss Mary Campbell, who virtually is the producer of the opera. Mr. Hart will conduct a full orchestra and chorus of seventy voices.

"La Tosca" Again

Certain of the operas in the Italian season are being repeated. We already have heard "Mefistofele" twice. "La Tosca" is scheduled for a second performance, with Madame Goossens-Viceroy in the title role, for Saturday evening, December 9.

Meanwhile "La Gioconda" has made its Australian radio debut. The production sustained the high standard already

THE CAST FOR "IPHIGENIA"

Iphigenia .. **Vera Hickenbotham** (Daughter of Agamemnon)
Clytemnestra .. .. **Sylvia Fisher** (Wife of Agamemnon)
Achilles .. .. .. **Lennox Brewer** (Betrothed to Iphigenia)
Agamemnon .. .. **Eric Jones** (King of Mycenae)
Calchas .. .. **Phillip Fletcher** (A soothsayer)
Patrocins .. .. .. **Phillip Fletcher** (Friend of Achilles)
Arcas .. .. **Ray Hardings** (Servant of Agamemnon)
Chorus of Greek Men and Women.

set by the organisers, Signors Izal and Aldrovandi. There was verve and precision in the frequent ensembles and choruses, while the orchestra, alertly supporting the vocalists throughout, played particularly well in the popular "Dance of the Hours."

Although her voice was a little light for the role, Gwladys Evans made an impressive debut as Gioconda. There was a rare variety of inflection in her singing. She ran the gamut of the emotional storms through which the ubiquitous heroine passed with a sureness of expression which betokened earnest and intelligent study of the role. The Barnaba of Signor Izal was properly sinister, while Evelyn Hall's voice was at its beautiful best in the role of La Cieca. Her singing of "Voce di Donna" was one of the loveliest moments in the production. Lionello Cecil seemed a little out of tune with the occasion. He sang sharp frequently; his voice lacked a little of its usual flow and charm.

Musical Assoctation Night

The N.S.W. Musical Association is booked for another of its gala nights in association with the Commission on Thursday night, December 7. From the Sydney Conservatorium Hall there will be broadcast an intensely interesting programme. We will hear again "The Australian Symphony" for chorus and orchestra, with which Lindley Evans recently won a prize in the composers' competition. He will conduct not only his own work, but also that stirring ballad of the fleet for chorus and orchestra, "The Revenge."

The orchestra will revert to its usual conductor, E. J. Roberts, in Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris" Overture, the Cesar Franck symphonic poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit," the Richard Strauss "Rosenkavalier" waltzes, and Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slav." Spencer Thomas (tenor) is to be heard in solo groups. A big night!

Some Record Plums

I've heard several unusually fine gramophone records this week. Here are some titles you should hear:

"In the South" Overture and "Bavarian Dance No. 3" (Elgar), played by the London Symphony Orchestra, under the composer's baton (His Master's Voice).

"The Silken Ladder" Overture (Rossini), played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Conductor Sir Thomas Beecham) (Columbia).

"Serenade" and "Dream in the Twilight" (Richard Strauss), sung by Richard Tauber (tenor) (Parlophone).

Little Theatres

THE Experimental Theatre, although it does not produce regularly, has been putting on more shows than usual lately, and is running a competition among its members for the best judged actor. On Friday several one-act plays were presented at St. James' Hall, to give as many as possible the chance to win the judges' approval.

Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" was at once the best written and the best acted play. Mr. Alton Lillie, as Private Dowey, was so natural that one felt he must be a huge tough egg of a Scotchman in reality (although he is not), and Doris Wood, who took the part of Mrs. Dowey, was a pathetically appealing "old lady."

W. J. Stapleton, however, was too much the conventional stage clergyman to be successful. Brighouse's "Smoke Screens" was notable for Florentine Danciger, as the mother who pretends her taxi business is more to her than her daughter, although Margaret Simmons, the daughter, also cleverly conveyed the fact that she was hiding her real feelings—in her case, those of a domesticated young woman, under the guise of ultra-modernity.

Others who did good work were Max Van Hemert, who had a comedy part, to which type he is very suited, Hazel Hollander, who gave a strong performance of a small role, and Noela Marienthal, who worked well, if obviously a beginner in the art of acting.

Coming Productions

Repertory Theatre: "Wanted—A Divorce," produced by William Rees.

Independent Theatre: "Strange Orchestra," by Rodney Ackland.

Bryant's Playhouse: Carlyon's Secret.

Player's Club: No production.

At the Savoy Theatre, on December 2, at 2.40, Lucille Bruntnell will give presentations of A. A. Milne's works.

HOBT HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the flames of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetiser ❦❦❦

£820
Last Monday
INCLUDING
3 £100's

"TRUTH in Advertising." That's Fred's motto.

Results are all that count! Following his phenomenal success, Lucky Fred scooped the pool last Monday, and won Lottery Cash for 265 people, as hereunder.

Lucky Fred does not count whole tickets which he buys for subscribers—these wins are for the SHARE SYNDICATES ONLY.

£100's: 46116, 51544, 94970
£50's : 39465, 68616
£40 : 68729
£30's : 26413, 68915
£20's : 46583, 81873

£10's:

5164, 5899, 51895, 68511, 69008, 81911, 81998, 93800, 93862, 93881, 94674, 94988, 46707.

£5's:

595, 786, 5362, 5463, 5563, 5591, 26010, 26017, 26226, 26601, 26698, 39474, 39491, 39678, 46199, 46565, 46621, 46790, 48354, 49639, 50010, 51740, 51816, 51955, 67166, 71620, 71875, 71883, 81673, 94669.

This is a record number of big prizes for Lottery Share Syndicates, and Lucky Fred's Syndicates again won more cash in last Monday's Lottery for Shareholders than any other Syndicate!

A One-Minute Service at 14 BARRACK STREET

The Postal address is still the same, Box 3908TT, G.P.O., SYDNEY, but for the convenience of city clients, Lucky Fred has opened a branch just three doors from the Lottery Office, where his shares may be purchased, A one-minute service, and every ticket is bought by Lucky Fred himself.

SPECIAL OFFER

Four Fifth Shares in different tickets for 5/6.

This is a great idea, and gives you FOUR SEPARATE CHANCES to win £1000.

This appeals to the wise investor who likes four lucky numbers to look for in the result slip instead of one.

COUPON

How to Send in.....

Simply cut out this coupon and:—

For a FIFTH SHARE, send 1/6
For a FIFTH SHARE, and a LUCKY CHARM, send 2/6
For FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES, in DIFFERENT tickets, send 5/6

Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers, and post it with this Coupon and a stamped addressed envelope bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a self-stamped addressed envelope).

By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.

To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may be yours next week.

You know the address:—

LUCKY FRED, Desk C.W.3 Box 3908TT., G.P.O., Sydney

Save Trufood labels...

CAKE COOLERS and GLASSCLOTHS FREE

1. TRUFOOD IS REAL MILK—with only the water and the butter-fat extracted, and afterwards, spray-dried and packed in safe, sterilised tins.

2. THE FOOD-VALUE OF TRUFOOD is very high. It contains essential body-building elements of pure, fresh, country milk.

3. THE APPETISING FLAVOUR of Trufood makes all puddings, sauces, cakes and junkets made with it just irresistible.

4. SO CONVENIENT. As much milk as you want—when you want it—with no fear of its going sour.

5. LESS THAN HALF THE PRICE OF ORDINARY MILK so you can give all the family extra milk dishes.

● WIRE CAKE COOLER FOR 8 LABELS—strong and large—9 ins. x 14 ins.
● GLASSCLOTH FOR 10 LABELS—pure linen, durable—33 ins. x 23 ins.

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR FREE GIFT

Save the labels from Trufood tins until you have 8 for a cake cooler — or 10 for a glasscloth. Then take your labels to:—
PARKES HOUSE, 9-11 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.
If you cannot call or send personally, attach your labels to a sheet of paper bearing—
1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
2. The number of labels enclosed.
3. The gift you require.
Post to FREE GIFT DEPARTMENT, Box 3922TT G.P.O., SYDNEY. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope.

If the recipe says MILK . . use **TRUFOOD**

TRUFOOD OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

30.51.18N

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

● Modess is the finest sanitary protection you can get. Softly comfortable, inconspicuous, and assuring perfect protection. Yet it costs only 2/- at all chemists and department stores.

2/- For Twelve

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601530

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

MEN are *more Efficient* in the KITCHEN

This is a job most women are glad to hand over to the man in the house, anyway.

Is your man running the kitchen?

And you: Are you running the home?

Your man running the kitchen means a complete reconstruction of ideas and ideals.

Have you so reconstructed?

If so, all's well with your man in the kitchen, and with you.

But if not?

Miss Louise Mack, Australia's well-known authoress and writer, contributes an article each week on everyday affairs in which women are interested. What do you think of this week's provocative subject?

SUCH a pathetic letter from "Nameless."

"I do the chores, and the wife by dressmaking makes cash enough to pay the bills. Do you think the chores are lowering to a man? And if so, why? And if not, why? I would like your opinion, as people vary a good deal in what they think about us men being slavies."

Oh, my dear "Nameless," how glad I am to meet you!

But you should be yous, there are so many of you, so many poor dear darling "Namelesses" all doing the chores in 1933.

Splendid you are, dear Nameless Brigade, just splendid.

And friends, take it from me will you, you MUST be adding to your pride because you are adding to your nobility, doing the chores.

IT ISN'T EASY FOR A MAN TO DROP BEING A MAN. It isn't easy for a man to turn into the slavey. It isn't easy, and it ought to be fully recognised that it isn't easy, and it ought to be duly beatified as a difficult job.

The Man in the Kitchen is really a study on his own.

Do you realise how careful he is?

He washes up as if the plates had been used by a rhinoceros and a hippopotamus, not people. He lathers the silver with a concern that makes you imagine pigs and jackals, not you, must have been using the spoons and forks. His conscientiousness is terrific.

One Man in the Kitchen turned the rice pudding out on a plate to see if it was done, so seriously did he take his job.

And have you ever watched the Man in the Kitchen cleaning the gas stove? Never was mortal scorn so magnificently expressed as his for the poor old gas stove when he first "gives it a go." That it should dare to look dirty seems to infuriate him, and his face says, "I'll 'larn' you," and he does.

* * *

NO wife ever got her stove to the shining, peerless point of perfection that a man brings it to when he really gives himself up to the job.

AND THEN, THE POTATOES!!

I ask you.

WE WOMEN SKIM OVER OUR POTATOES AS IF THEY SIMPLY DIDN'T EXIST OR AS IF THEY WERE NOT WORTH GIVING A THOUGHT TO—WERE JUST POTATOES, THAT'S ALL.

But THE MAN IN THE KITCHEN.

He takes the potatoes seriously, very, very seriously. He sets to, and he scrapes, and he scrapes, and he scrapes. He washes, and he washes, and he washes, using about nine waters to our two, and then a few more, so very different from us.

Why my dear "Nameless," YOU TEACH US.

AND WE WHO THOUGHT WE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT, SUDDENLY REALISE THAT THE MAN IN THE KITCHEN MEANS A NEW SET OF VALUES.

The man in the kitchen sheds a new light on washing up, a new sense of responsibility in peeling potatoes, a new kind of pride in cleaning the gas stove, and lots of other things as well.

Some women in fact get quite impatient over their husband's perfection.

"But Darling" (can't you hear them?) "We're not crocodiles and pigs using these plates. Surely it is not necessary to sluice the plates twenty times over the way you do!"

* * *

BUT the Man in the Kitchen doesn't heed. He doesn't heed, he doesn't hear. He's out to WASH UP PROPERLY. Never an eye does the "Nameless Brigade" leave in the potato, so that if we do his jobs perfectly, there will be a fair equilibrium of effort.

Therefore, I advise the women to pay the bills as conscientiously on the nail as the Man in the Kitchen does the chores.

Then all will be well.

"Our household is a funny mixture," writes Eileen. "My sister and I earn wages typing and hairdressing, Dad, unable to get a job, does the housework, and Mum gets 5/- a day doing friends' gardens. Yet I defy any family to be more content, especially Dad, who has it all his own way at last about grilling the steak, which he has always declared no woman could do properly. Do you think we are decadent?"

Decadent?

Not a bit of it. Quite the opposite, in fact. Dad has gone back to his prehistoric cave ancestors, who killed, and cooked, and cleaned up the offal, and didn't sit typing in offices, or selling cold shares on hot air, yet were men every inch of them, chores and all.

Milk is the best Tonic

"I find milk the best tonic. In my arduous work on the stage it strengthens and sustains."

Says

Miss

Madge Elliott

the popular actress now playing at the Theatre Royal.

MILK is Nature's own tonic, strengthening, sustaining, vitalizing. It feeds the tissues from within. It gives new energy, a clear skin, bright eyes, good teeth, good spirits—the foundation of beauty and charm.

Taken daily as a drink, or cooked with other foods to form a variety of tasty, satisfying dishes, it brings to your table a daily store of health, the purity and freshness of sunny open fields.

Don't forget your daily milk.

PAINT YOUR CHEEKS FROM THE INSIDE

DRINK MORE **MILK** USE MORE

For Health and Beauty

INSERTED BY THE MILK BOARD

P.W.10. — White is right—and this Snappy Summer style in **White Pandan Straw** correctly interprets the vogue—so inexpensive too.
Special at Way's 6/11

P.W.11.—Shady Hat of Pedaline Straw, features the new bandeau at side, creased crown and smart ribbon trim. Colors: Black, White, Lido, Beige, Green, Brown, Red or Navy.
Regular 9/6 Value.
Special at Way's . 7/11

P.W.12. — White Visca Straw is the making of this smart droop shape. Grosgrain ribbon is the trimming. One of the favorites of the season.
Regular 10/6 Value.
Special at Way's.. 8/11

P.W.13.—Tagel Straw—the popular all-occasion hat. Always smart—always serviceable—and this shape is new. Colors: Black, Brown, Beige, Lido or Red.
Regular 6/11 Value
Special at Way's .. 5/11

P.W.14. — Cute Swagger Shape in White Glace Panama—smart, sporty and practical—makes its appeal to youth.
Regular 7/11 Value.
Special at Way's .. 6/11

COUNTRY ORDERS RECEIVE CAREFUL ATTENTION.
Packing and Freight 1/6 Extra.

P.W.15.—This attractive Hat of Neora Straw emphasises the smartness of the tailored type. New creased crown. Colors: Black, Navy, Beige, or White.
Special at Way's 16/11

P.W.16. — Charmingly simple—simply charming. A shady shape in Natural Wheat Straw with pleated crown and ribbon trim. A hat that has many admirers.
Special at Way's 12/11

P.W.17.—Chic — just Chic, that is the word that describes this New Straw — it's shallow crown is "It." Ribbon trimmed. Colors: Black, White, Brown, Navy, or Beige.
Regular 10/6 Value.
Special at Way's 8/11

E. WAY & CO. LTD. 213-219 PITT ST. SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601531

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE and Douglas Fairbanks Jnr., the announcement of whose engagement, rumor has it, only awaits the lady's consent.

"YOUNG DOUG." ... Has *Two Ruling* PASSIONS

"YOUNG DOUG.," as he is called, dominates Elstree just now. He is the most magnetic and attractive person, and all who come in contact with him are almost exaggerated in their praise. Contrary to gossip, he is an entirely normal and very athletic young man.

He has two tremendous passions. The one is to write novels, and he often calls Phil Lindsay in to "read this over and say if it's bad." Phil frankly says young Doug. makes pretty stout efforts and will certainly write.

Young Doug's other passion is Gertrude Lawrence, the most attractive woman I have ever seen on the stage—or off it.

Gertrude, of the wonderful clothes, charming voice, and sophisticated manner, is playing in C. B. Cochran's "Nymph Errant," and receiving even more than her usual adulation. It is common property that Douglas Junior only waits her consent to announce the engagement, but she still hesitates.

Doug., as the half-crazy Czar, will show his fans a fine bit of acting when the film of "Catherine the Great" is presented. So graceful he is, with a small, black moustache, and wonderful carriage and vibrant speaking voice. He dominates all the glitter and brilliance of the settings, and weaves them into his own personality.

Magnificent Scene

"Everyone look towards Mr. Fairbanks!" A hundred or so gorgeously uniformed officers of the famous Ismailovsky Regiment, turn towards Peter the Great, their host at the great banquet. Plates of solid silver massed with fruit (which are put into cold storage between times) burden the table. The only woman present sits in State at the foot of the table—Elizabeth Bergner, as Catherine.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., as the Czar Peter, unbalanced and now almost mad from continued excesses, dominates the scene in his shining white satin uniform. He speaks in pleasantly strong, unaffected tones, with no trace of an American accent. He accuses his officers of treachery.

They all flee from the table, leaving the banquet deserted . . . except for the lovely Catherine, who sits calm and poised. Doug. makes his way slowly, slowly, down the length of the table. "At last we are alone, little Catherine," he says, as he smiles into her eyes. "Cut . . .!" The brilliant lighting is switched off and all the picturesque officers in their satin breeches and colored wigs crowd out for lunch.

The cast for this latest of the great Alexander Korda's films, which follows on the triumph of "Henry VIII.," is very impressive. As well as the already-mentioned Doug. Junior and Elizabeth Bergner, Sir Gerald du Maurier plays confidante and valet to the Czar, Flora Robson the part of the Czar's aunt Elizabeth. Irene and Violet Vanbrugh are both in the cast, this being their first appearance together on the films. Irene plays the part of Catherine's mother, while Violet has a most amusing role as French maid to the Empress.

Then of special Australian interest is Judy Kelly, who played Lady Rochford in the "Private Life of Henry VIII.," and who takes the picturesque part of Ninochka in "Catherine the Great."

Ninochka is the sweetheart of Fedor (Ralph Truman), a friend of the Czar. But Czar Peter conceives a passing fancy for her, which he pursues despite his friendship with Fedor. Miss Kelly wears charming and colorful costumes, and the part suits her well.

Elizabeth Bergner, who takes the lead of Catherine, makes her debut in English films. She is the most attractive little person, with a tip-tilted nose, golden curls all over her head, and beautiful shoulders.

I looked at some of Miss Bergner's dresses. She wears twelve different gowns as well as the uniform of her famous Ismailovsky Regiment. The Court gowns are in the richest of fabrics, and many of the materials used cost £3 a yard. These 18th Century dresses, while being accurate in detail, have to be made to conform with the modern woman's figure.

The magnificence of this scene gives a wonderful idea of the Russian Court at the height of its splendor. It was so dazzling that I hated the thought of all this lost splendor of color. However beautiful the black and white effects may be when we see them on the screen shortly, they cannot equal the brilliance that I saw yesterday.

Outside is an equally spectacular exterior set. A wonderful reproduction of the Kremlin walls and entrance gates, with the mighty towers of the Kremlin, crowned with their golden minarets catching the sunlight in the background. The main tower of the palace rises over sixty feet, a very fine piece of set construction. On the parade ground before the palace Catherine (Elizabeth Bergner) inspects her regiment, the crack regiment of the Russian army, and she wears her uniform of Colonel-in-Chief. The several hundred men needed for this scene were obtained from the Guards' Employment Society, and are all ex-Guardsmen. All are over six feet, and highly trained, so that they soon master the obsolete military evolutions of their Russian parts.

I left Moscow somewhat dazzled, left the studios of the London Film Company, left the towers of the Kremlin and the glitter of the Courts, and Doug. and Miss Bergner and the tramping of the hundreds of Guardsmen, and found myself with a shock in the townlet of Elstree, with its very new houses spreading far down the main street.

THAT Gertrude Lawrence, most brilliant star of the English stage, has only to give her assent to become Joan Crawford's successor, as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jnr., and of her visit to Elstree, where the brilliant film, "Catherine the Great," was being "shot," Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe, writes in this fascinating article.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

Why must Film News be Funny?

Of the popularity of news gazettes there can be no question. The State Newsreel Theatre, which opened less than two years ago for the purpose of showing news items and short films exclusively, has come to stay. It has its regular weekly clientele, many of them not filmgoers in the ordinary sense, as well as more casual support.

IN fact, the idea is so excellent, and so obviously appreciated, that one wonders whether it might not be improved in practice here and there. To begin with, what has happened to those superb nature-study films that we used to get from U.F.A. and from British Instructional films? Has the supply given out? What a pity! Then, the series of travel films we still see from various American companies are most interesting and beautifully photographed, but often, alas, marred by the commentary.

This ghastly and perpetual facetiousness is apt to get one down. And it is not restricted to travel films either! Graham McNamee, the Talking Reporter, is supposed to earn a fabulous salary, but to many people he represents a total loss.

Our own Charles Lawrence has been infected too. No doubt he feels he has a reputation as a humorist to keep up. But why a pun in nearly every item? Do news paragraphs in the Press invariably have to get a laugh? And he might take note that, unfortunately, it is possible to be vulgar without being funny at all. For its commentary, "The Life Story of the Prince of Wales," a superlative news and travel film combined, might well be taken as a model.

✣ ✣ ✣

INSTEAD of the Grantland Rice Sportlights, which so frequently display the prowess of American youth and its determination to win, we should welcome a series of instructions in athletics by local headliners. Surely Australia ought to be able to produce such a series as well as any country in the world. We should welcome, too, more foreign news items. And wherever possible the commentary should be supplied and spoken by a native of the country concerned. A slight accent is no barrier, and, in fact, heightens the interest, as in the incident seen recently of the little Belgian Prince launching a liner named after him. And we seem to get less British news than formerly, now that British Pathe figures so rarely on the programme. The lettering of the titles in this series was hard to read, but the commentary was well done.

"MY LIPS BETRAY"

Lilian Harvey and John Boles (Fox).

THIS film, which follows "The Solitaire Man" at the Regent, is a variation of the same fantasy of prince and beggar maid as we saw in "Adorable." Like that film, also, it owes a good deal in its construction to the musical romances directed by Lubitsch and Rene Clair. But it beats "Adorable" all the way there and back again. Instead of being sugary to the point of stickiness, its sweetness is mildly cloying, and whereas "Adorable" is suited to the understanding of a backward child of eight, "My Lips Betray" mixes its passages of childishness with a certain amount of satire. Lilian Harvey, a newcomer to Hollywood, though well known in Continental films, has considerably more intelligence than Janet Gaynor. That, of course, may make against her with audiences who found that Janet Gaynor lived up to the title "Adorable," and were under the impression that she looked even remotely like a princess. Lilian Harvey is sometimes deliberately gauche; in fact, if she were not so small and dainty, some of her kickings and scramblings might be called hoydenish. But, on the whole, she is refreshingly natural within the limits of the part. She is a new note, in spite of the regulation plucked eyebrows, and we look forward to her next picture. John Boles, though not very kingly, sets off his handsome uniform very well, and is certainly quite ardent enough.

✣ ✣ ✣

"BIG EXECUTIVE"

Ricardo Cortez and Elizabeth Young (Paramount).

YOU could hardly have a more startling contrast than this film of high life and big business in New York, put on the same bill with "Heroes for Sale." Here all is opulence and glitter. The house on Fifth Avenue of the blustering old magnate (Richard Bennett) has an interior like a cathedral; and he also owns a palatial yacht which entitled him apparently to be addressed always as Commodore. A ruthless old party this. He dislikes his granddaughter's engagement to a rising young financier, and gets him hammered on Wall Street. But he slobbers over his cherished bulldog. The granddaughter, however, equals her aged relative in obstinacy and carries off her young man in the end. A queer world, beyond the experience of most of us. But humdrum existence is preferable on the whole.

"THE SOLITAIRE MAN"

Herbert Marshall and Elizabeth Allan (M.G.M.).

AFTER some of the rough-house gangster films we have had, this comes as a welcome change and enjoyable entertainment. It is a piece of polite crookery, acted with admirable restraint. Herbert Marshall takes the arch-crook title role, and he is assisted in the sale of bogus and stolen jewellery at fashionable Continental resorts by May Robson and Elizabeth Allan. We are not surprised to find May Robson playing a tough part, but we feel sure that Elizabeth Allan must be a victim of fate, though appearances are sadly against her. Similarly we cannot believe that Marshall is anything but a gallant gentleman under a cloud. So, when we find that they plan to reform and live a life of respectability in Devonshire, we are pleasantly excited but not unduly perturbed at the hair-raising incidents which follow in the air liner's passage from Paris to Croydon. The reformed crook will reach his haven in the sweet West "Countrie." Aha, but would he—if he were not Herbert Marshall—stay there, do you think?

Mary Boland, as an expansive American tourist, remonstrating in between bouts of air sickness at the uncivil behaviour shown to her, and threatening to report the matter to the King when she is presented at Court, is pure joy.

GRACIE FIELDS, appearing in "This We of Grace" at the State Theatre.

"HEROES FOR SALE"

Richard Bartelmess, Loretta Young (Warner Bros.).

HERE is one of those American films that deserve credit for courageously touching on present day problems. It starts unpromisingly in the trenches in France; we have long been of opinion that America's part in the war can be taken as read. But it soon moves to civilian life among factory hands and other humble folk. The story is somewhat sentimentalised in representing the hero as subjected to so many crushing blows. He could hardly lose his job like that in real life. Still, the situation of the machine ousting hand labor is full of difficulty and can only be solved by a rationing of work and leisure all round. One is appalled at the scenes of the unemployed, not only because of their sad plight, but because of the callousness and even brutality which they have to suffer at the hands of authority in the U.S.A. The hopeful reference to President Roosevelt at the end has still to be proved. Richard Bartelmess and the flower-like Loretta Young act with sincerity; Aline MacMahon is a loyal friend trying to blend philanthropy with commonsense. (Released at the Capitol).

"EMERGENCY CALL"

Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson (R.K.O. Radio).

IT is well for the people of the U.S.A. to see these exposures of corruption in high places, if there is any truth in them, and fortunately Australians are not likely to believe this sort of thing about the way their own hospitals are managed. But such films do the reputation of America no good abroad, and there is little pleasure for the outsider to be got from seeing them. The hard commercialism of the nurse (Wynne Gibson), set on capturing a millionaire patient, is ugly, and her change of heart too sudden to be credible. There is an intolerable scene where an operation ends fatally. And are nurses to be commended for shooting down escaping villains instead of calling the police? This is rough justice, surely.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601532

RE-LIVING *the* PAST

Descendants of Great Explorers

By ETTA COWAN.

Of the early Australian explorers, the three best-known are probably Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth.

The Australian Women's Weekly is able to give this week some wonderful photos of the descendants of these and two other old families.

THE other day Mary Wentworth asked Jean Mort, Helen Blaxland and Alix Lamb to lunch with her. Then in happy mood the four girls decided to dress up as their famous ancestors, and off they went to Wentworth House.

They took with them the dresses, which had been carefully preserved, of their great-grandmothers, and Alix Lamb the uniform of her great-grandfather.

At the home of William Charles Wentworth the girls used the board-room to dress up in.

The great-granddaughter of the house gave them all a thrill when she announced, "This is the haunted room."

Mary Wentworth looked decidedly imposing when arrayed in a prune satin garment and lace shawl which had belonged to the wife of the man who framed the first Australian constitution. Helen Blaxland was dressed like Mrs. John Blaxland. The explorer, Gregory Blaxland, was her great-great-grandfather.

"What a pity we haven't little Elizabeth Lawson here," was remarked by one of the party. But the defect was remedied by The Australian Women's Weekly photographer, who secured the striking picture of little Elizabeth, which appears on the front page of this issue.

Alix Lamb made a dashing and debonair figure in the uniform of Captain John Lamb, R.N., and the girls would not have been at all surprised if she had said, "By gad," or sworn some mighty oath of the period when the young officer first landed on the shore of Port Jackson.

It was a marvel to see how well the rose pink taffetas which had belonged to great-grandmother Mrs. Thomas Sutcliff Mort, had lasted. Jean Mort said so when she put on the crinoline. A tiny wreath of roses which had been worn by Mrs. Mort when she was Miss Teresa Laidley suited her descendant.

When they were all arrayed and stepped out into the courtyard of the historic mansion, it required very little imagination to visualise the four young girls in another age, and when belles and beaux simpered and flaunted adown the garden paths, and toasted the young Queen of England.

The pyschology of clothes certainly was felt by the four descendants of our oldest families as they all waited to get back into their 20th century dresses before lighting up a cigarette.

Alix Lamb, of course, could have ventured on "a fag," but the ladies in crinolines might have fainted if a man had dared to smoke while escorting them. Such a thing as smoking in the presence of ladies simply was not done in those days.

THE GROUP in the bottom picture shows Alix Lamb reading a sonnet to Mary Wentworth in the garden of the old house. Her two friends, Helen Blaxland and Jean Mort, are listening to the young officer's rhapsodies.

—Women's Weekly photo.

At Wentworth House.

ON THE LEFT you see Mary Wentworth touching the notes of the spinet, while Alix Lamb listens and Helen Blaxland sings the words of some old ballad. Miss Wentworth is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wentworth, of Wentworth St., Point Piper. Miss Lamb is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lamb. Miss Blaxland is the daughter of the late Mr. Edward Blaxland and Mrs. Blaxland.

—Women's Weekly photo.

SHOWN ON the right is Alix Lamb, in uniform, escorting Jean Mort, followed by Mary Wentworth and Helen Blaxland into the courtyard of Wentworth House. Miss Mort is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laidley Mort.

—Women's Weekly photo.

The GRACIOUS LADY *of the* PORTRAIT

There was an almost limitless background to the scene at the University Settlement House on Monday when Lady MacCallum was presented with her portrait as a gift from numbers of her friends and admirers.

LOTS there were to sing her praises; countless signatures were appended to the letter which accompanied the gift.

But ever present in the minds of those who attended was the visionary army of men, women and children, unnamed and inarticulate, whose lives had been helped and cheered by the kindly interest of the gracious lady of the portrait.

Could they be estimated, these many people who have come within the orbit of her interest?

Lady MacCallum has been associated with practically every progressive and philanthropic organisation in Sydney.

Here are some of them:

At present Lady MacCallum is patroness of the University Women's Union, and of the Sydney Grammar School Women's Association; president of the Day Nursery Association, and of the Ashfield Infants' Home; vice-president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Society for Crippled Children; hon. life president of the National Council of Women and the University Settlement; member of the Council of the Sydney Church of England Grammar Schools for Girls and the Teachers' Registry (from its establishment).

LADY MACCALLUM

* * *

IN the past Lady MacCallum has been connected with numerous other organisations, in varying capacities. She was foundation member and later president of the Women's Club; president of the University Women's Sports Association; vice-president of the Royal Welfare Society for Mothers and Children (from its establishment); member of the Women's Central Council, Australian Board of Missions; Kindergarten Union Council; Prisoners' Aid Society (from its establishment); State Children's Relief Board till its reconstruction as the Child Welfare Department; secretarial committee of the Y.W.C.A.; committee for combating influenza; 20th Battalion Comforts Fund.

While a member of the National Council of Women, Lady MacCallum helped to establish the Alice Rawson School for Mothers, which was afterwards taken over by the Government and has developed into the Baby Health Centres of to-day.

Keep a bottle of "MELASOL" in the house!

For the rapid healing of poisoned and inflamed wounds and skin complaints of all kinds, Melasol is unequalled.

Melasol contains 40% Ti-trol, the newly discovered powerful but non-poisonous and non-irritant Australian germicide, and deodorant. It is therefore wise to always have a bottle of Melasol in the house. Use it for the children.

A teaspoonful of Melasol in a small basin of warm water makes a solution sufficiently powerful to quickly kill all forms of germ life.

MELASOL is unequalled for: Poisoned wounds, cuts, sores, skin eruptions, mouth wash, gargle for tonsillitis and sore throat, bad breath. Women find it invaluable for personal hygiene.

Get it from your Chemist. A 2oz. bottle can be had for only 2/-. Larger sizes at 4/6 and 9/6 are more economical.

MELASOL
Antiseptic Solution

Contains 40% Ti-trol, the new Australian germicide. Eleven times as powerful as carbolic, but non-poisonous and non-irritating.

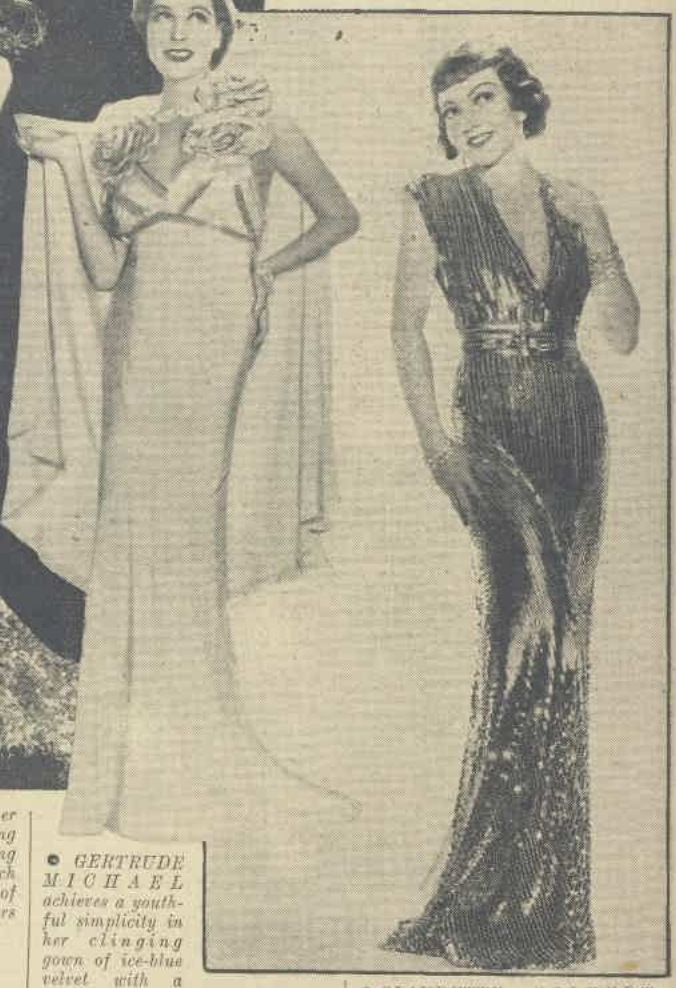
"SURE IN ACTION — SAFE IN USE."

The Stairway of Fashion IN FILMLAND

... fur and feathers and glittering curves ... with velvet, satin and masses of curls!

From Dorothy Dunckley, our special representative in Hollywood.

● *ELIZABETH ALLEN looks very demure as she presents her dainty profile to display to advantage a coiffure of massed curls that have been cleverly evolved by fingers, tonsorially expert, to transform a longish bob to an old-world style.*



● *CAMILLA HORN is charmingly gowned in a boudoir wrap of luxurious satin, in which lengths of contrasting colors have been skilfully combined to flatter the silhouette.*

● *RAQUEL TORRES is very graceful in an elaborate gown of gleaming lame. Its black and gold sleekness has a tiny ribbon black bow at the neck to support an extremely low decollelage.*

● *MAE WEST demonstrates her partiality for curves in a sweeping gown with a graceful train flowing from a clinging hipline. Ostrich feathers form a suggestion of sleeves from which white shoulders emerge.*

● *GERTRUDE MICHAEL achieves a youthful simplicity in her clinging gown of ice-blue velvet with a modish cape en suite. A softly becoming trail of hand-made flowers forms the bas-relief to its classic line.*

● *CLAUDETTE COLBERT accentuates the exquisite line of her figure by exploiting the possibilities of glittering stripes in a luxurious lame. A wide belt at the waist offers further evidence of Claudette's perfect silhouette.*

So Colorful!

VELVET is everywhere. The chosen shades are black, a peculiar hard violety blue, geranium, blackberry, eel grey, bronzine green—which is unpleasantly like overcooked spinach. The tavern gown is always a success; this is really a frock with a top of contrasting satin, metal lame, or gold embroidered crepe, and a short coat to match the skirt. The gown is sufficient for dinner and informal dancing. Tailored suits are all showing blouses that glitter in some way or other; tinsel and gold thread are greatly used.

So Flattering!

I have always pitied dressmakers for the perpetual reiteration of the word "smart" that haunts their lives. Here the term is "flattering." "Oh, ma'am, the line is so flattering!"

"Dangerous Curves Ahead" is the clever double entendre prophesying the banishment of the angular boyish figure, and the return of the womanly form divine. Muffs are in favor for evening wear.

So Elaborate!

The new elaborate hairdressing with its massed curls at the back of the head has brought hair ornaments back to fashion. Diadems of tortoiseshell, jet, brilliants, or gilt leaves, and the "Alice in Wonderland" comb of brilliants are highest in favor. Fascinating enamelled compacts clip on to the neckline of one's frock.

New, Sparkling Colour – QUICKLY – for your verandah furniture

And not *only* verandah furniture; but for kitchen and breakfast-room chairs and tables, general woodwork, walls and any other surface that needs a coat of new, sparkling colour — use "*QUICK*" free-flowing Enamel.

For the carpet and lino. surrounds and other surfaces that need restaining use "*QUICK*" Stain.

QUICK GENERAL PURPOSE ENAMEL

DRIES IN FOUR HOURS!

There is a Berger, Sherwin-Williams or Rogers agent near you. Ask for particulars and a "Quick" colour card.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601534

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

●TOP ROW, left to right: Three metal clips decorate the high neck of a crepe frock; they look particularly well on sports dresses. The metal stud earrings match.

Giving the appearance of coq feathers, this evening dress accessory is made of petals of black cire satin.

Necklace made of dozens and dozens of ordinary shoe-buttons, painted various colors and strung together.

●CENTRE PANEL, top row, left to right: Soft feather flowers outline the decollete of an evening dress.

The new jockey-cap with a high folded crown. Made of grey straw.

An original evening accessory. Padded tube of cotton wool covered with shirred crepe in turquoise blue.

Peach Suede glove with fine black lace cuff.

Belt of twisted navy and white string has for its novel buckle a huge metal hook and eye

The new Rose Descat pointed beret.

●BOTTOM ROW: A Pair of evening shoes by the famous Italian maker, Ferragamo. Silver kid trimmed with the finest mesh of crochet in palest blue.

Backless Jersey jumper in white with navy and red stripes and embroidered anchor.

Glove of white kid with perforated flare let in.

Bag made of fine straw twisted round and round.

Gloves, Court shoes and bag made of white kid punched all over with tiny holes.

The NEW Color SENSE

IT is only in the last few years that women have shown much appreciation of color in clothes.

Lately we have come out of our beiges, dull browns, and neutral greys and blacks, and have worn strong and brilliant colors, wearing them for whole frocks where a few years ago nobody would have dared.

HAVING awakened the color sense, women are now growing beyond the crude reds and greens and blues that delighted them so short a time ago, and the colors that are fashion's favorites to-day are the shades seen in the pictures of the "Old Masters." We're becoming more discriminating in our feeling for color.

AUTUMN, 1933, shows a big change in the woman's choice of shades that she will wear. When she wants to be practical she does not feel obliged to go around in funeral black or dull brown. She will wear Patou's wild blackberry or Schiaparelli's dark red, lovely tawny brown, or bright bottle green. These colors are practical, and yet they satisfy the desire for color.

WOMEN are so delighted with the new colors that black and white have ceased to monopolise evening dresses. Evening colors are similar to those worn in the daytime. Never have there been so many dark evening dresses seen, but all are in rich and luscious shades. Orange, tawny red, brilliant chartreuse green, old gold, pink, Chinese blue, and petunia are some of the new shades for the night.

●BOTTOM RIGHT-HAND corner: The "Jiffy" blouse as made and as worn. This one in navy and white striped crepe-de-chine.

●INSET IN top circle: Coq feather evening cape. Scarlet feathers worn over a pink evening dress.

●INSET IN square: Bathing costume with shorts of white jersey and bodice of small black and white checks. A large beach hat of white linen is worn with it.

The VERY LATEST *Accessories*

NEW accessories are being invented in Paris and New York almost every minute of the day, new materials and metals are being used to take the place of others that we have seen for so long. Ideas have been culled from every source — and applied to accents for women's wear.

The horse's harness gave the designers ideas for leather-studded belts for sports wear. The peasants from the Austrian Tyrol (you saw them in "Autumn Crocus") have inspired Schiaparelli's new sports hats. Mexican cowboy hats will be seen on summer beaches. Common shoe buttons make the necklace sketched on this page, and a very much magnified hook and eye make the buckle on a smart string belt. Grocery string and nautical rope, as you know, have been put to innumerable uses.

Feathers Have Many Uses

Feathers came and went from the fashion world. They have returned again in full force.

Feather boas decorate evening frocks, feather flowers trim hats and frocks, the new autumn hats have bird of paradise plumes, ospreys, and straight colored feathers shooting out at all angles.

For evening wear there are little toques of dyed coq feathers which lie sleekly on the organdie crown beneath.

Manifold Uses for Feathers

A Reboux model is a tiny hat pointed over one eye and again at the back, made of turquoise blue feathers. This is worn with an afternoon frock of black crepe with a turquoise crepe yoke.

Soft feather flowers have returned to fashion after many years. They are made in various shades of almost every color, and trim evening frocks. They may be worn in a group at the waist, on the chest, outlining one shoulder strap, or even round the hem of a flowing chiffon frock.

Little elbow-length capes are made entirely of dyed coq feathers in coral pink, jade green, and turquoise blue, black and white. They are cool and light for summer wear, and are worn with contrasting colors—a jade cape with a royal blue frock, a white cape over a black one.

Model for Marlene Dietrich

Lucien Lelong created an amazing dress for Marlene Dietrich. It is of moulded black velvet with great sprays of black paradise plumes springing up from the decolletage and back from the shoulders, quivering as high as her head! The evening coats for these difficult frocks show splits across either shoulder, to enable the feathers to come through!

You are by now familiar with this season's innovation—the fabric glove. The craze has been so great that everyone will be tired of them before long. The glove manufacturers are putting more thought into suede and leather gloves again.

A particularly good design for summer is the long or short glove of white suede or kid perforated all over with little holes.

For sports wear there is the pigskin glove in white or beige. These have bags and belts to match, and they wear forever.

Barbaric Jewellery

Paris has taken the barbaric theme to heart in its newest jewellery. Huge massive bracelets and rings made with lumps of colored stones, set with metal or diamonds; clips of all shapes to put in hats or frocks; necklets of massive uncut stones, and shaped pieces of metal.

Metal in chromium, copper, and bronze makes belt buckles, stud earrings, heavy round bracelets, buttons, and clips. These are matched by metal bag frames.

For sports wear, wooden necklaces and bracelets in many colors are worn—twisted strings of round beads held here and there with metal oddments.

One necklace is made of common or garden shoe buttons! Just painted brown, white and beige, strung on three strings and plaited together.

Hair Ornaments

Ornaments for the hair, starting some time ago with the Alice-in-Wonderland hoop, are now the rage in Paris.

A plait of your own hair is worn across the top of the hair, fastening underneath the hair at the back.

More elaborate are the carved tortoise-shell, ebony, coral and metal "crowns" which are worn in the same position, but they stand up an inch or an inch and a half from the head.

A carved red lacquered metal band is adorned with five carved coral balls, another is of black ebony studded with metal. The hair looks best brushed back across or behind the ears for these crowns.

Parisiennes are wearing flowers, feathers and jewelled ornaments, twisted ribbons, and even a piece of the dress material swathed Grecian fashion in their hair.

Some Uncommon Accessories

I have recently seen for the first time one or two unusual dress effects. One was a tiny boa of long shiny black petals which in the distance resembled coq feathers. Upon close inspection they proved to be pieces of cire satin cut about 4 inches long and half an inch wide, pointed at each end. Dozens of these were stitched at one end on to a chiffon foundation beneath. This formed a small shoulder cape. (See sketch.)

Another was an accessory for evening wear. It was a horseshoe shaped roll of cotton wool, rather wider in the centre, covered with turquoise blue crepe shirred all over. This went round the neck, and where the ends came to the waist in front, the material continued on and tied in a bow. They told me that it took the place of fur on summer evening coats, or could be worn just as a dress decoration.

There is sketched on this page the "jiffy" blouse. It is cut in one piece, and requires no sewing! Just picot edging around the edges and neck. You put your head through the square, tie the two front ends at the centre back, then bring the back ends to the front and tie at the side. This would be admirable made of toweling or gingham to wear with bathing shorts or skirts. If you can bind neatly I would suggest that instead of picoting.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601535

GIFTS

9/11 Black Nevis Grecian, Red Feather trimming, covered heels and easy soles. Also Green and Green Feather, and Rose and Rose Feather.

8/11 Black Satin Slipper, Jacquard lined, covered Baby Louis heels, and easy soles. An Ideal Gift Slipper.

SHOP EARLY

XMAS PRESENTS

Green Nevis Mocassin Front Slipper, easy sole and heel, silk pom. Also in Blue and Black with Red trimming.

5/11

21/- A QUALITY GIFT Genuine Hand-sewn Slipper by Harkness, in Black or Brown Wallaby.

7/11 Black Calf Semi-Grecian Slipper, with soft toes and stiffened heels. Also in Brown.

MORE COMFORT

GREATER VALUE

Black and Red Calf underlaid Grecian Slipper, pump soles, snug heel fitting.

16/6

Rigney's

3/9 A Complete Shoe Cleaning Outfit.

Wooden Shoe Trees. 10/6

THE HOUSE OF PERFECT FOOTWEAR

RIGNEY'S

147 KING STREET, SYDNEY (2 Doors from Castlereagh St.)

262 EDWARD STREET, BRISBANE

FIVE HUNDRED MILES ...*for* HEALTH!

Guests of the Junior Red Cross

It is a far cry from Bourke to the cool sea breezes of Ramsgate! And that is why eleven little girls in that far-away town are counting the days to December 15, when they will arrive in Sydney for a delightful holiday at "Cudgelo" Junior Red Cross Home, Ramsgate.

ON the following day (December 16) four little ones from Mendooran will join them, and with these guests and two little girls from Dubbo and Forbes, respectively, who have been staying in the home for the past week or so, the accommodation of this beautiful seaside home of the Junior Red Cross will be taxed to its limits.

All the children are physically in need of a seaside change, and the girls from Forbes and Dubbo are under treatment from Sydney specialists for affections of the limbs which necessitate the wearing of an iron on the leg. Any children from the country visiting "Cudgelo," who need attention in any way from medical specialists are always taken for out-patient treatment at Sydney's great hospitals, if this is desired.

* * *

RECENTLY, Miss Ida Lorking, who has just returned from an extensive organising trip, was greeted during her visit to Broken Hill by a happy girl who 12 years ago was almost unable to walk, with her legs in irons. Through the assistance of the Junior Red Cross she was brought to Sydney for treatment, and to-day, completely cured, she cannot say too much about that veritable fairy godmother, the Junior Red Cross.

One particularly pleasing feature of the visit of the little country children to "Cudgelo" is the co-operation of local circles of the Junior Red Cross, who, by personal efforts have earned the money towards the fares of these little ones to Sydney.

The circle at Bourke held a wonderfully successful bazaar, which realised £48. This allowed them to send a donation of £10 to the J.R.C. Homes, purchase material to make garments for the J.R.C. Christmas shelf, and have a substantial balance to send delicate little people to "Cudgelo."

The J.R.C. Circle at Mendooran, by various efforts of service, earned £5 towards the fares for their little townspeople. Thus the ideal principle of Junior Red Cross members sending delicate little folk from their own district to find health and sturdy vitality in the home built and maintained by children of the Junior Red Cross throughout New South Wales is a beautiful reality, and a striking demonstration of the Junior Red Cross motto: "The Child For the Child!"

MISS M. KIDD (Supervisor of Domestic Science), who has been appointed an advisory member to assist the Commission on Technical Education in respect to Domestic Science and Home Economics.

Women Protest

A WOMEN'S rally, to protest against the "Federal salary grab," will be held under the auspices of the Women's Union of Service in the Lower Adyar Hall, Bligh St., on December 4, at 3 p.m.

Children's Library

THE official opening by Mr. Elliott Napier of the special library for children established by the N.S.W. Bookstall Co., Castlereagh St., was arranged for November 28. Lady Bavin is associated with the new venture, and during two afternoons each week will be in attendance to advise parents and children in their choice of books.

The books for children are distinguished by attractive lacquered linen covers, colored labels, and gay pictures. Among them are some beautifully illustrated editions, and authors include well-known favorites.

Co-ordination of Charities

EFFORTS are being made to effect greater co-ordination between charitable organisations, and will receive an impetus from the meeting to be held at Government House on December 4.

Lady Game, as well as hundreds of other workers in philanthropic causes, has made numerous references to the tremendous amount of overlapping that exists in the charities of N.S.W., which results in dissipation of both energy and funds.

Representatives of more than 100 organisations have been invited to the meeting at Government House, and speakers will include Professor Tasman Lovell and Miss Aileen Fitzpatrick.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT BALL will be held at the Pompadour Ballroom, Nock and Kirby's new premises, on December 23, in aid of St. Margaret's Hospital.

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.***

Delegates for OVERSEAS *Conference*

The British Commonwealth League will hold a conference in London next June, and nominations are being called for Australian delegates.

THE affiliation of the Australian Federation of Women Voters with the League provides for a representation of four delegates. In addition to this any unit of the Federation directly affiliated with the League has also the privilege of sending four delegates, so it is possible that a large delegation may go abroad.

The conference is being organised by Miss Daisy Solomon and Miss Chave Collison. Mrs. Corbett-Ashby will preside.

* * *

AN Empire Market will be officially opened by Dame Sybil Thorndike during conference in aid of the League funds.

Dame Sybil was so impressed with all the kindness she received in Australia from societies affiliated with the League that she became a member of the organisation when she returned to London, and is deeply interested in its work.

DON'T... FORGET

THE WOMEN JUSTICES' ASSOCIATION are holding their annual Xmas Reunion Party at Farmers', on Wednesday, December 6, at 3 p.m., when small gifts of appreciation will be presented to the hon. officers for their splendid services during the year. All members are specially requested to be present, and to notify the hon. secretary, Mrs. E. M. Griffith, in time to enable her to arrange for seating accommodation.

☆ ☆ ☆

UNDER Vice-Regal patronage the Sydney Flying Squadron's 1933 Queen of the Harbor Ball, and crowning ceremony will be held in Paddington Town Hall, on December 11. Proceeds will aid the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children, Darlington.

☆ ☆ ☆

AN exhibition of embroidery, needlework, and stitchcraft is being arranged by "Liberty's" in aid of the funds of the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children's Institution. It will take place in the rooms of the McCabe Academy of Dressmaking, 297 Elizabeth St., from December 11 to 15.

☆ ☆ ☆

MISS ILMA BARNES and her verse choir will give Christmas entertainments for children at the King's Hall, on December 5 and 6, at 2.30 p.m. There will be dramatisations of A. A. Milne carols, rhymes, and mimes.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE annual meeting of the Dalwood Health Home will be held at Balgowlah on December 6. Lady Game will attend.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE New Zealand Women's Association will hold a bridge party at the club rooms, Bank of New Zealand Chambers, on December 1, and an Xmas party on board the "Niagara" on December 6.

PUBLIC NOTICE

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven, Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc., INVISIBLY Re-woven.

Sydney Weaving Co.
90 PITT ST.
'Phone: BW6952.

HAIRDRESSING

HAIRDRESSING as a Profession. HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSING COLLEGE.
Tuition and Constant Practice Under Supervision and Direction of DARELLE, "The Hollywood Hairdresser." Write or 'phone for Booklet.
'Phones: M4916, MA1186, M4917.
131 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

FOR SALE

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Small Baby Dolls, half dressed, movable arms, very pretty. Packed SIX to a case. POST FREE. 2/- per case. (Limit 1 box each). With each parcel Novelties FREE. Order now to

LIQUIDATED STOCKS COY.
515 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY

NUMEROLOGY

THIS Ancient Science will help you to make the best of life. A wonderful help to mothers in training their children. Readings £1/1/-, 10/6, and 5/-. Send date of birth, day, month, and year; also name in full. Enclose this advt. and get special reading at 2/-. Hindu Yogi, Box 3448R, G.P.O., Sydney.

DID YOU KNOW?

THE City of Venice is built on 80 islands, connected by 400 bridges. All the streets are canals, and, instead of cars, there are gondolas of all sizes and styles. The finest are very luxurious, satin-lined, and carpeted. The gondoliers who row them often sing as they row, particularly at night. Their voices are usually rich and sweet.

FOR SALE

AUTOMATIC Spring-controlled Latch Needle for Mending Ladders in Stockings. Easy and Effective. Printed Instructions. Price 2/-. George Woods, 26 Mount Vernon Street, Glebe, N.S.W.

FANCY COSTUMES

PRIZE WINNERS for the Children. Stylish Dress, Dinner Suits Hired. New Coronation Robes. Lists Posted 91 Phillip St. 'Phone: B1107. SHAW.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601536

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

DR. GODSALL has planned to motor round Tasmania in January?

With a sigh of relief Mrs. George Patterson has returned to the art treasures of her Bellevue Hill home?

Mrs. Alan Gale has let her Bowral home to a friend and is skipping to Adelaide for Xmas?

The W. C. Mansfields have had their drawing-room made 100 per cent. larger for dancing?

Furnish at Leisure

SYDNEY is sending so many brides to Melbourne, that Melbourne estate agents are producing special part-furnished homes, to allow the young couples to collect their own furniture at their leisure, yet not ever have to sit on boxes, as it were.

Mimi Healy, whose fiance, Ian Heath, is coming over at Xmas to discuss wedding plans, will probably be the next to take advantage of this scheme.

Expectations Realised

So terrified is she of earthquakes that it was only under great pressure that Mrs. George Threlfall could be persuaded to accompany her brother to New Zealand recently, although the trip included a tour of the island in Mr. Paul's Rolls, which, as is his custom always, he took with him.

"Well, how did the trip go?" asked a friend last week.

"I said we would have an earthquake, and we did," was the reply.

Bright Young Things

As the Forum Club closes its doors at 12, after the James Irwin-Kath. Orr wedding the bridegroom's brother took a crowd of bright young things on to the "Cavalier," where they remained until dawn.

Waiting to welcome the newly-weds in Adelaide is Mrs. Kearns (Joan Higgins), who knew the bride in their Wagga days. She will drive from her Gawler home and meet them for luncheon.

All Well Now

Roderick Earp, who married Constance Challon, of Newcastle, two months ago, has only just moved into his new home at Merewether, as soon after her marriage Mrs. Earp had an operation for appendicitis.

The newly-weds will soon be visited by Mrs. Earp, Senr., who is to spend the next three months with her children in turn.

The Perfect Baby

Mrs. Farleigh (Phyllis Stroud) is said to possess the "perfect baby." The grandfather, who went to stay at Cronulla in fear and trembling of a crying baby, has come back saying he didn't know the young man was in the house.

Brought up on a system, he never cries or misbehaves in any way at all.

On the Move

Although they usually go to Manly, the Fergusons, of Coonamble, have taken the lower flat at "Highgate," Edgecliff, from Xmas to Easter. Mr. Ferguson and his Point Piper brother married sisters.

The Wyburg Dockers are moving in the new year from the upper flat to their own home in the Anderson Stuart flats, "Lincluden," Double Bay.

Hates Fuss

With all the fuss over his engagement, Sam Hordern, who is quite unspoilt in spite of everything, is probably feeling as embarrassed as when he returned from Cambridge.

He didn't have a car of his own at first, and used to travel by tram to work. As his picture had been in all the papers, numerous people used to recognise the tall young man trying not to bump his head against the roof, and point him out to one another in loud stage whispers.

Used to being merely one of hundreds at Cambridge, poor Sam used to suffer agonies.

To Be Cut Up?

For a week now "Ecclesbourne" has been empty of tenants, and everyone is wondering what is going to happen, and hoping that this old home, which is one of the prides of Edgecliff, will not be cut up into allotments.

The four daughters of the late owner, Mr. W. H. Norton, are Mary (Mrs. Armitage), Isabel (Mrs. Max Scott), Dorothy (Mrs. Martin), and Alice (Mrs. Beresford Playfair). Miss Alice Norton, who married Mr. C. Stephens, is their aunt. She once painted an exquisite record of the glory of "Ecclesbourne's" gardens in spring.

Rolling Stones

Dr. and Mrs. Nigel Smith, who left for Japan some time ago, are expected home shortly. But they will soon be on their travels again, as the Doctor says that from now on he means to see the world.

Dr. Smith married the widow of Mr. E. P. Watt, of Ocean Avenue, Double Bay, and lives in the old home that used to be noted for its emu, although the house, except the verandah pillars, is new.

Silver Wedding

Mrs. Roystone Davey, who has been staying at the Links House, Bowral, with Mrs. Ross Gore, gave a dinner and bridge party at the Queen's Club on Thursday, in conjunction with her husband.

Mrs. Davey's parties are always a joy, and this one was particularly delightful because it was to celebrate their silver wedding. Hundreds of telegrams and presents arrived during the day.

Her "Castle in Spain"

To visit Spain has long been the desire of the Governor-General's daughter, Mrs. David Cohen, for the modern outlook is no less picturesque because it has changed rulers. To her great delight her husband has booked their passage to Europe for the near future, so she is already planning visits to the ancient palace of the Moors, the Alhambra in Granada, and to the Prado gallerie.

Not a "Cruise"

The law is always conservative, so it is an ordinary trip, not a cruise, that a party of barristers are planning. They are Cecil Cook, J. M. Creer, and Alan Taylor, and they leave for a month's tour of the islands by the "Morinda."

Xmas Shopping

Mrs. W. Widdis, of Willowtree, near Quirindi, and her mother, Mrs. P. L. Sykes, of Scone, are in town on a short shopping holiday. Audrey Widdis was one of last year's brides.

Flitting Overseas

Mrs. Hugh Macken has let her home, and taken a house at Collaroy for six months. She then plans to take daughter Sylvia abroad.

When we last heard, she was undecided whether it would be England in February, or America in March.

Brighter Dining-room

Mrs. John Fairfax is the latest to fall for modern arty furnishings. Michael O'Connel has designed special browny-whitey-orange curtains full of wild women tearing out one another's hair for her dining-room, to which she has decided to add gay yellow-covered chairs.

A Castle Hill Home

Mr. George Wright has spent thousands of pounds on "Wanawong," his Castle Hill property, eclipsing, according to report, even the late Sir Owen Cox, who spent £45,000 on his. "Wanawong" consists of 63 acres. Even the trees in the bush are pruned and looked after, while the fruit trees and flowers are perfect.

We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Wright are going to sell their home, as their daughter is to marry and live in Melbourne. When Mr. Wright retires, he and his wife will also make Victoria their home.

Two Ways of Playing

Sometimes games are games and sometimes they are not. Betty Ann Hill's tennis party, with Mrs. Percy Spender, Mrs. Cecil Beckworth, Mrs. R. Manning, Phyllis Bowker, and Irene Strelitz, last week, was very, very serious, while Barbara Chapman on the same day entertained Joyce Ruskin Rowe, Betty Hagon, Mary Nankevis, Suzanne Stogdale, Elizabeth Welhen, Jean Plomley, and May and Dorothy Rogers to very, very, talkative bridge.

Bride for Melbourne

Mary Davis, who has planned her marriage for December 12, will be yet another Sydney bride to settle in Melbourne, as fiance Clifton Ormiston has his home down South. Mary's home is opposite the Royal Sydney Golf Club, of which she is a popular member, and where she will be greatly missed. The reception will be held at Onslow Avenue.

Building Plans

We hear that the place where the Hills' home stood in Darling Point before being destroyed by fire, is soon to see the erection of a Spanish bungalow for Mr. T. H. Kelly, who feels he has had enough of clubs, however good.

Mrs. Kelly, who naturally can't be in four places at once, has been spending most of her time near her "baby" at Oxford recently, for the two are especial "pals." He, however, may be returning to Sydney soon to enter the business world, so perhaps Mrs. Kelly will be here to give the new home its housewarming.

Our Relations

Back last week from a Melbourne holiday, where visiting various in-laws for the first time was combined with Cup gaieties, is Mrs. Ivor Stokes (Olive Angelinetta)).

One of the most attractive of the new relations is Mrs. Alec Stokes, formerly Constance Parkin, and quite famous in her way—which is artistic.

She attacks huge canvases in a most modern and attractive manner, and received excellent notices for her recent exhibition.

The Camera Lies

Last week Lady Game visited the nun, now ninety-six years old, who had most to do with the founding of the Hospice for the Dying.

"Oh, Lady Game," said her hostess, "the newspapers don't do you justice at all. Why don't you get another photograph taken?"

LOOKING AT LIFE. —By Driff.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601537

Happy, healthy MOTHERS
Happy, healthy CHILDREN

HAPPY, healthy mothers usually affect the happiness of their children. On the other hand, when mothers are "nervy" and irritable, they have a depressing effect upon all in the house. In these worrying times when so many mothers get "run down" and easily over-tired, Clements Tonic is a marvellous boon, as thousands of women prove daily. Its wonderful powers of quickly restoring health and energy are told in countless letters received from grateful users everywhere, day after day.

"Clements Tonic Is Invaluable"

Clarence Bridge, N.Z., January 2, 1933.
"I have been taking your Tonic off and on for years. When I feel run down I take a few doses and that puts me right. I would never be without it. For anyone who suffers with nerves it is invaluable."—(Mrs.) J.McN.
(Original letter on file for inspection)

For "Nerves," Lassitude and Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Loss of Energy, take Clements Tonic without delay.

Prices at Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle.

CLEMENTS TONIC
"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

S.203

For the IDEAL XMAS PUDDING

USE THESE TWO SPLENDID INGREDIENTS

Mitchell's
PANSY BRAND MIXED FRUIT
MITCHELL MAID FEATHER FLOUR

In all "Mitchell Maid" Groceries you can actually taste the quality . . . . appreciate the difference and yet not spend one penny more, and with these luscious Mixed Fruits and light, Feathery Flour you can make the most delightful Christmas Puddings and Cakes.

Besides the wonderful quality you will find concealed in every packet a new and valuable Bonus Coupon, and just a few of them can be exchanged for wonderful Free Gifts.

You can even use them to pay a deposit on new furnishings for the home.

Ask your Grocer for "Mitchell Maid" and send to-day for illustrated literature to
D. MITCHELL & CO., LTD.
153 Clarence Street, SYDNEY

THELMA TODD, the beautiful star of the British International picture, "You Made Me Love You," is here seen wearing a smart ensemble in black and white. The hat and shoes make an extremely chic combination.

CLARA BUTT *Trophy*

Sydney Eisteddfod

Dame Clara Butt, who has just completed a series of concerts in Sydney, expressed herself as much impressed by the results of the first City of Sydney Eisteddfod which took place in August last.

"I CONGRATULATE Mr. Roland Foster, who started this huge undertaking, upon the ultimate success which it achieved," said Dame Clara. "I have read of it abroad, and I appreciate the work it involved.

"Eisteddfods are educationally good; they raise the whole standard of musical performance and appreciation. In Sydney," she continued reflectively, "there has always been a natural musical quality, and an unusual percentage of fine voices of every type. Nothing, in my experience, does so much to induce the individual practice of singing in a nation, and, at the same time, to develop the individual desire to succeed in a career as a vocalist as do musical contests.

"I have so many pleasant recollections of Sydney and Australia that I should like personally to present a Challenge Trophy for contralto voices. Perhaps it will help to show something of my interest in the development of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and I hope that the winning of it, year by year, will prove an encouragement to youthful competitors and an incentive to further effort."

Unique Features of New Picture Salon

ACADEMY SALON, a gallery of fine art, in Gowing's Buildings, at the corner of Market and George streets, opposite Farmer's, will be open to the public at 10 a.m. on Wednesday, December 6. Admission is free, and there is an express lift to the 6th floor, where the salon is situated.

The general ensemble of Academy Salon is quite unlike that of the usual art gallery, inasmuch as it will resemble a reception room in a private residence. This will enable patrons to form a better idea of how exactly a picture will look in their own homes.

Exhibited in the salon will be pictures by notable Australian artists, and also a few from overseas. Prices will suit all purses, ranging from the humble guinea or two to the more ambitious figures up to one hundred and fifty guineas.

Your hair...
THICK...CLEAN...LUSTROUS

NO need to worry about dandruff—AMBA FLEUR SHAMPOO is the ideal preparation to combat this infection.

AMBA FLEUR contains AMBOL (the oil of the Tea Tree), the tonic qualities of which restore the natural light and shade to the hair, make it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

AMBA FLEUR lathers perfectly and produces a stimulating effect on the scalp, and is entirely free from harmful ingredients.

PRICE 2/6.

AMBA·FLEUR
SHAMPOO

2 MORE A.M.B. HEALTH PROTECTION PRODUCTS containing AMBOL, the WONDERFUL GERMICIDAL OIL

AMBA LUSTA, a stimulating and invigorating tonic for scalp and hair that tones up all the tiny scalp muscles. Prevents grey hair and baldness. AMBA LUSTA is the scientific way to scalp-health and hair beauty.

The most beneficial results will be obtained by warming AMBA LUSTA before applying to the scalp.

PRICE 1/6.

AMBA·LUSTA
HAIR DRESSING

If your Chemist or Storekeeper is out of stock, ask him to get in touch with his wholesaler or the Australian Medical Bureau Ltd.

AUSTRALIAN MEDICAL BUREAU LTD.
193-197 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY

Don't scratch it clean . . . clean it clean with
MONKEY BRAND

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601538

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By Jane Anne Seymour

"BLOODS" in the naughty nineties, we are told, all wore a green carnation, but nowadays the fad is for ordinary red or white ones.

There is a definite rule about it. At the Hopewood House party on Friday, we learnt that it is now de rigeur to wear a red carnation with a dinner suit, and a white one with talls.

Stephen White was among those who rightly sported white flowers, but Dr. R. H. Bettington and Commander Gifford—both of whom should have known better—were quite wrong with red ones.

THE crowd was so great at the party that a pianist played upstairs, on one of the balconies, while the band was in the ballroom proper. Yet one would not have wished anybody absent. All the girls were beautiful, and there was nobody one would not want to know, in however "upper tennish" a mood. Glimpses of them wandering through the gardens were like an exquisite painting.

As well as the president, Lady Harvey, and committee members Joan Osborne Wilkinson, Nancy Williams, and Nancy MacNaught, dancers included Margaret Hodson, in white, with hair boyishly cropped at the back, but cunningly rolled on the top of her head and waved at the sides; Joan Maitland-Brown, who, like her cousin, Joan Badgery, has been holidaying in Sydney; Hope Garling, in pink with pie-dish ruchings round her neck; Nancy Corlette, in a lovely frock of the incongruously named pebble-skin; Joan Waddell, looking like a lovely white moth in organdie designed with puffy sleeves and frilled hemline; Commander Ireland, very correct in white gloves—the only other man present in gloves being Lady Game's escort; Peggy Kopsen, in pale lemon georgette with green earrings and Eric Sholl, Peggy's recent partner in a very successful (for them) tennis tournament, although on this occasion in a different party.

Proceeds of this particularly well-organised effort will aid the Balmain District Hospital.

☆ ☆ ☆

MISS HAMMOND, who retired recently from her position as matron of "Cranbrook," was the recipient of several parting gifts. She was entertained by the Parents and Friends' Association, and presented with a wallet of notes. Other gifts were a set of china bookends from resident masters, and a crystal necklace from the staff.

☆ ☆ ☆

MISS MARY ADAMS, whose marriage will take place shortly, has been one of an energetic band of junior workers for the Blind Institute, William St. Members of the junior committee, of which she has been hon. treasurer, entertained her the other day, and gave her as a parting gift a pair of Stuart crystal fruit dishes to grace her future home in Adelaide. Members of the senior committee were there to add their good wishes.

☆ ☆ ☆

IT is due chiefly to the combination of Mr. Norman Brookes' great personal influence, and to Jack Crawford's splendid ambassadorship for us, that the English tennis players, who might much more easily get their play and their receptions on the Continent, have arrived in Australia. Therefore it is particularly satisfactory that, tremendous as was the booking for the Americans, that for the English matches is even greater.

All the players this time are unmarried, so the reception at the White City on Tuesday afternoon was an especial thrill. These functions are planned so that the visitors can meet, not only their opponents on the courts, and leading citizens, but our youth and beauty, and it is always hoped that one thing may lead to another.

Those present included, besides all the men and women tennis champions one could imagine, Sir Henry and Lady Braddon, Lieut.-Commander Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Riddle, Mr. P. A. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Conway, the various Consuls, and, what was a very kindly thought, the young flapper sub-debs. of the tennis world, Paddy Peach, June Bubb, Ella Corrigan, Marie Delaunay, Betty Lockwood, Cherry Bubb, E. Chrystal, and B. Pankhurst, who were allowed to carry round the afternoon tea.

☆ ☆ ☆

TWO big fetes, surely the last of the season, occurred on Saturday, the "Quambi" one, in aid of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association, and that at Miss Fairfax's Bellevue Hill home, to aid the Boys' Brigade.

Although all the very best people, and only the very best people, even to little girls in spotless frocks with large, uncreased sashes and little boys in pure white sailor suits, filled the Fairfax grounds, the whole affair was very jolly, and utterly carefree. Mary Wentworth and John Mansfield, both helping officially, were sucking ice-cream from plebeian cones when we appeared, while John Martin's very English voice was spruiking giggling offspring on 40 slides.

Scattered about the place elsewhere were Phillipa Stephen, in grey and white; Kath. Garvin, in navy blue and white; Janet Thatcher, in sky blue and white; and Ann Bevan, in brown and white.

☆ ☆ ☆

PONY rides were the special thrill of the "Quambi" fete, although a Mickey Mouse ballet and other novelties were added attractions.

As well as the usual stalls, Miss B. Mansfield, Miss Margaret Jordan, and Miss Margaret Windeyer, especially the latter, invented an "omnium gatherum" booth. Everything was sixpence or a shilling. Sixpenny bargains ranged from a combined powder puff and packet of safety pins, a crochet holder containing peanuts, and a handkerchief embroidered with the North Shore Bridge (suitable for a Melbourne friend), to a highly moral and extremely artistic story of a "Little Boy Who Wouldn't Do His Lessons and His Kookaburra."

We were so overcome that we actually bought a set of Red Indian postcards.

☆ ☆ ☆

MANY years ago Mr. Rofe, of the Millions Club, gave £75 as a scholarship for a young artist (the winner is now doing excellently).

This Christmas it was decided again to help budding artists over what is owing to nobody having much money, and everybody considering Art a luxury a very lean time. So from the works from members of the various Art societies which are hung round the Millions Club walls club members are being asked to choose their Xmas presents. As prices range from one and a half to fifty guineas, there is great scope, while one's subject can be a watermelon or a crusader, and one's artist Julian Ashton or Kenneth Macqueen.

MRS. CLEMENT CHAPMAN, wife of Dr. Clement Chapman, who, with her aunt, Mrs. Fuller, of South Wales, has just returned from Canberra. The wee dog "Bijou" always travels with Mrs. Chapman in a red leather bag, complete with zipp fastener.

—Rene Pardon.

THIS IS Amy King, only daughter of the late Major E. J. King, of the 10th Hussars, and Mrs. L. F. Flower, of Bellevue Hill, who has announced her engagement to Forbes Wallace, of Malay States, youngest son of Major F. T. Wallace, O.B.E., D.L., and late of the Black Watch, and of Mrs. Wallace, of Leven, Scotland. The wedding will take place in the New Year, and the honeymoon will be spent in Scotland.

—Sidney Riley.

ALTHOUGH the Millions Club Jam Appeal has closed, a cheque arrived from New Britain last week from an enthusiastic subscriber. Thousands of cases have been despatched, including one to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and one from the members of the Hornsby Shire Council to the Hornsey Shire Council, England, because it was the nearest they could get to their own name.

English people are said to be frightened of jam in tins, and this is to show them that it doesn't really poison.

But how aggravating to give a tin to one's pet enemy for Xmas, and then find him thriving on it!

☆ ☆ ☆

TO do away with all those more or less subdued murmurings when the judges present their prizes at fancy dress balls, the Society of Women Writers has a very bright idea for its Christmas party on December 20.

If one feels like giving a prize, one doesn't hand it over to a committee to play ducks and drakes with, but clutches it tightly all evening in one's own little hand, and at the end awards it to one's own ideal. Which opens up great possibilities for bribery and corruption, not to say vamping.

☆ ☆ ☆

ALTHOUGH Sadie's "skyrocket" style and Bill Haggard's keenness proved very trying to John Riddle and Norma Maconachie (John and Norma are used to playing University tennis), they finally defeated their opponents 8-6 in the finals of Sadie Budge's tennis tournament at Government House on Saturday, which is to aid the Free Kindergarten. As the courts are very slow, making it advisable to sprint up to every ball, tea on the verandah was much appreciated. Those who enjoyed the games included Captain and Mrs. Ian Campbell, Mr and Mrs. Greaves

WITH HER brother, Hazel King is leaving for Europe to study singing. Our picture was taken at "Quambi," the home of Sir Kelso and Lady King. Before her departure, Miss King is arranging a farewell concert.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Joan Gifford, Elise Budge, Nettie Clark Beatrice Fawsitt, Marie Holmes, Isabel Purdy, Joan Crowhurst, Elizabeth Robinson, Phyllis Rudder, Naomi Williams, Commander Gifford, Philip and David Game, Capt. Jim Rennick, Eric Sholl, David Bright, Wilfrid Wallace, Lewis Basil-Jones, and John Brain.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. PAULINE DEANE, who has joined Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, Mrs. John Moore, and other well-known folk in turning her energies to broadcasting, visited most of the major radio stations in New York, meeting most of the radio stars, including Ed. Wynn, Ruth Etting, Frey and Braggiotti, and Burns and Allen. She also saw a television show.

☆ ☆ ☆

FROM a fashionable and excited young woman from Chicago, more interested as a feminist than as an artist, who borrowed several catalogues, and was so enthusiastic that Mr. Gayfield Shaw, the manager, was soon blushing with embarrassment, to the severely Art for Art's sake visitors, the Society of Women Painters' exhibition at 104 Hunter St. has been particularly well attended this year.

Many purchases have already been made, notably Amy Gill's "Nasturtiums," by Lady Gordon, A. M. Parsons' "Wamberal," by Miss Rutledge. Another by Mrs. Florence Taylor, and a selection was bought by Mrs. B. B. O'Conor, including Olive Birkenhead's "Lupins," and Laura Booth's "Cumberland St., Old Sydney."

☆ ☆ ☆

MOST of the exhibitors are unmarried, and most work in their own homes, although a group, including Elaine Coghlan and Hilda Dreyer, share a common studio.

Particularly attractive are Winifred Caddy's "Parramatta River" and "River Craft" (although there seems to be everything in the picture except river craft), Lucy Peapes' "Calendulas" (marigolds to us), and Frank Payne's "Chicks" (and child).

Alice Norton (Mrs. F. A. Q. Stephens) has a number of exhibits whose delicacy protests against the wag who suggested her husband's initials stand for "Fair average quality."

☆ ☆ ☆

"NEVER murder your sweetheart on the eve of a general election!" was the advice given by the Attorney-General, Mr. Manning, to members of the Girls' Secondary Schools Club, last Friday, when he was guest of honor at lunch.

Not that the members are particularly bloodthirsty, but merely to drive home the point that sometimes one can get away with murder even, and sometimes not. Mr Manning thought the particular value of such a club as the G.S.S. lay in the fact that, even in such a strenuous time as the present members could rely upon one another for friendship.

☆ ☆ ☆

MR. AND MRS. SYDNEY PHILIPS have just returned from motoring to Nowra and Huskisson, where they stayed with their daughter, Mrs. Lamble.

Don't miss them!

FREE Guest Towels for Pears' Soap Wrappers

SAVE 12 WRAPPERS FOR 1 GUEST TOWEL OR ONLY 18 WRAPPERS FOR 2 GUEST TOWELS. GOOD QUALITY HUCKABACK, ATTRACTIVELY HEMSTITCHED—22½ ins. x 14½ ins.

. . . while they last!

How to get your FREE Guest Towel . . .

You need only 12 wrappers to obtain one of these smart Guest Towels. Or as a very special offer, if you save 18 wrappers, you can secure 2 Guest Towels. Cut out the oval panels and take them to PARKER HOUSE, 9-11 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY. If unable to call, attach the panels to a piece of paper bearing your name and address (IN BLOCK LETTERS) and the number of oval panels enclosed, and post to GIFT DEPARTMENT, A. & F. PEARS LIMITED, BOX 4100WW, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

PEARS' Transparent SOAP

FOR SMOOTH, FLAWLESS SKIN

10.109.27N A. & F. PEARS LIMITED

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601539

THOUSANDS HAVE PROVED THIS SAFE RELIEF from PAIN

FOR many years sufferers from Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Sleeplessness, Influenza and Nerve and Muscular Pains have found quick, safe relief in Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. Your DOCTOR, DENTIST, CHEMIST, NURSE, all recommend genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. because it is prepared on the scientific formula used in Australia's largest hospitals. 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Company, Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C POWDERS and TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

Take *a* PEEP *at these* BATHING ACCESSORIES

Being the Weekly Shopping Diary of SAIDE

TOGS that have just arrived from the Riviera, a sunshade that is neither umbrella nor parasol, though decorative and waterproof, skirt that wraps snugly round one's hips, and a hat with a brim like a cartwheel are among the intriguing details that the surfing season has brought in its wake this year.

The sunshade, depicted at right by our photographer, is made of cellophane, and, though he apparently has caught all its charm, he could not display the diaphanous nature of the material. For it is transparent and through it the rays of the sun can penetrate though to such a nicely filtered degree that you achieve just the desired note of tan without a vestige of a burn—for £1/1/-.

The costume, as you can see, has the most delightful shoulder straps cleverly plaited to combine three different colors. The back view shows the new line, as favored by the very smartest folk at the Riviera. In fascinating roughie-sponge knit the price is 21/-.

And the sea-nymph, who is holding the aforesaid sunshade, is attired most colorfully in a dressing gown of the most exotic towelling—for 29/6.

In conclusion, as our parliamentarians have it, striped wrap-over skirts at 9/11, and wide, floppy hats at 13/11 are amazingly picturesque.

firm-a-form

MODERN BRASSIERE

FOR COMFORT AND APPEARANCE

firm-a-form is the only Brassiere which by means of new devices, instantly and comfortably moulds your bust just as you may desire. This result is obtained without the slightest compression or strain.

You will love its perfect curve control.

firm-a-form modern Brassieres are made in all sizes and colors.

Up to and including 36in. 5/11
38in and upwards 6/11
Special de-luxe models from 12/6

OBTAINABLE ALL LEADING STORES.

Wholesale Agents—

N.S.W. and Queensland.
FRANK I. DENISON & CO.,
62 Margaret St.,
SYDNEY.

Victoria and South Australia.
J. ENGSTER,
247 Flinders Lane,
MELBOURNE.

SUPREME IN QUALITY,
DELICIOUS IN FLAVOUR,
ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION,
REFRESHING—AND ECONOMICAL TOO!

Goldenia Tea

8382

BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. Lower

"THAT suit you're wearing is certainly a credit to your tailor."
"Debit, old man, debit!"

MRS. CASEY: Are ye ever troubled with cold feet, Mrs. Murphy?
MRS. MURPHY: Indade I am, Mrs. Casey, but they're not me own.

LINDSAY: I take long walks for my complexion.
Ruth: That's the worst of living so far from the shops, isn't it?

"I SAY, Tom, that man over there is riding a beautiful horse; I suppose he understands horses."
"Well, he should do; he married a nag."

THE hero and the villain of the movie were at loggerheads. "Listen," said the former, "either you treat me differently or when we come to that big fight scene I'll have my double beat the life out of your double."

TOM: I say, Bill, why do you drink your tea out of the saucer?
Bill: Well, you see, Tom, when I drink out of the cup, the spoon keeps sticking in me eye.

FIRST SCOT: Th' ould sangs o' Scotland are very popular with hikers.
Second Scot: Aye! "Ye Tak th' High Road, an I'll Tak th' Low Road" is the favorite.
First Scot: Nay, mon. With tired hikers, it's "Any Lorry", every time.

FIRST INMATE: Guess what I have in my hand?
Second Inmate: I know—a horse and cart.
First Inmate: You big cheat, you looked!

TEACHER: Make up a sentence containing the word "diadem."
Bright Lad: Them who crosses a railway crossing without looking will diadem soon quicker than those who stop, look and listen.

CITY YOUTH: A couple of cocktails, please!
Father (down from the country for the Show): If it's all the same, my boy, I'd prefer a wing.

"WHICH would you prefer in your future husband—wealth, ability, or appearance?" asked the pretty girl.
"Appearance, my dear," replied the spinster, "but he has got to appear pretty soon."

"THIS is only the 3rd, dear, and you have dated this letter the 10th," said the husband.
"Yes, darling," said his wife. "I thought of asking you to post it."

Take Care of Your SEWING MACHINE

SEWING machines are intricate articles which require careful attention if they are to run easily and keep in good order. If a machine runs stiffly or sticks, the small steel plate which surrounds the "feeder" should be unscrewed and removed, and any particles of dirt which have accumulated underneath should be thoroughly cleared out.

All the exposed parts should be cleaned with a soft cloth and then the machine oiled carefully. After a thorough oiling, work the machine for a few minutes with the presser foot up and without any cotton or spool on it. Lastly, replace and screw down the steel plate.

If this treatment is carried out at regular intervals the sewing machine will keep in good condition.

ORDER *of the* BATH
Is Now Color!

NEVER before has color been in such evidence as it is to-day. Everything must have color, it matters not whether one is choosing a summer frock or a bath mat, color is to be taken into consideration.

White bathrooms are a thing of the past, and it is found that all accessories for this little room are invariably of a pink or green color, these shades being the most fashionable at the moment.

Shades and globes for electric lamps are to be bought in all colors of the rainbow. If you favor a vivid red, a brilliant blue, or a pale green globe, it can be purchased with very little trouble.

What would we do with a splash of color here and there? Perhaps we are not so fond of it as is a certain wealthy woman on a sheep station, who has four Pomeranian dogs dyed blue, shell pink, orange, and green.

WOMENS COMPLAINTS
Consulting Specialist

WE GUARANTEE TO REDUCE WAIST & HIPS IN 10 DAYS
or it won't cost you a penny
Personal Consultation 5/- letter 2/6
Treatment from 5/-
Write or Call
CANTRELL & CO. 72 Pitt St. Sydney N.S.W.

A beautiful bust for you . . . IN 30 DAYS

A SOFT, rounded bust, and the charming curves so essential to-day are quickly developed from flat-chested thinness. My system is safe, strictly confidential, and sure. Needs no wearisome exercise, no medicine to take, and no dieting. RESULTS ARE PERMANENT.

It's a secret that thousands of women would pay many pounds to learn—but my system is not costly. Write to-day for my free leaflet telling you all about this wonderful womanly body-beautifier. Don't hesitate—no matter how thin and undeveloped you may be now, you, too, can have a beautifully-developed bust. Send stamped envelope for Confidential Pamphlet W.W. to Chester Drug Co., Box 3411R, Sydney

WOMEN SPEAKERS

Ladies, are you nervous—self-conscious—or at a loss what to say when asked to address a meeting, move a vote of thanks, etc.

DON'T BE BACKWARD

Write to the Ladies' Vocal College for their Correspondence Course, "WHAT TO SAY AND HOW TO SAY IT." Complete Course, 10/6

MADAM BURTON
21 WARD ST., GLEN IRIS, VIC.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601540

Symphony *of* STEEL *in* Crochet

Harbor Bridge Souvenir

SO great has been the number of requests for crochet directions of the "Symphony of Steel" tray-cloth or centre-piece, published in our issue of September 16, that original supplies have become exhausted.

A fresh batch is now under order, however, and crochet lovers can secure full, clear and easy-to-follow directions for 3d., together with a stamped (1d. sufficient) addressed envelope.

This charming and novel reproduction in crochet of the great Sydney Harbor Bridge (exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly), measures 18½ inches by 10 inches. To work this, all you require is a No. 4½ steel crochet hook, a ball of No. 80 Mercer crochet cotton — and the directions.

Many of our readers are making it as a souvenir gift for relatives and friends overseas.

BUILD BRAWN *Before* BRAINS

FOR the past six years the boy and girl students of the Sydney Technical School have been cheered on to fresh efforts with steaming bowls of soup, various hot meats, and vegetables—in fact, a really good meal is served for the small outlay of 10d. in their own cafeteria.

Parents of students and prospective students need have no fear that Jack or Jeanie will sadly miss the home cooking, or that they may be eating the wrong kind of food, as they are well catered for while studying.

Miss Sherwood

They have the Director of the Technical College, Mr. Nangle, to thank for this. He believes that well-nourished bodies produce better and brighter students.

Six years ago, Mr. J. Nangle, together with Mr. E. Forbes, the Registrar, and Mr. H. J. Swain, of the engineering department, formed a committee of three. This committee approached the Government then in power with a scheme, and the result is now a well established and smoothly run cafeteria. The Government installed the necessary plant, etc., on the understanding that the cafeteria was to be self-supporting.

45,000 Meals

Miss S. Sherwood, the capable manageress and original organiser of the cafeteria, is well content with a farthing profit per head. Out of this they pay a chef, five or six assistants, Miss Sherwood's salary, and other incidentals, without having to dip into the £30 emergency fund, which was generously subscribed by the three members of the committee. The manageress even confided that they now had a small banking account.

A midday meal is served, but far more students partake of the meal which precedes the evening classes.

Last year 45,000 meals were served to students, committee members, teachers, and cafeteria staff, and this year they anticipate that there will be about 60,000.

The cafeteria is situated in one of the main central buildings adjoining the Turner Hall, where the students hold their dances and social functions.

TOWELS NOT AVAILABLE UNTIL MONDAY, DEC. 4th.
But start saving your Crosses Now!

HOW TO OBTAIN A FREE BATH TOWEL

Don't miss these towels—*better* quality than any that have been offered free before! And they're right up-to-the-minute in new colour schemes and intriguing designs. To obtain your Bath Towel save 40 crosses (10 bars) from Siren Soap wrappers and, ON OR AFTER DECEMBER 4th, take them to:—Gift Showrooms, 365 Kent Street (near King Street), Sydney.

Or Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

If unable to call post your crosses with your name and address (in BLOCK LETTERS) to TOWEL DEPARTMENT, J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Box 1590B, G.P.O., Sydney.

OFFER OPEN UNTIL 30th APRIL, 1934

SIREN SOAP

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

22.13.19

THE HUB'S Extraordinary Purchase of HANDBAGS

White Handbags

Ladies' Handbags in Genuine Washable Calf leather. Featuring the new top opening styles, with chromium frame. Silk lined and fitted with Mirror. White only.
Usually 15/11.
HUB PRICE, ea. 8/11

This style is also available in Colours, Brown, Beige, Navy, and Black, and fitted with Purse and Mirror. For 9/11

Calf Handbag

Ladies' Handbags in polished Crocodile Calf Leather. Fitted with the sliding fastener on top, also small purse and mirror.
Usually 5/11.
HUB PRICE, 3/11½

Make a LAY-BY for Xmas -Now!

Calf Handbag

Top opening Handbag in Calf Leather. Double inner divided centre, swing frame and mirror. Red, Green, Fawn, Brown, Navy, and Black. Many styles.
Usually 9/11.
HUB PRICE, ea 5/11

Underarm Bags

Genuine Calf Leather Handbag. Underarm styles. Double inner divided swing frame and mirror. Grey, Brown, Green, Fawn, and Black. Several styles
Usually, 15/11.
HUB PRICE, ea. 8/11

Lizard Roan

Handbag made from real Lizard Roan Leather, in Brown and Grey effects. Sliding fastener, inner swing frame, divided purse. Strong lining and safety straps. Assorted styles.
Usually 18/11.
HUB PRICE, ea 12/11

Morocco Bags

Floral Morocco Handbag, top opening style, with safety strap. Inner divided swing frame purse and mirror. Many styles. Black and Brown.
Usually 25/6.
HUB PRICE, ea. 20/-

Morocco Bags

"Blue Ribbon" Morocco Handbags, in triple frame style. Chromium top mount. Double divided inner swing frame purse; Mirror and silk lining. Black, Brown, Fawn, and Grey.
Usually 50/-.
HUB PRICE, ea. 29/11

The HUB Ltd.
393-395-397 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601541

The ART of Hanging PICTURES

This article demonstrates in simple form how easily your rooms can take on additional charm, and portray a professional touch in picture arrangement.

By Our . . . .
HOME DECORATOR

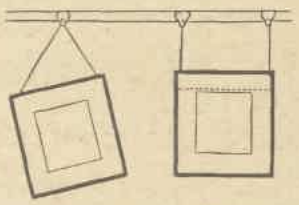
NO MATTER how simple your furniture and furnishings may be, care must be exercised in picture arrangement. The living-room pictured above typifies charm in its every detail.

If pictures are worth having, they are worth hanging well. Yet, in many instances, pictures are hung with the sort of "Oh, that will do!" idea, so that the beauty of the artist's offering is most effectually marred.

THERE are two things which can detract from the most artistically furnished room: 1—bad pictures; 2—badly hung pictures.

So let's get down to the correct and simple method—it is simple—of hanging your artistic treasures.

First study the lighting of your room, then study your pictures. Should the artist have thrown shadows from left to right, hang your picture with the window-lighting to the left. If the shadows in the picture are from right to left then the picture should be hung with the window-lighting falling on the right. Where, however, the artist has avoided any very definite shadowing, this can be hung opposite a window, or where two lightings merge. These are, of course, only elementary rules, and are subject to the furnishings, etc., but sound as a standard to work upon.



THE WRONG method, side by side with the right method in picture-hanging. Dots indicate where wire passes behind the frame.

Regarding the distribution of your pictures. This is more or less a matter of personal taste or inclination, and is subject in no small measure to the size and number of rooms and, naturally, their furnishings.

For instance, a dining-room or a smoke-room finds, as a rule, a ready welcome on the walls for etchings and engravings; while your drawing-room feels much more comfy with some nice water-colors, or oils, nestling around.

Bearing in mind that first impressions are often lasting, a good suitable picture should be selected for the hall, or facing the entrance.

Naturally, a woman likes nice things in her bedroom, therefore the daintiest should be reserved for this room.

* * *

WHEN you have sorted out pictures, stand them on the floor against the wall below the respective positions decided upon for hanging.

It is assumed that you have secured the necessary eyelets (the real brass ones are the best, as they do not tarnish), the smaller the better. A tiny bradawl is an asset to just mark the hole, and give the eyelet a start.

Pictures that are to be hung on high should have a reasonably fair tilt forward, whilst those intended to be in line with your vision and below should hang almost flat, with just the slightest tilt at the top from the wall.

* * *

IF the walls are dark—brown, for instance—or cream, get some copper wire; if white, or in various shades of blue, use zinc wire. Both are cheap, and can be obtained from most hardware stores. In addition, a pair of wire snips are needed—also a very inexpensive item.

Most modern flats and houses are fitted with picture rails of the grooved batten variety, and all that is necessary is to get the required number of picture-rail hooks. Allow two hooks for each picture.

Measure the amount of wire you will require as you come to each picture—don't make it too skimpy—and cut. Fasten one end on to a rail hook, pass the other through both eyelets on the picture (see diagram), and then attach end on to the other nail hook. Raise both up and hang on rail. Then adjust until picture hangs straight and true.

Skin made healthy and clear again with
REXONA

Miss Elsie Dix of Leeton is very grateful for the way Rexona's soothing, healing properties rid her skin of blemishes. She writes: *"Rexona Ointment has been of particular benefit to me. It completely cured a nasty eruption I had on my forehead. I am never without Rexona."*

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .
Cuts, sores, burns, insect bites, cold sores, eczema, skin blemishes, rashes, and all skin complaints.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

CLEVER IDEAS

TO WHITEN clothes.—When open-air drying is impossible, white clothes, however well washed, have a tendency to become a bad color. This can be remedied by soaking the clothes overnight in cold water to which a teaspoonful of cream of tartar to each quart of water has been added. Wash as usual on the following day.—**Miss Jean Pateman, 98 Concord Rd., North Strathfield, N.S.W.**

ATTACH a suitable box to the kitchen window-sill after making holes in the bottom for drainage. Line it with broken crockery, etc., and fill with good soil. In this grow your parsley, mint, and herbs. The box may be painted to match the walls. Keep well watered, and soon the window will be a picture and the kitchen herbs will be always fresh and handy.—**Mrs. M. Bluett, Williamsdale, F.C.T.**

XMAS STOCKINGS are always popular and can be made from half-yard mosquito net, dyed pink, and starched stiffly.

Cut a paper pattern of stocking, then cut out the net. Stitch on machine, or by hand. A scrap picture pasted on the front completes the stocking. From time to time buy the little toys that will please your youngsters, and fill the stockings gradually. — **Mrs. Woodward, 20 Graham's Avenue, Marrickville, N.S.W.**

TRY THESE strong and quickly made breakfast cloths: Bind the required length of unbleached calico with colored bias binding and work a large colorful flower in each corner, or cut flowers or fruit motifs from any good washing material and attach neatly by machining or buttonhole stitch.—**Mrs. Marjorie Foreman, Inkerman St., Maidstone, Vic.**

A GOOD method for storing blankets during the summer months is to make cushions of them. They will also be mothproof if treated in this way: Fold each blanket into suitable size and shape, then make a bag of strong brown paper; machine three sides. Push in blanket, well sprinkled with naphtha flakes, leaving enough paper to be machined on the end again. Cover with cretonne or any suitable coverings.—**Miss E. Squire, Bellevue Terrace, South Toowong, Brisbane, Qld.**

IN HOUSES where there are children who do daily piano practice, that part of the piano immediately above and around the pedals often gets badly scratched and dented by unruly feet. A thick piece of felt, or even a sheet of cardboard, cut to the proper shape and so fitted round the pedals as to give them free play, will serve as a useful protection.—**A.E.E., Ashgrove, Brisbane, Qld.**

WHEN YOUR powder puffs have been washed several times and have lost their fluffy softness do not throw them away. They make excellent shoe polishers, and a couple of the larger size joined together will give a twinkling polish to your windows and mirrors.—**Miss. E. Vincent, 17 Crane Street, Concord, N.S.W.**

AN OLD broom which has had its heyday can be converted into a good polisher for surrounds and linoleum if the head is padded and then covered with velvet.—**S.G., Yarraville, Vic.**

FISH WILL be scaled much easier if they are dipped first into boiling water. Leave about a minute.—**Miss M. Adcock, 82 St. Leonards Rd., Ascot Vale, Melbourne, Vic.**

LATEST OIL MAKE-UP!
Has Taken Europe and America by Storm!

GIVES GORGEOUS BURNISH TO SKIN — PREVENTING SUNBURN, BLISTERING, PEELING & FRECKLING

Protan Sun Oil is entirely new! A fine, fragrant film of this amazing new oil between you and the fierce Summer Sun will make all the difference to your looks and comfort! Not only gives a richer, more coppery tan, but produces a burnished effect that has only to be seen to be admired and envied. Protan Sun Oil contains five secret ingredients—no cocoanut or olive oil—nothing to grow hair. The utmost value from those rays of the sun that are beneficial is assured, while harmful sunburn, "peeling", blistering and freckling are made impossible. For use on both face and body—with or without powder. While being a refreshingly perfumed liquid, Protan Sun Oil keeps insects and germs from endangering you! Safe as well as pleasant, Protan Sun Oil is perfect for use by men, women and children. *If you want the smartest, most beneficial tan you've ever had — you must use Protan Sun Oil, a smart bottle of which will cost you only 1/11d at any good chemists or any modern store. TRY IT TO-DAY!*

Betty Furness, R-K-O Pictures Star

IT WON'T GROW HAIR!

PROTAN SUN OIL

DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION
FOR RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHE

Don't suffer the agony of backache, rheumatism, stiff, swollen joints, etc. Let Harrison's Pills help you as they have thousands of sufferers. Men and women who had lost all hope of recovery write their thanks, after gaining quick, grateful relief from Harrison's Pills. This famous medicine, bearing a noted London Doctor's signature on every genuine package, drives out the cause of the pain—the uric poisons in the system that are lowering your vitality, sapping strength, and inducing crippling pains and illness. Regain your early vigour and elastic step. Take Harrison's Pills to-night. £100 will be paid to anyone proving this is not a safe and effective remedy, bearing a London Doctor's signature. Ask your chemist or storekeeper, now, while you think of it, for Harrison's Pills . . . to-morrow you will be well repaid. Three sizes: 18 pills, 2/-; 32 pills, 3/-; or 60 pills, 5/-.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601542

Make *Your* RUFFLES At HOME! ... *Machine Attachments*

Fashion this year tends to emphasise strongly the importance and effectiveness of frills and tucks. They are used on all kinds of garments, from the elaborate evening frock with its large pleated shoulder effects and ruffled collars, to the simple beach or day frock with its dainty tucked organdie collar.

NO doubt these furbelows are very smart and attractive, but many a woman bemoans their cost.

There is no need, however, to do this, for they are easily made at home, and, what is more, they may be made at a third of their cost price.

Most homes have sewing machines, but few inmates realise the full use which can be made of any plain machine. The reason for this is not far to seek.

Those Gadgets

When purchased, every machine is accompanied by numerous little gadgets, but, not knowing their various uses, the purchaser usually discards them or tucks them away in some obscure corner.

Now is the time to bring them to the light of day again, for each and every one is a potential beautifier for your next new frock or household furnishings.

If you look closely at your machine attachments you should find among them a tucker, binder, edge-stitcher, shirrer, braider, set of hemmers, ruffler, bias-cutting gauge, quilter, cloth guide, and hemstitcher.

The very names should suggest possibilities for the home dressmaker.

* * *

CONSIDER ruffles for instance. Actually they are made from strips of organdie, generally about nine inches wide, so that one yard of the material cut into four parts may be joined up and ruffled. A yard of muslin used in this way will make a yard of ruffling.

The narrow hemmer provided with every modern machine facilitates the otherwise tedious job of hemming, for in one process it turns the edge in and stitches it.

Using the ruffler down the centre of the strip saves gathering the material along the thread by hand, with the possibility of the thread snapping. The ruffler automatically gathers it, and if a tape is placed under the stitching the whole can be made very strong.

An excellent idea for an evening frock is to make the ruffle detachable so that it need not be crushed under an evening coat. It can be carried to the dance-room and affixed by means of press-studs on the shoulder, and hooks and eyes at each end of the ruffle.

Frills for collar and cuff sets, gloves, hats, frock hems, etc., may be made the same way. And do not forget that babies' garments and even curtains and cushions may be made daintier by the addition of tiny frills.

Pleats, too, are extremely popular and can be effected by merely turning a screw and moving a lever.

The tucker is another useful attachment which can be adjusted according to the desired width of the tucks.

The material for collars and cuffs should be first tucked and then cut out to a paper pattern, the edges being picotted or finished with a bias binding applied in one operation by the binder. This binder is invaluable for binding dress seams, aprons, children's underwear, and frocks.

And now for quilting. How often have you admired those glorious quilted silk dressing-gowns, bed-jackets, and babies' eiderdowns showing at such prohibitive prices in shop windows? But they are not out of your reach, for with the quilter, which is also supplied with sewing machines, the process of making them is quite simple.

A layer of cotton wool should just be tacked to the silk being used for the garment, and the guide attached to the machine.

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

WON'T *be* ALIENS *in Own Country*

AUSTRALIAN women who marry foreigners will be able to retain their British nationality under legislation to be introduced by the Federal Government shortly.

Last week The Australian Women's Weekly told the story of an Australian girl who, on her return from Italy, where she had married, was treated here as a foreigner and subjected to all kinds of difficulties and red tape.

It is hoped that the proposed legislation will ease the position in future.

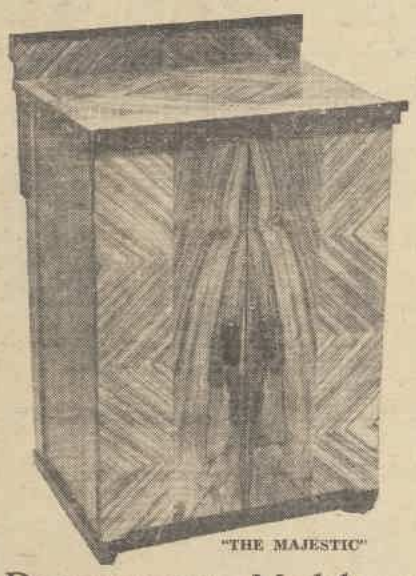
At Canberra last week a deputation waited on the Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, asking for legislation enabling Australian women marrying foreigners to retain their British nationality.

It has now been announced that a short bill is being prepared to relieve the position, and to ensure that no woman, by marriage to an alien or to a man who changes his nationality, can lose her own nationality, except by her own consent.

The nationality of married women has presented a problem to women's organisations all over the world, by reason of anomalies in international marriage laws giving little or no recognition to the rights of women who wed aliens.

As an example, an Australian girl who marries an American becomes an American in the eyes of Australia, but in America she is still a foreigner.

The Perfect Sewing Machine for Smart Dressmaking


"THE MAJESTIC"

The New Bebarfald-Bluebird

Sewing Machine experts acknowledge the new Bebarfald-Bluebird as the most modern Sewing Machine obtainable, because it is complete with a Hemstitcher and 14 dress-making attachments with which you can hemstitch, tuck, shirr, pleat and embroider as easily as you can sew straight seams. With the Bebarfald-Bluebird you receive free a complete course in dressmaking entitled "The Better Dressmaker," which is equal to a £10/10/- course in dress-making, and you also receive a supply of free Hollywood Patterns to your own measure. The Bebarfald-Bluebird is the only machine which carries a legal 5-year Money Back Guarantee.

YOUR OLD MACHINE ACCEPTED AS PART PAYMENT

"THE CANBERRA"

Demonstrator Models of the Bebarfald-Vickers from

£19/10 Usually £26/10

(VIMY MODEL)

£1 Deposit and from 2/6 Weekly

SPECIAL TERMS ARRANGED FOR COUNTRY AND INTER-STATE CLIENTS

25 models of the Bebarfald-Vickers Bureau Sewing Machine which have only been used as Showroom demonstrators, are to be sold before Xmas, and 14 of them have been reserved for readers of The Australian Women's Weekly. They are equal to new, and are guaranteed for the lifetime of the purchaser. You must call early to benefit by this.

Amazing FREE GIFTS!

Cut out the coupon now and post to Bebarfald's for particulars of the wonderful free gift offer worth £5. Shelley China Happiness Ashtray free to first 20 inquirers.

Bebarfalds

OPP. TOWN HALL, SYDNEY

TELEPHONE M6001

THIS COUPON IS WORTH £1/1/-

FREE £1/1/-

By posting this coupon or calling at Bebarfald's you will receive a cheque for £1/1/- which can, by purchasing a Bebarfald-Bluebird Sewing Machine, be used as part of the purchase price, or taken out in goods to the same value in the store.

Name .....

Address .....

Mark X here if you would like particulars of our Easy Terms.

The Bebarfald Bureau Sewing Machines are represented throughout Australia and duplicate parts are guaranteed for lifetime of purchaser. W. 30/11/33.

Have You received *Your copy?*

Here is a booklet which is worthy of a place in every kitchen. "Enduring Service"—now presented in a new and enlarged form—is filled with information that offers practical solutions to a host of household problems.

The widespread and consistent demand for previous issues of "Enduring Service" has furnished definite proof of the value of this "kitchen aid" to women; the incorporation of additional features in the 1934 edition will make it even more valuable. The following are some of the sections of the new "Enduring Service"—Household Hints, Xmas Recipes, Sponge and Scone Making, Gas Saving Hints, the Correct Heat for Cooking, etc., etc.

If you have not received your copy of "Enduring Service," write for it to-day. It will be posted to you free.

At your service always.

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Head Office and Showrooms:
Pitt and Barlow Sts. Sydney (Near Central Station)

GAS COSTS LESS THAN ½d. A UNIT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601543

LUCKY MOTH

Continued from Page 15

THEN I suppose the Hospital Ball up here would bore you to tears?"

Vaire chuckled.

"Dinny, are you inviting me to accompany you, in face of my scarlet reputation? Think, my boy. Reflect ere it is too late. You may repent your rashness!"

"Don't be stupid, Vaire. You may imagine you're clever——"

"I'll imagine myself insulted in a minute. About the ball. I'll go, Dinny. Lucky I brought a frock. Only a rag of a thing I poked into my port at the last moment!"

Mrs. Deaning eyed the rag of a thing doubtfully. It was a dull, black satin, very slim, and very daring. It would provide Wattle Flat with something more to talk about. They had exhausted the grey flannel slacks.

"You don't like my frock?" Vaire said to Dinny. "I can picture all the old dowagers, in their out-of-the-Ark Sunday-best. They'll sit along the wall and frown!"

"Haven't you something quieter, dear?" Mrs. Deaning asked uneasily. Wattle Flat was conservative about the matter of dress.

"Quieter? Dear old thing, you could wear this raiment to church in Sydney and excite no interest. You ought to see me in scarlet. Matches my reputation, I suppose!"

It was a warm spring night, and the small hall was crowded. Dust rose in a choking little cloud from the floor. Dinny and Vaire wandered to the verandah. The whispers, and glances at Vaire's bare shoulders annoyed him. It amused Vaire, of course. . .

Vaire seated herself on the low, broad railing. Dinny's frowning gaze was on the distant hills.

"You are the most inattentive of admiring swains!" came Vaire's soft voice. "Are you so terribly out of practice, or just annoyed?"

"Sorry, Vaire. I was thinking!"

"Unpleasant thoughts on a night like this?"

"Oh, no. They were rather—pleasant."

"But you were frowning, my Dinny!"

"Cigarette?" Dinny asked, abruptly, offering his case.

Vaire started in surprise.

"I didn't think you quite approved of my smoking!" she said.

"There's no reason why I should approve or otherwise, is there?" Dinny asked slowly, rather bitterly.

"Of course not. But I won't smoke, all the same, Dinny. It's wonderful out here, isn't it? And there's a moon. Remember how I used to love moons, Dinny?"

"I suppose there are moons in Sydney?" Dinny spoke somewhat roughly, because he **did** remember, and the memory hurt.

Vaire looked from the moon to Dinny, and back to the moon.

"Oh, yes!" she said airily. "Sydney moons have it all over Wattle Flat ditto. You ought to see the moonlight on the harbor, Dinny. I think I'll have a cigarette, please!"

Dinny Carstairs called himself a fool. He knew Wattle Flat said he was "running after" Vaire Deaning, and that Vaire was highly amused about it all. Dinny decided to put Vaire completely out of his mind. After all, it was no use dreaming impossibilities. Vaire was different. He had never imagined she could change so completely. The glitter had her. A new Vaire he did not quite understand.

He saw a great deal of Vaire the following weeks. A great deal more than was wise, for he knew the old love persisted. But—what was the use? Vaire would never settle down in Wattle Flat again. She would marry some of her smart city men friends, and settle in a smart flat. She would spend her nights dancing, at theatres. What was the use of thinking about it all? He would be glad when Vaire returned to Sydney. . . . No! He would miss her dreadfully. . . Why on earth did he let her go in the beginning? He had had some influence with her then. And now—glitter. That was it.

It was Vaire who suggested the picnic out at Fern Hill. Dinny was rather surprised. He did not suppose a picnic would interest this new Vaire. Fern Hill had been a favorite rendezvous in the old days. There had been many delightful picnics for two.

Vaire was oddly silent as they drove out in Dinny's shabby two-seater. She did not wear the grey flannel slacks and tennis shirt that day. Instead, a blue linen frock. Very much like the old Vaire. . . . She tossed away half-smoked cigarettes.

"You've changed, Dinny!" she said suddenly.

"Changed?" A strange note in Vaire's voice startled him. "Well, my life is my own. I suppose I can change if I want to!"

"Wonder you haven't married, Dinny!"

Dinny looked for mockery, but failed to find it.

"Perhaps because I didn't want to!" he replied.

There was a little silence. At last Vaire spoke, in an oddly tight voice.

"The day after to-morrow I go back to Sydney!"

Dinny looked at her quickly.

"Aren't you pleased?"

"Perhaps—not!"

"Not pleased? Not pleased to get back to your georgette and satin, your flat and the dances?"

"Georgette and satin, and flats and dances was not **my** life."

"I don't understand." Dinny was bewildered.

"Or care!" There was an hysterical note in Vaire's voice. "Won't Wattle Flat laugh? But I don't care. I'd rather they laughed, than have to go back again!"

"But your job? Selling those frocks——"

"I never sold a frock in my life. My job at 'Lucille's' lasted exactly three weeks. I was a **messenger**, and wasted time because I didn't know my way about!"

"But those flats——"

"Lady help, mother's help, kitchen maid, anything I could get. And I wasn't a success at any. You don't know what it's like to be in the city, with neither job nor friends!"

"Why didn't you come home?"

"Like a beaten dog? Oh, no! I was determined to stick out until I dropped or got something better. Oh, yes! I often had dry toast for breakfast—without the coffee, and I went without food when I had no money. Then I was ill, and couldn't do lady-helping or kitchen-maiding. I landed a job in a beauty parlor, sitting in the window displaying this wave. Then one day I fainted!"

"You poor kiddy!"

"I had to come back sophisticated and successful, Dinny. I thought if I rested for a month, and had some decent food I'd be able to go back and face things again. But I can't. I can't. I've exactly two pounds!"

"You are a plucky little beggar!" Dinny declared. "But why didn't you tell me? We are old pals, you know!"

"But you were so unfriendly. That night at the hall I was going to tell you I hadn't changed a bit, underneath. But you froze up. I thought you didn't care a scrap!"

"Didn't care?" Dinny echoed indignantly. "I thought it was **you** who didn't care. I thought the glitter of city life had you!"

"Glitter?" Vaire laughed shakily "I've had a lot of glitter, Dinny!"

"You certainly aren't going back!" Dinny declared suddenly. He tilted her head up. The hardness had died in Vaire's eyes, about her lips. "You know, dear!" he added, tenderly, "you haven't changed a scrap!"

(Copyright)

SPOTTED net curtains, or a combination of plain and spot net, should not be allowed to dry and then be damped down for ironing. They should be rolled tightly in a thick cloth after they have been washed, and then ironed in about an hour. In this way they will come up crisp and fresh.

Wash the curtains in lukewarm soapy water, rinsing them in several bowls of cold water.

To be Given Away . . .

If you would like this excellent machine, call at the Slim-u Cycle Co. and get full particulars at 238 Castlereagh St., opposite Fire Station. 'Phone MA4056.

IF YOU WANT TO GET SLIM AND KEEP HEALTHY . . .

Visit our Slimming Parlors at once

1400 doctors can't be wrong—
so you can be certain of our method.

Only 1/6 *per treatment*

The Atalanta Cycle is built of the finest British material throughout. Every part is standardised and guaranteed. This machine is unsurpassed for gracefulness, speed and lightness.

We are open every night until 9 p.m.

Call in and our champion girl cyclist will be delighted to give you a FREE demonstration.

Country clients are specially catered for. Write for particulars and price list.

The SLIM-U and ATALANTA GIRLS CYCLE CO.
238 CASTLEREAGH ST. (opp. Fire Station), SYDNEY

Sale at PROUD'S *of* £38,000 *stocks of*
STEWART DAWSON LTD.
Melbourne & Brisbane Businesses at
Half Price – 10/- in £ REDUCTION

Full Size Cut Glass Sets, Goblets or Tumblers, 7 pieces, 45/-. Half Price 22/6

Antique Brass Vase, 12/6. Half Price .. 6/3

British Xylonite 8-piece Set, removable tray, 55/-. Half Price 27/6

Sterling Silver and Enamel Perfume Spray, 55/-. Half Price, 27/6

Gentleman's Dressing Table Set, pure bristles, best Xylonite backs, £6/15/-. Half Price 67/6

Xylonite Shingle or Baby Military Brushes and Comb, in Satin-lined Case, 21/-. Half Price 10/6

One only with Comb, 10/6. Half Price 5/3

Fine Diamond Ring, 18ct. Gold; Platinum Settings, £16/10/-. Half Price £8/5/-

Gold Expanding 15 Jewelled Wristlet Watch, £7/15/-. Half Price £3/17/6

Fine Diamond Ring, 18ct. Gold; Platinum Settings, £22/10/-. Half Price £11/5/-

Fine Diamond Brooch, 15ct. Gold; Platinum Setting, £7/10/-. Half Price £3/15/-

Fine Diamond Brooch, 15ct. Gold; Platinum Faced, £8/10/-. Half Price £4/15/-

Automatic Lighters; covered Real Skin—Croc., Snake or Lizard, 40/-. Half Price 20/-

4 Piece "Du Barry" Set in all the wanted pastel shades, £3/15/-. Half Price 37/6

Imitation Tortoiseshell Cigarette Case to hold 10, 10/6. Half Price 5/3

British Xylonite Glove or Tie Box, T'shell or White, 25/-. Half Price 12/6

Handkerchief Box to match, 20/-. Half Price 10/-

Lever Self-filling Pen; 14ct. Gold Nib, 10/6. Half Price 5/3

CORNER OF PITT PROUDS LTD & KING STREETS

Make Going to Business a Pleasure

LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in big, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

Only MANLY can offer you this.

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at night floodlit over and under the water, contains a Slippery Dip, Diving Tower, Water Wheels, Spinning Floats, Rolling Logs, numerous springboards and a host of other aquatic novelties and it

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT.

A magnificent Dressing Pavilion and Tea Room situated right at the end of the Pool provides the acme of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper parties, dances, bridge, etc.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S 4¾d. LADIES 3¾d. CHILD'S 1½d.

WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENT'S 4/-. LADIES 3/-.

DAILY FARE: ADULTS 6d, CHILDREN 1d (under 5 years FREE).

THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY S.S. CO., LTD.
Telephones, B3221, B3183.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601544

Our FASHION *Service* and FREE *Pattern*

WX227.—Sports Frock of Linen or Pique, with an unusual bodice and pockets and detachable cape. Material required, three and five-eighth yards 36 inch, and one yard 36 inch for cape. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighth yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX228.—Striped Silk or Cotton Sports Frock with square neck. The panelled skirt gives ample fulness for freedom of movement. Material required, four and seven-eighth yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX229.—Smart Frock with contrasting magyar sleeves. The skirt has an unusual one-sided effect. Material required, three and a quarter yards 36 inch, and one and a half yards 36 inch contrasting for sleeves. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two and three-quarter yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX233.—Small Girl's Apron with Gathered Skirt and Front Bib. Material required, one yard 36 inch. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes: 1-2, 2-4, 6-8 and 8-10 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**

WX234.—Maid's Frock with Front Fastening and Inverted Pleats in Skirt. Material required, three and a half yards 36 inch, and five-eighths yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 12-14 years. Other sizes: 8-10, 10-12 and 14-16 years. Sizes 8-10 and 10-12 years, **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.** Sizes 12-14 and 14-16 years, **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX235.—Small Boy's Trousers and Blouse with Short Sleeves. Material required, one and three-quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**

WX230.—Frock with Front Fastening yoke and contrasting Collar and Sleeves. The skirt is high-waisted. Material required, four and one-eighth yards 36 inch and one yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two and a half yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX231.—Jumper and Skirt of unusual design. The jumper features magyar sleeve puffed below elbow with contrasting yoke and top sleeve piece. Material required, three and one-eighth yards 36 inch for jumper, and three and a quarter yards 36 inch for skirt and jumper trimming. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX232.—Smart Frock of Crepe Marocain, sand crepe or crepe satin with contrasting yoke and extended shoulder. Material required, four yards 36 inch, half a yard 36 inch lining and three-eighths yard 36 inch contrasting. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FREE PATTERN

These two delightful and quite different models can be made from our pattern this week.

SOMETHING quite new in shoulder and yoke treatment and the snappiest backless sports frocks, are featured in our fashion service this week. The smaller folk, too, have received their due consideration and the tiny pinafore for miss three-year-old is an exceptionally useful and decorative garment.

Our free pattern has butterfly bows or contrasting frills. It is cut to fit size 36in. bust and all seams and hems must be allowed for in the cutting.

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated at:—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.

BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns may be obtained on personal application at our offices as follows:—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to:
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above addresses.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 2/12/'33.

LISTLESSNESS *vanishes!*

INSTEAD of having to push yourself to your tasks, you'll enjoy exercise if your system is kept functioning naturally and regularly by a small dose of CARLISTA daily.

CARLISTA is Nature's own remedy for Constipation, Sluggish Liver, Uric Acid, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Bad Skin and Muddy Complexion.

Start the CARLISTA habit now—and say goodbye to the miseries of ill-health.

2/3 LARGE JAR

Postage extra
Write for Free Sample

CARLISTA
MINERAL SPRING
SALTS

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
And at Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., 160 Pitt St., Sydney, and Branches

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601545

ADENOIDS *and* CATARRH

Mothers' Kisses Infect Their Own Babies.

Thousands of Mothers suffering from catarrh in mild or chronic form infect with their kisses their own babies with this distressing disease.

Every child at birth has **FOUR** tonsils, two in the throat which are easily seen and two behind the nose.

These four tonsils guard the breathing passages during the first years of life, filtering out germs and bacteria which strive to enter the body.

Having served this useful purpose, the nasal tonsils begin to shrivel up and disappear, but if they are unhealthy through neglect or because of infection by the Mother or some friend suffering from catarrh or some other disease of the air passages the tonsils become inflamed and swell, greatly, blocking up the air passage through the nostrils.

This swollen mass of infected tissue is called **ADENOIDS.**

SYMPTOMS OF ADENOIDS ARE: mouth breathing, frequent colds, weak chest, sore throat, and loss of energy. Adenoidal children are often backward at school, and first to catch epidemic diseases such as scarlet fever, whooping cough, and septic throat and ears.

DISSOLVE ADENOIDS WITH KANATOX

If your little ones suffer from adenoids, if you or your family are victims of disgusting catarrh, dissolve the adenoids and avoid the need for a painful operation. Kill the bacteria and catarrh germs with **KANATOX**, the wonderful antiseptic containing some of the oldest and most valuable herbal oils known in medicine.

Anatomical chart showing important air passage which filters all air entering the lungs.

DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX surrounds and exterminates the colonies of bacteria which infect the air passages for its wonderful curative oils are many times more powerful than carbolic acid, yet absolutely harmless to the most delicate membranes and easy and pleasant to use.

A few drops of **DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX** smeared or dropped into each nostril night and morning will smother and kill the bacteria and soothe the inflamed and tender membrane of nose and throat.

You can get **DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX** in **large flasks containing enough for more than a month's treatment for 10/-, or a sample flask for 3/6.**

Ask your chemist for **KANATOX** to-day, or pin a postal note with your name and address to this page, send it to your nearest State distributor, and **KANATOX** will reach you by return mail, post free, with full directions for use.

STATE DISTRIBUTORS

N.S.W.—**W. JAMES ROGERS LTD.**, Chemists, Dept. 3, 355a George Street, Sydney.
Victoria.—**C. F. LLOYD AND CO.**, Dept 3, McEwan House, 343 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne, C.1
Queensland.—**D. MACLEAN AND CO.**, Dept. 3, Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane.
Western Australia.—**S. D. BENJAMIN**, Dept. 3, 231b Murray Street, Perth.
South Aust.—**DUNCAN AGENCIES**, Dept. 3, Theatre Royal Buildings, Hindley St., Adelaide.

Always on time - Always reliable!

That's why Hornby Trains make such an irresistible appeal to all boys. Whether on passenger service, goods traffic, or carrying out shunting operations, Hornby Locos may be depended upon to give the utmost satisfaction. They are British-made, fully guaranteed, and beautifully enamelled.

A miniature railway is exact in every detail when it is constructed with Hornby Rolling Stock and Accessories. There are Passenger Coaches, Pullman Cars, Trucks, Wagons and Vans of the same types as you see on the big railways. Amongst the Accessories there are Stations, Tunnels, Bridges, Signals and Level Crossings, all made in perfect proportion and beautifully finished in colours.

Ask Dad to buy you a Hornby Train for Christmas.

Wholesale Agents to Australia:
E. G. PAGE & CO. (DEPT. U), 52 CLARENCE STREET SYDNEY (P.O. Box 1631 K).
Manufactured by Meccano Limited, Liverpool, England.

The 1933-4 Hornby Book of Trains contains fascinating railway articles in addition to the full range of Hornby Trains and Accessories in full colour. Get your copy now (price 1/-) from your dealer or if you prefer an ordinary price list you may obtain a free copy of Folder No. 6 from any Meccano dealer or direct from us, post free.

HORNBY TRAINS

MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women have formed their scraggy, undeveloped, and flabby breasts and throat into the firm, round, fresh, virginal loveliness of youth as Miss A.L. (Age 23), of Kilburn, Sydney, has done. "I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything to try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen and decided to try it. When I began my bust measured 27¾ inches, and now, after four weeks, my bust is nearly 30 inches. I am absolutely delighted with Mamogen. It's marvellous. I am going on with it until my bust is 33, as it ought to be, because I am 5ft. 5in. tall."

If your breasts are undeveloped, scraggy or shapeless, send for a flask of Mamogen, and stroke this marvellous cream into your breasts each night with your fingers. Mamogen is prescribed by doctors to rejuvenate and beautify the breasts, and is prepared from the prescription and now, after four weeks, my of a famous specialist.

You can get large flasks of Mamogen for 10/- post free from W. James Rogers Ltd., Dept. 3, 355 George St., Sydney; C. F. Lloyd & Co., 341 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne; D. Maclean & Co., Ferry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped, with full directions for use.***

HAVE YOU BEEN ILL?
ARE YOUR NERVES OUT OF ORDER?
DO YOU SLEEP BADLY?
ARE YOU ANAEMIC OR RUN-DOWN?
IF SO

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

IS WHAT YOU REQUIRE TO REGAIN HEALTH, STRENGTH AND ENERGY

The results obtained from Roboleine have been described by doctors and the general public as "magical." After a few doses lost appetites return, digestive troubles disappear, good red blood is made, firm flesh is formed, weight increases, and the improvement is maintained until good health is restored.

"I have been ill for some time with Anaemia and general debility, and I was getting so weak that I began to think I was never going to feel well again, and was losing weight considerably (3lbs. in a month). I have had various tonics and tonic foods but nothing seemed to pick me up. I have been taking Roboleine for three weeks, and I feel a different person, better than I have felt for months. I sleep better, and my appetite has returned, and I am already gaining weight."

Mrs. A. B——, Folkestone.

SAMPLE VOUCHER

Muir & Neil Ltd., Box 1562E, G.P.O., Sydney. I enclose 3d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine.

Name .....

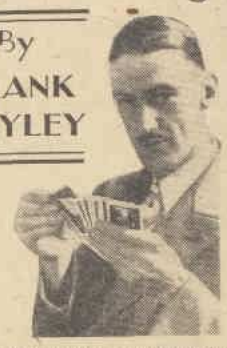
Address .....

W.W.12.

Good BIDDING *Wasted*

Contract Bridge

By FRANK CAYLEY



To bid a grand slam after a sound original call from the opposition is unusual, but to go down one trick when the contract is there for the asking is tragic.

THE following deal occurred recently:—

S: 8 7 6 5
H: 7 6 5 4 3
D: J 10 6
C: 9

S: A K 10
H: Q J 9
D: A K Q 8 4 3 2
C: —

N / W E / S

S: Q J 9 4 3
H: —
D: 9 7 5
C: Q J 10 8 5

S: 2
H: A K 10 8 2
D: —
C: A K 7 6 4 3 2

The bidding was involved but excellent. Both sides were vulnerable, and North was the dealer.

Follow the calling closely—

South.	West.	North.	East.
—	—	No Bid	No Bid
1 C (a)	2 C (b)	No Bid	2 S (c)
3 H	4 D (d)	No Bid	4 H (e)
5 C (f)	7 S (g)	Double (h)	No Bid
No Bid	No Bid	—	—

Notes

(a) With a seven card suit and a five card suit the longer is chosen.

(b) One of the most powerful of all the forcing bids—showing that there is nothing to be feared from the club suit and about 4 to 4½ honor tricks together with very solid intermediate cards. It announces a practically certain game.

(c) East is forced to show his best suit.

(d) West's "escape suit" comes to light. At present he does not know whether East has a blank hand or some strength.

(e) East realises that there is something big about, and, having a good hand, considering West's showing of enormous strength, he proceeds to indicate that no tricks will be lost in the second of the opposition suits—hearts.

(f) Poor old South tries to save the situation.

(g) It seems to be reasonably certain. East's spade suit cannot be too bad, else he would not have been so encouraging in his next call.

(h) Very unwise, but human.

A Fatal Error in Play

The grand slam is a "lay down," but East failed to make his contract. I believe many players would have made the mistake he did, so let it be a warning to everybody.

South led the king of hearts, West played the 9, North the 3, and East won with a small trump.

He then surveyed the scene and realised that unless there was some peculiar distribution of cards against him his slam was there when he had trumped one losing club in dummy. His 13 tricks would consist of 6 spades and 7 diamonds.

East therefore led a club and triumphantly collected the trick with dummy's **10 of spades.**

It was then impossible to make his contract, and instead of scoring 2250 points for slam plus 840 below the line and 500 for rubber, he went "two down" and presented 500 points to the enemy.

East failed to "unblock." If he had trumped with the king or ace of spades he could ultimately get back to his own hand by overtaking the 10.

Moral: Think before playing, even when success appears certain, and don't be too keen to win a cheap trick.

Neither Sun nor tub can fade the freshness of HOYPARELLE

This delightfully designed English hair-cord fabric reflects the joy of summer in every colourful line . . . but dainty as it is it defies with determination the hottest sun and the most frequent tubbing. The Sixline guarantee assures prompt replacement if the brightness of Hoyparelle should fade from either cause.

See the wonderful range, for grown ups or kiddies, at all good drapers.

HOYPARELLE

A Cepea Fabric Guaranteed Fast Colours. Look for the Sixline guarantee.

Calico Printers' Assoc. Ltd., Manchester, Eng.
A BRITISH EMPIRE PRODUCTION

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A prize of 10/- will be paid for the best entry each week.

No Flowers, By Request

WHEN the young tortoise, who dwelt in our garden, suffered an untimely demise, the children buried it with due ceremony, marking the grave with a cross of sticks and a wreath of violets.

The obsequies were, however, a little premature. Some months later the tortoise strolled into the garden with its customary imperturbable gait.

One concludes that it was dormant, not dead, but it was certainly buried.—**F.S.**

✣ ✣ ✣

"Day of Issue Only"

AT seventy years of age my aunt made her first trip from Ballarat to Melbourne. She stayed at my home at Coburg, and, having to go into town every day on legal business, she decided to purchase five return tickets the first day and be prepared in advance for the peregrinations ahead.

When we told her on her return that the tickets were "available on day of issue only," she set forth to extract value from the Government. On being refused a refund of her money, she boarded the next train and travelled to Melbourne and back four times.—**G.H.**

✣ ✣ ✣

Men With the Dogs

ON a recent visit to South Australia I visited a children's playground in Prospect, a suburb of Adelaide.

It is well laid out with swings, see-saw, sand pits, etc., all plainly marked in sections for various ages, with fine gardens and shelter sheds, but the notice board provided much amusement. "No men or dogs allowed in the ground. Gates locked at Saturday noon until Monday morning," it read.—**J.K.**

✣ ✣ ✣

Cause, Not Effect, Please!

THE little five-year-old lass from next door came in to play with my hopeful primed with the exciting tidings that the stork had brought their dog three baby pups.

My daughter returned with her to view the new arrivals.

Said my neighbour, "Hello, Hazel, do you want to see the pups?"

Said my daughter: "No thanks, I want to see the stork!"—**J.W.**

Hygienic Test

A NEIGHBOR'S complaint regarding the quality of the daily milk supply was met with indignant protest on the part of the milkman. However, there was a tap in a handy position immediately under the steps, and my friend decided to apply a small test.

Having placed a few grains of Condy's on the edge of the tap, her suspicions were fully confirmed next morning when the streaks of color in the milk attested the fact that the tap had been used.—**"Inki."**

✣ ✣ ✣

Bee In Her Bonnet

HAVING spent the day picnicking at the Hawkesbury (N.S.W.), we returned to the car for the return journey. Difficulty in starting led our driver to investigate.

When he lifted the bonnet, a bee flew out and stung him and, to our dismay, we found that a swarm of bees had taken possession of the carburettor.

We had done our best to dissuade them with smoke and water and considerable fuss, when a local resident arrived on the scene, took the queen bee away in a box, and almost immediately the others all followed her.—**"Bunyip."**

✣ ✣ ✣

Undoubtedly Awkward

DURING a sojourn in the country last summer, I decided that I must have a swim as a palliative to the intense heat. I rode to a delightfully cool spot on the banks of an inviting looking creek.

Having disrobed, I tied my clothes to the saddle as the ground was swarming with greenheads. Something writhed under my feet as I stepped on the slimy mud of the banks and, thinking only of snakes, I yelled and plunged headlong into the creek.

My yell and splash frightened the horse, which immediately set out pell mell for the homestead, taking my clothes with him. I had to lie submerged for three hours while mosquitoes hovered in clouds above my head and greenheads swarmed the banks before my aunt's cooee announced that aid was at hand.—**J.B.**

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich.***

Possess a Beautiful Bust

EVERY woman can have a beautiful bust, firm and youthful, with the alluring beauty that shows to perfection in modern frocks and costumes.

Do not let sagging lines spoil your attractiveness. A scraggy drooping figure destroys charm of appearance, and a heavy over - developed bust is a source of needless worry. Nymph is an amazing new scientific French preparation that gives to your bust the beautiful contours you desire. It is perfectly harmless to use and ever so effective. A few minutes daily application is all that is required. Results are rapid without discomfort or inconvenience, and the results in a few short days will amaze you. Obtain the grace of perfect womanhood this safe rapid way. No risk of failure—money refunded if results are not what you expect.

Send for free booklet, mailed in plain wrapper. Tear out this ad. and send with your name and address to **YVONNE DUROY**
BOX 1774K, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Reliable remedy restores happiness. Acts quickly and ends desire for all liquor. Can be given secretly. Results permanent. Special offer to readers of this paper. Write to Dept. W. THE HOME BENEFIT CO., Box 3168P., G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601546

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BANISHING Years *and* ADDING *Allure* with COSMETICS

By EVELYN

How to choose the best . . . and combine the best with the right method

IN these halcyon days when there are so many hundreds of cosmetics to choose from, with new names and new makes springing up every day, it is exceedingly difficult for many to know which is the best to use.

There is, however, a simple and most helpful answer to this problem: Watch your friends. If they return again and again for some particular make, there must be something entirely satisfactory in that make. And if you note an improvement in their skin you have an additional guide to go on.

BUT please do not be led to think that great wonders are to be performed by any one cream, or powder for that matter. It cannot be done. There must be a **method**. And that method must be sensible, and not drastic.

To make a start in the right direction I urge you first to clean your skin.

The greatest cleanser of the skin is spirit, but doesn't it sting? Yes, if your skin is broken, or out of order, but not if it is healthy. Now take some Eau de Cologne (pretty expensive! but just a little only), on a piece of cotton wool and wipe over your face and back of your neck and you'll be surprised at its color. I mean the cotton-wool, when you finish. It will certainly remove the dirt, dust, oil and grime which it is impossible for even the most fastidious person to avoid lodging upon the skin. And you must or should know that nothing dissolves grease or oil like spirit, the main part of eau de Cologne. That is why spirit is used in most every scent in the world. It dissolves the essential oils to enable them to be turned into fragrant perfumes. Water is useless in this regard.

Well, why not make use of this knowledge and start right in and dissolve the accumulated grease on, and in, your skin and thus clean and give it a chance to function properly. Grease or oily compositions positively will not do this. Do not be misled into believing otherwise.

Now having cleansed your skin with spirit, you will ask: "What is the best thing to use to keep it pliant and soft?"

This is again a question of method—when you must use a method. For there must be a time for all things in beauty treatment as in everything else. You must never use a spirituous cleanser before retiring, as spirit acts as an astringent especially in combination with certain oils. No, on retiring just cleanse your skin with a surface cleansing cream (all cleansing creams are just surface cleansers, they are too heavy, however light their composition, to penetrate the deep pores), then wipe off and apply a good, really good, and well-known skin food and leave on all night.

SOFT, GLEAMING, luxurious hair makes all the difference to one's appearance. So, both morning and night, massage the scalp with the tips of the fingers, and then brush the hair up till it stands like a golliwog. Try this for a month, and note the difference!

This will help to soften your skin, and assist your spirituous cleansing tonic in the morning to more easily dissolve the clogged little masses in your pores, and more effectively cleanse the deep pores.

So, night (1), cleansing cream; (2) skin food.

Morning (3), cleansing tonic, containing spirit.

A genuine cleansing tonic, by virtue of its deep cleansing properties, will most effectively help you to correct any irregularities in your skin functions such as too oily a skin, too dry, and so on. But after using a spirituous cleanser, you should always remember, before powdering, to apply a little cream, however light, to keep the skin soft and supple.

* * *

AND now comes the vital question of what kind of skin food you should use. Most of the famous cosmeticians and beauty experts of all times, and of to-day, have extolled the benefits of pure almond oil as the principal ingredient in skin foods. And there is no doubt that, for absolute reliability, a skin food mainly composed of pure almond oil is the best. Consequently if you have any respect for your skin, or a desire to improve it, you should insist on being sold or buying a skin food which is 60 or 70 per cent. pure almond oil. You will then have something worth while, because pure almond oil is expensive, and cheap makes cannot possibly give you a cream containing 60 or 70 per cent. of pure almond oil.

It is all really very simple, this beauty of skin, and really requires just a method—the right method which, if adopted and continuously adhered to, will undoubtedly produce the results you desire.

But you must persist. You must not think that attention now and then, one night here and then again several nights later will produce results. They will not

OF ALL our beauty problems, that of keeping the skin of our faces, arms, neck and shoulders free from blemishes—softly smooth and finely textured—is the most important. Lona Andre, Paramount screen favorite, emphasises this, and as a result of unremitting care, her skin resembles the faultless purity of alabaster.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: We live in the country and have been accustomed to dispose of our household refuse by burying it. Is this a hygienic practice, or is burning it better?

BURYING refuse is quite satisfactory—provided that it is buried deep enough, and kept buried. The family pup has a habit of diving enthusiastically into buried refuse and strewing the landscape with nauseating matter. Anything buried is completely decomposed in time; even the human body is not exempt from this, a fact of which few people are aware. Hundreds of millions of people have been buried during the world's history. After a certain number of years nothing remains of them unless the bones become fossilised. Cremation or burial, it makes no difference to the ultimate disposition of our earthly parts.

But coming back to the disposal of refuse: Incineration is probably the most hygienic method.

An incinerator, however, must be an incinerator, and not a rubbish heap which is occasionally burnt off—whereon flies breed in their millions. Vegetable matter that is left to decay on the surface of the ground forms a beautiful home-site for germs and flies, and must always be regarded as a danger spot.

PATIENT: I have heard a little about the new treatment of burns by tannic acid, doctor. Can you tell me whether the treatment can be carried out as a first-aid measure?

THE tannic acid treatment of burns can, as a rule, only be carried out in hospital. It is designed to prevent the body absorbing the products of the destroyed body tissue, and does so by coagulating them. It is of no value as first-aid treatment.

As a matter of fact, the first-aid treatment of burns has been amended lately. There was a popular idea that air must be immediately excluded from a burn, but this idea has no foundation on facts. Treatment depends on whether or not the burn is a severe one.

For ordinary small superficial burns, the old dressings of carron oil, olive oil, picric acid, etc., are quite efficacious, but a severe burn is different. With such a burn there is always associated a large amount of shock, and this must be attended to first.

An important thing is to move the patient as little as possible, for movement of the injured part greatly increases shock. It is best, if possible, to make him comfortable where he is till such time as arrangements have been made for his transport.

The best dressing for an extensive burn is a warm solution of the homely baking soda. Strips of gauze, or clean cloth, should be soaked in this and placed over the burn.

For a severe burn the old dressings are of little use. Carron oil dries and sticks to the raw flesh, causing pain and shock on removal. Picric acid can cause poisoning if placed over an extensive broken surface.

COMPACTS

TRY LIGHTLY scrubbing the upper part of your arm with a firm nailbrush followed by a cream massage, to prevent gooseflesh.

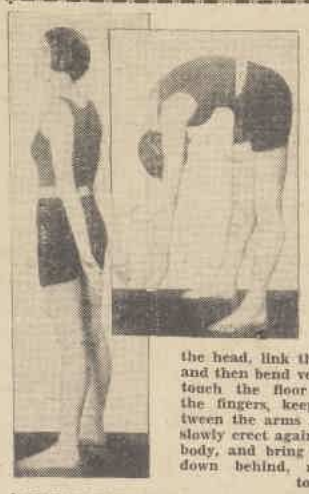
* * *

IF YOU rather pride yourself on a smooth, white forehead and regular features, don't be shy of a centre parting. This type of hair style will add to your individuality.

* * *

A LONG upper lip can be shortened by shading the middle with rouge, from the nose down, just over the red of the lip. Never wear a thin upper lip. If yours is thin, put the lip rouge line a little over the natural lip line.

Exercise for Beauty



IT IS HARD to find a better exercise for keeping the figure healthy, supple, and slender than the well-known toe-touching with a not-so-well known movement added. Stand in the position, feet apart, raise the arms above the head, link the thumbs together, and then bend very slowly down and touch the floor with the tips of the fingers, keeping the head between the arms all the while. Rise slowly erect again, stretch the whole body, and bring the hands smartly down behind, making the backs touch.

BE AS kind to your feet as you can during the hot days that are coming. Cramped up in hot leather all summer long, they need a little attention. Scrub them thoroughly once a day—twice is better. Always dry thoroughly, and massage at night with a little foot lotion.

MISS PEGGY BELL

The Brilliant Operatic Singer now giving concerts in Sydney, is another of the notable women who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

Clear Your Complexion

FIRST clear your complexion. Do not be satisfied to mask blemishes beneath a film of face cream. Abandon such methods now. Let Mercolized Wax absorb and thus remove impurities from the pores. This is the first step to skin beauty, the only way, indeed, to establish a permanently good complexion. Mercolized Wax will clear your complexion—and keep it clear. It is the cleanest, pleasantest, safest, and most effectual of all beauty treatments. Invaluable for Freckles, Sunburn, Wind-chap, Moth-patches, and Surface skin imperfections. It is undoubtedly the perfect powder base.

Mercolized Wax

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601547

A BATH *not* a SHOWER ...*for* YOUR GARDEN!

—Says The OLD GARDENER

In this most interesting article, The Old Gardener explains why the continued use of a swishing hose, or watering-can, invariably brings the finest garden to a sorry state. And in his simple way puts gardeners on the right road—fits them with practical, expert knowledge—ready to meet and defeat the pulling power of the sun during the summer months.

WATERING the garden like that with a water-can is one of the bad methods of watering, Miss. As I go home of an evening I see lots of people doing that, carrying and carrying, sprinkling the surface of their gardens.

You say the plants look better after.

Yes, they might, Miss, but next day before you go to sprinkle them again you will find the plants more drooped than they were the day before, and if you examine the soil, Miss, you will find that it is perfectly dry, even drier than ever to a depth of several inches.

The best way to water the garden is to give each section a real good soaking. If a garden is given a good soaking, say twice a week, that does it more good than just sprinkling with a can or hose every evening.

You say how could you spare the time? Well, I will tell you, Miss. Divide your garden up into sections. Take the first section—give it a real good soaking. Next evening, do the next section and so on until you have been all over the garden. Then keep the surface few inches forked up occasionally, and see the difference in the health and sturdy growth of your plants.

Explaining the Sun's Action

NOW, Miss, so that you will thoroughly understand me, I will explain. I always liken the action of the sun to that of the pump, and the soil like a well of water.

If, when you went to pump water, the pump-plunger was dry and the pump was empty, you could pump for a week and the water would still remain in the well, but—you just pour some water into the barrel of the pump and a few strokes of the handle, Miss, and you'll soon raise the water from the well! And, probably, if you kept going, you would pump all the water from the well.

The loose dry surface soil is just like that, Miss, the sun cannot draw through it, but when you just sprinkle the surface soil with a watering-can, the sun next morning will commence pumping away, and won't stop until all the moisture is drawn from the soil.

I've often heard people say, Miss, that they carried water for hours and sprinkled the whole of the garden, and the plants the next day looked worse than ever. Well, that is the reason.

I've often seen, too, Miss, as I go along of a morning, people swishing the hose around, sprinkling a few plants here and there, follow with a little sprinkle over the lawns, roll the hose up, and—finish! The sun then gets to work and before many hours all that work has gone for nothing.

Remember, Miss, one good watering is worth a dozen sprinkles. A fine sprinkler on the end of the hose is the best. If that is not available, make furrows between your rows of plants, fill those furrows, and let it gradually soak in. Spend a few minutes the next morning and loosen the soil—break up the capillary action. You know, Miss, the soil is made up of small glass-like tubes, and if you don't keep those tubes broken up by working the soil a few inches deep, all the moisture is drawn through those tubes.

Mulching with grass clippings, leaves, or well-decayed manure also stops the sun from drawing moisture. Manure mulch is the best, because it also acts as plant food.

Little bits of wisdom from the Old Gardener

Be your own garden doctor — give an eye to every plant. Spray frequently, for prevention is better than cure.

Remember that a doctor in the army or navy is there to see that healthy soldiers and sailors are kept healthy. You should attend to your garden in the same way. . . Healthy gardens spell success; healthy plants can fight disease.

For YOUNG WIVES *and* MOTHERS

How to Prepare Baby's Layette

[By . . . . M. Truby King — Daughter of World-Renowned Authority on Baby Welfare.]

. . . with a strict regard for health and comfort, and giving due consideration to economy and appearance.

THE essentials to remember about all baby clothing are that it be light, warm, porous and non-irritating; that warmth and air be provided for, without undue weight or multiplicity of garments; that the clothes be made in such a way as to ensure easy washing, drying and ironing; that they have no constricting bands which hamper development, and that there is no undue double thickness of material which is difficult to dry quickly.

and are planned with a view to health and economy. The garments have no constricting bands, are plain and easy to launder, yet can be prettily trimmed with hand-embroidery and lace as desired.

The materials recommended in the printed directions which accompany the patterns are light in weight yet sufficiently warm.

The patterns are designed so that garIT is as well to begin making the garments within the first few months to avoid a rush at the end when the mother is feeling less inclined for shopping.

Truby King baby layette patterns may be had by sending a P.N. for 2/- to Box 1940KK, G.P.O., Sydney. These patterns are the outcome of years of experience, ments cut according to the outer lines will last the average baby for at least a year—thus avoiding the necessity for making two sets of garments. If, however, the mother desires to make a smaller "first" set, she may do this by cutting the material according to the inner lines on the patterns.

Garments Required

THE recognised minimum number of garments is as follows:—

3 or 4 cellular cotton shirts.
4 silk and wool vests.
4 petticoats.
4 frocks.
3 coatees.
4 nightgowns.
3 binders for the cord dressing.
2 bonnets.
1 small linen hat.
4 pairs of bootees.
1 large shawl.
2 small soft shawls.
6 bibs.
6 small handkerchiefs.
3 dozen napkins.
2 pairs of knitted pilchers.

Never put pure wool next a baby's skin. The first garment worn should be of cellular Aertex or Deimal. Wool is much too irritating and may cause prickly heat and eczema. If you already have woollen vests knitted up when you read this, make sure that baby wears a cellular cotton shirt under them.

Two and three-quarter yards of cellular cotton material 27 inches wide makes four shirts.

The vests should be hand-knitted, using a silk and wool mixture. Knitted vests may not be necessary in the tropics, but it is as well to have a few for the first month, and for cold days.

Make the finished length of the petticoat 19 inches. Long clothes are no longer the fashion. They hampered

Never use flannelette for baby's nightgown.

baby's movements and retarded his development. Buy the cheapest flannel for petticoat and jacket—the more expensive flannels are too closely woven and do not allow of sufficient air. One and a quarter yards of material 30 inches wide should be allowed for each petticoat.

Baby's frocks may be made of cashmere, nunavelling, viyella, crepe-flannel, delaine, cotton-crepe or artificial silk. The frock should be 20 inches long when finished, to just cover the petticoat. Muslin frocks may be warm enough in the tropics. Just over one and a quarter yards of material 30 inches wide should be allowed for each frock. Little knitted frocks are serviceable for cold weather.

The jacket may be made from any of the materials recommended for the frock. Always put a jacket on baby when taking him for a walk. Two-thirds of a yard of material 27 inches wide makes one coatee.

Avoid Flannelette

THE nightgown should be made from cheap flannel. Do not ever use flannelette for any of baby's clothing. In the tropics, nunsvelling—or even muslin—may be warm enough for the nightgown. Allow one and three-quarter yards of material 30 inches wide for one nightgown.

Bootees should be knitted, and worn when baby is outside, or whenever the feet are cold. These are often given to baby as presents from friends and relations, so there is no need to make them. They can be bought quite cheaply if the relations do not come up to scratch! The same may be said of bonnets and bibs. Use knitted bonnets, silk ones are no use at all and should not be worn. If it is too hot for a knitted bonnet it is too hot for any head covering. Bibs may be made from scraps of Turkish towelling left over from the napkins. The set of patterns referred to earlier contains two patterns for bibs.

Baby should not wear a binder after the cord has healed. The best binder is made from soft, porous butter-muslin or surgical crepe bandaging material. It should be from 3½ to 5 inches wide, and long enough to go two or three times round baby, or about three-quarters of a yard long.

The small linen hat included in the list of baby's necessary garments is for use as a protection to the back of the neck when baby begins to crawl about out of doors in the sunshine. It may be kept on by elastic under the chin.

All of baby's clothes should be in readiness by the seventh month, in case of prematurity.

Truby King baby patterns obtainable only from Box 1940KK, G.P.O., Sydney.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest, a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

TAKES TERRIBLE TOLL

THE Blood Pressure of Australians is higher than that of any of the World's peoples—higher than that of the American negro, whose blood pressure exceeds that of all peoples except ours.

It is a curious fact that the blood pressure of emigrants to Australia increases from the normal in their own countries and Japanese and Chinese, whose blood pressures have been normal in the countries of their birth, have experienced an increase in pressure—after living for years here—to the level of that of native-born Australians.

In one year no less than twelve thousand Australians died prematurely from the effects of High Blood pressure, and included in that number were some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:—

1. **Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.**
2. **Head noises.**
3. **Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.**
4. **Flushes in head and throat.**
5. **Heart pain, shortness of breath.**
6. **Insomnia and nervousness.**
7. **Failing eyesight.**
8. **Loss of Memory and power to concentrate.**
9. **Fear of impending disaster.**
10. **Irritability and depression.**
11. **Loss of will power.**
12. **Bladder weakness.**
13. **Drowsiness and loss of energy.**

High Blood Pressure, like cancer, gives no early warning of its presence, and these symptoms occur when the blood pressure has been high for some time, so that immediate action must be taken to keep the pressure down to a safe level.

Watch Your Food

As we said before, High Blood Pressure is most frequently caused by toxins and poisons in the blood, and so it is important to cleanse the body of these poisons and to keep it free from them when this has been done.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** occasionally after meals. Mentholds being a most powerful herbal antiseptic medicine in concentrated form, which neutralise and expel the toxins and poisons from the blood stream, and relieve the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

For the average case a three months' treatment with **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** is sufficient for this purpose.

Undoubtedly many people make mistakes with the food which they eat. Generally because they do not know that some foods are not good for them, and that other foods are actual poisons when disease is present.

Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds are procurable from every chemist and store in Australia in flasks of 50 Mentholds at 4/6 (sample flasks of 36 at 2/6), with the diet chart in every flask.

If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 395 George Street, Sydney, C. F. Lloyd and Co., 343 Lt. Collins Street, Melbourne; D. Maclean and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane, and your **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** will reach you by return mail, complete with diet chart enclosed.

Be sure to get genuine **Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds** in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601548

ACHIEVE *Originality & Success* . . . TRY *Vegetable* DINNERS!

. . . . So easy, too, with the DELICIOUS RECIPES for well-balanced, nutritious meals given in this PRACTICAL, authoritative article.

What a prolific season — every kind of vegetable is cheap and good. So why not make full use of them, follow these suggestions and recipes, and turn them into tempting health-giving dishes.

By MARGARET SHEPHERD, who is instructor to leading hospitals.

PLAN vegetable dinners for a week. Make full use of the luscious green foods, spring onions, new potatoes, asparagus, radishes and colorful carrots — piled high in shops and street barrows, and filling home gardens. They so adequately provide the daily tonic which aids the appetite these early days of summer.

A FEW points are to be considered in the cooking and serving of vegetable dinners.

Steaming is the best method to preserve the flavor, color and minerals. It takes a little longer than boiling, but is necessary for delicately flavored vegetables as asparagus, celery, marrow, squash and cucumber, and they can be served without draining with butter, pepper and salt.

Strongly flavored vegetables as onions, cabbage, turnips, are cooked in a quantity of salted water without a lid, taking care not to cook them too long. Drain and serve with butter, or a white sauce.

As the main course is served entirely of vegetables on individual plates, prepare one vegetable in a more hearty manner than the others with a rich sauce or gravy. Give due consideration to the color scheme and the type of vegetables—the greens, the tubers which contain a quantity of starch, and the roots, as carrots or parsnips. Use only one sauce with the vegetables.

A hearty dessert should follow. It is not always a good plan to follow with a salad as of uncooked vegetables. Cooked and fresh vegetables at the one meal do not agree with everyone. Fruit pies or puddings are suitable. Various coarse types of bread are procurable these days, and lend distinction and variety to the meal.

PARSNIP CROQUETTES.

4 medium size parsnips, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 egg, finely-chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, flour, egg glazing.

Cook the parsnips in boiling salted water until soft—taking care not to allow them to stand too long in the water. When soft, drain. Return to fire to remove all moisture, and mash well, adding salt and pepper to taste, grated cheese, and well-beaten egg. If not too soft to handle, add 1 teaspoon butter. Turn on to a plate to cool. When cold sprinkle a little flour on a piece of paper to shape the parsnips and prevent them sticking. Shape into small logs. Dip in egg glazing, then into crumbs. Roll to press crumbs on firmly, and wet-fry until a golden brown. Serve with a sprinkling of cheese on top. Garnish with parsley.

POTATO FARCIES.

1 potato for each person, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped onion, finely chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons minced bacon, or ham, salt and pepper, 1½ cups good gravy.

Choose potatoes uniform in size. Wash them well and put into the oven to bake (if lightly greased on the outside they are not so apt to break). When soft in the centre (test with skewer) cut the top off and carefully remove the potato, taking care not to break the skin. Put the finely-minced bacon, nuts, salt and pepper into a basin. Add the finely-chopped and lightly fried onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, and 2 tablespoons mushroom catsup. Mix well, add a little of the potato and some butter, if necessary, to soften. Return to the potatoes, piling it well on top. Put a half teaspoon butter on each; return to the oven to cook slowly (about ½ hour). Serve with a rich gravy, made as follows:

2 cups stock, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped gherkin.

Melt the butter in a frying pan. Add the chopped onion and fry until a golden brown. Mix in the flour and when well browned add the stock and stir until it browns, and simmer 5 minutes. Then add the sauce, and salt and pepper to taste. Strain through a sieve and reheat adding the finely-chopped gherkins.

BEANS A LA ITALIENNE.

1 pint of finely sliced French beans, 1 tablespoon salad oil, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon vinegar.

String the beans and slice finely. Cook in boiling salted water with a tiny pinch carb. soda, until tender. Drain. Heat the oil in an open saucepan, add the beans, salt, pepper and vinegar. Toast them until they are very hot. Serve at once.

BAKED PEAS

1 pint peas, 1 head lettuce, ½ teaspoon flour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, good pinch salt, pepper.

Shell peas, and wash in a strainer or colander; sprinkle with the flour. Melt the butter in a saucepan, toss the peas in it until well warmed. Add sugar, salt and pepper, and sufficient water to cover the bottom of the dish (do not float the peas in it). Bring the peas to the boil, add the lettuce, well-washed, covering the peas with leaves. Return lid to the saucepan, or cover a pyrex dish and allow to simmer very slowly for 1½ to 2 hours. Serve with the leaves, which do not look attractive, but make up for it in flavor.

PEAS AND BACON.

Allow ½ lb. fat bacon to 1 pint peas. Chop the bacon into pieces, the size of peas. Heat it, and continue as above.

SPINACH AU GRAS.

Wash the spinach well—if silver beet, remove the white stalk. Put into a saucepan with 1 cup water, and cook until tender. Strain. Stand the liquid aside for another meal. Rub the cooked spinach through a coarse sieve. Measure, and to every cup of pulp, add ½ cup of good white sauce, 1 tablespoon butter, pinch nutmeg, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Add the spinach pulp to the freshly-made sauce. Bring very slowly to boiling point. Serve on squares of toast, or fried bread.

Fried or scrambled egg can be served on top of this spinach.

BROWNIES.

6 parsnips, fat, salt, pepper, sugar and flour.

Scrape the parsnips. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Cut into rings about ½ inch in thickness (reserving the ends for another day). Dip in flour, to which has been added salt, pepper and sugar. Brown in fat. Turn and brown the other side.

CANBERRA PARSNIPS.

Put the remainder of the parsnips into a buttered flat dish, flat side down, sprinkle with salt, brown sugar, and dot liberally with butter. Bake until a rich brown, basting occasionally with syrup.

CARROT GLACIES.

4 carrots, 3 turnips, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 oblong slice bread for each serve, 2 cups white sauce, salt, pepper, butter.

Scrape carrots, cut into rings, and cook in boiling salted water until tender—taking care not to break them. Peel turnips, cut and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and mash, adding salt, pepper and butter to taste. Spread on bread which has been fried in butter until a light golden brown. Cover with the rings of carrot, and sprinkle with grated cheese. Cover with a white sauce, made as follows:

Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a saucepan, add 1 tablespoon flour. Mix well. Then add the milk, a little at a time; return to the fire and stir until it thickens, and boil 4 minutes; add salt to taste. Arrange the carrot glacies on a dish. Decorate with parsley.

FRENCH BEANS AND SAUCE.

1 lb. French beans, 2 eschalots, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, bi-carb. soda, 1 cup white sauce.

String the beans and slice finely. Wash, put into boiling salted water 25 minutes before dinner and cook without a lid until tender, adding a small pinch of bi-carb. soda when at boiling point. Skim occasionally. When cooked, strain. Pour over them the white sauce recipe above, adding the finely-chopped eschalots and parsley at the last minute.

Cherryripe!
£1 offered for Best Recipe

CHERRIES are plentiful this year, and who can resist a delicious cherry pie or iced cherry dessert? Here is a chance to win an extra pound for your Christmas shopping.

Consolation prizes will be awarded, in addition to the first prize of £1.

Results will be published in our issue of December 16. Next week prize-winners in the summer drink contest will be announced.

Irresistible XMAS RECIPES from *Readers*

THE life of the Christmas party really begins in the kitchen. For foods can enchant the appetite and kindle a glow of table friendliness which assures the success of the party.

You will find these recipes from readers irresistible. Serve them at Christmastide, and add to the success of your party.

YULETIDE PARFAIT

This delicious dessert will prove a delightful topper to rich foods and leaves the digestion quite intact.

One and a half cups orange juice, 1½ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons granulated gelatine, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1 pint cream, yolks of 3 eggs, candied orange peel or cherries, chopped nuts.

Mix fruit juice, sugar, and yolks of eggs. Cook in double steamer until mixture thickens. Then add gelatine dissolved in boiling water. Freeze, add whipped cream, and freeze again. Pile into tall parfait or sherbert glasses, garnish with orange peel, cherries, and chopped nuts.

£1 Prize to Mrs. S. Baker, 88 Stanmore Rd., Stanmore, N.S.W.

ICED SOUFFLE WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE

½lb. caster sugar, 3 eggs, ½oz. gelatine, 2½ lemons, ½-pint cream, ½-gill water.

Prepare moulds with greased paper. Whisk yolks and sugar together, put in saucepan with lemon rind and juice. Cook till almost boiling. Strain and cool. Half-whisk cream, dissolve gelatine in water, beat the whites stiffly. Mix cream and gelatine, and add to yolk mixture. When mixed, add to whisked whites. Stir lightly, and place in moulds to set.

Strawberry Sauce.—Thicken ½-pint water with arrowroot. When cooked add 2 tablespoons strawberry jam. Lemon juice and sugar to taste. Strain and cool. Turn out souffle. Cover with sauce. Serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mlle B. Mabette, Hurst Bridge, Vic.

PAW-PAW DELIGHT

This is a delicious sweet, and will prove quite a surprise when served at the Christmas table.

Take a firm, large paw-paw; peel and remove top. Remove all seeds. Have some fruit salad ready. Half-fill the paw-paw with the salad. Then take a packet of red jelly crystals and dissolve in a little boiling water. Add ½-pint of ginger ale. When cold, pour over the salad in the paw-paw. Put the lid on, and stand on ice to set firm. This can be cut in slices and served with cream, and is very quaint.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Allan, 9 Wilmot St., Toowoomba, Q.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.

H·P SAUCE Makes the Meal!

H.P. is a rich, delicious fruit sauce. . . . it retrieves every dish from dullness.

Use it with all hot and cold meats, chops, steaks, bacon, sausages, fish, game, poultry, salads, sandwiches.

FREE

Fill in this coupon for a copy of Lea & Perrins' recipe book, and post to:

LEA & PERRINS (AUST.) LTD.
96 White Street, Leichhardt, N.S.W.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

W.W.

XMAS BISCUITS in gay tins and they are PEEK FREAN'S

This dashing "Arabian Knight" tin will be treasured by its possessor long after the delicious biscuits within it are enjoyed. The beautifully coloured design has a most romantic atmosphere about it—the very thing to appeal to a woman!

She who receives this "Ascot" assortment will say "Thank you" with sincerity! Quite apart from its crispy, crunchy contents, this smart tin is the kind that one wants to keep forever! It's so very decorative—and very useful too.

One of Peek Frean's latest! The "Futurist" design is modernity itself—gay, charming, colourful! And the contents! Just the sort of biscuits everyone adores! Afterwards, the casket with its hinged lid will make a bright spot of colour on some lucky woman's sewing table.

11-203 Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores

PEEK FREAN

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601549

An Ideal Gift . . . *but* it must be the *Genuine* Eau De Cologne Jean Marie FARINA

This Roger & Gallet product has been cherished by the leaders of fashion since, in the eighteenth century, JEAN MARIE FARINA introduced the perfect Eau de Cologne.

A lingering and delightful fragrance . . . . . .

It fulfils every need of discerning femininity . . . providing the finishing touches to a perfect toilet, and it has a quality for which there is no adequate substitute. Cultivate the JEAN MARIE FARINA habit . . . just a little applied to the body keeps it in perfect condition. It cools the skin and restores the strength and elasticity of the muscles.

In health a joy . . . in sickness a necessity . . . . .

Every woman knows how the fevered brow responds to the cooling relief of an Eau de Cologne of quality . . . that's JEAN MARIE FARINA.
And withal it's a deodorant of exquisite subtlety.

In the hot weather it's so cooling . . . . . .

The oppressive heat of summer days creates discomfort. See to it that you feel cool and look fresh . . . use JEAN MARIE FARINA . . . and all that dims your radiance is softly coaxed away. Obtainable at all high class Chemists and Stores in the usual bottle and also in the most attractive Xmas presentations.

ROGER & GALLET
OF PARIS

No. 10-10 Face Cream . . . in tubes at 1/3 and jars at 2/6
No. 10-10 Face Powder in tints beautifully blended to harmonise with every complexion . . . . . price 1/6 and 2/6
No. 10-10 Rouge in six lovely shades . . . . . price 1/6
No. 10-10 Talcum Powder, so freshening after the bath, at 1/6

Insure that youthful skin texture USE ONLY THE FAMOUS Nº 10-10 BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

TAKE NO RISKS — YOUR SKIN IS TOO PRECIOUS

The leader in 1861 leads to-day

. . in refining equipment
. . in experience . .
and in the production
of quality lubricants.

From the heart of the crude since 1861

USE ALSO UNION WHITE FLASH

Travel 1000 miles on Atlantic—you will understand its superiority when you examine the crankcase draining. Note the lower evaporation loss, the enduring "body" and the less-than-usual amount of sludge. Atlantic is refined from the "heart" of 100% paraffin base crude, the costliest in the world — yet it sells at regular price. Today's the day to start cutting your running costs — the ATLANTIC way.

ATLANTIC
Pure Paraffin Base Motor Oil
PRODUCT OF ATLANTIC UNION OIL COMPANY LTD.
AH 4.27.

The *Opportunist*

Continued from Page 8

DANVERS took it and felt in his pockets. Right and left he felt, and at last threw an appealing glance toward where George was sitting in silent mystification.

"Could you?" he muttered, jerking his head to where the tatterdemalion was obviously waiting for a tip.

"But of course!" responded George, instantly grasping the situation. He slipped a pound note into that outstretched, claw-like hand, and mechanically wished its owner "Good luck!"

"And the same to you, guv'nor!" yelled the delighted recipient.

"I'm sorry, George," apologised Danvers, when the man had gone. "Didn't intend to sting you like that. A kiniento would have done for him—plenty. I'm a bit—er—hard up at the moment."

But George, glad to have the way thus paved for what had long been simmering in his mind:

"Can't see you like this, Danvers. Here, take these. I'm only sorry I have no more on me."

The derelict stared at the notes so abruptly thrust upon him.

"Are you sure you can afford this?" he murmured, his voice somewhat tremulous.

"Quite," answered George. "As a matter of fact, I brought that fifty with me, just in case I should meet you."

The derelict sniffed ominously. He suddenly appeared old and very pathetic. He seemed almost on the verge of tears.

"For Mamie's sake!" pleaded George, pushing back the freckled hand that was hovering uncertainly across the table. "Keep them—and good luck to you!" He picked up his coffee and drained it at a gulp. "And now I'll be getting back," he said, with an attempt at briskness.

Buck Danvers raised his head. Whether or not it was the effect of the drug he had taken George couldn't be sure, but there was a strangely glassy look about his eyes. He looked old—old and desperately ill.

"You—you won't say anything to Mamie?" he almost bleated.

"Never!" replied George. And he meant it. "I'm going to take a walk round, so as to get back to normal before I meet her. She's got mighty sharp eyes, has Mamie!"

"They used to be, I know," sighed her brother. For a second or two he stood staring into vacancy. Then, with a strong effort, he pulled himself together and held out his hand. "Well, good-bye, old man!" he said.

And George, his eye on that strangely quivering mouth:

"Good-bye, Buck, and good luck to you, lad! Here's my card, and if ever you want me—write."

"If ever I want you—I will," Buck promised, simply. "Good-bye!"

In something very like a haze, George Townshend threaded his way between the scattered chairs of the kiosk, and once outside set his face toward the cleaner air of the hills.

IT was late when he returned to the ship—gone twelve, in fact—but hardly had he set foot on deck when Mamie came rushing toward him.

"Where is he?" she panted. "Where's Buck?"

"Buck?" he stammered, feebly.

"Yes. What have you done with him? I knew you'd found him when I got your note. I guessed what had happened."

"Got my note?" George passed a bewildered hand across his brow. "I—I don't know what you're talking about, dear. Note?"

"The note you sent me!" Mamie cried. "The note you wrote in the Pinto Cafe, asking me to send you ten pounds."

"But I've never written you any note! I've been nowhere near the Pinto Cafe." George clutched at the rail behind him. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Mamie fell back a pace. Her eyes were as bewildered as his.

"But I've got it here!" she floundered. "Where?"

"Here!" She rummaged in her bag frantically. "Here!" she cried again, opening out a sheet of notepaper before his face.

"Mamie dear" (he read),—

"Will you send me ten pounds by the bearer of this note? You can guess what for.

"GEORGE."

"I hadn't got as much about me," he heard her explaining, "but the captain lent it to me."

And then George pulled himself together.

"I never wrote this note, Mamie," he told her thickly. "I know nothing about it."

Mamie's face was a perfect study.

"Never wrote it?" she whispered.

"Never!" he repeated, emphatically.

"It's a pretty good imitation of my writing, but it isn't mine!"

"Then—then whose is it?"

George spread his hands. He was thinking of that folded envelope which had been handed to Buck Danvers—and it was not a pleasant thought.

"You know—something!" challenged Mamie, suddenly. "I can read it in your face!"

George was stonily silent. An awful suspicion had leapt into his mind. Like a man in a dream, he watched the captain coming toward them along the deck. Heard his fatuous: "Well, and where is the lost sheep?"

"Something's happened, captain!" It was Mamie who spoke, and there was an ominous catch in her voice. "George says he never wrote that note."

"Never wrote it——" the captain was beginning when George broke in with an irritable:

"For God's sake, don't start that all over again! I tell you I never wrote the letter, know nothing about it, haven't had the money—and that's all there is to it!"

"Then if you didn't, who did?" demanded Mamie. "And where have you been all night, anyway?"

George opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again. He was between the devil and the deep sea. If it was in truth her brother whom he had met, then it was he who had written that note. But if it wasn't her brother—then he himself had been swindled out of fifty pounds, Mamie out of ten, and one pound more which he had given to that damned tatterdemalion who had actually brought the money from her. His eyes sought Mamie's helplessly.

"What has happened, dear?" she asked again. "Something's wrong; I can see that as plain as a pikestaff. What is it?"

And then George blurted it out.

"I met your brother——"

"I knew you had!" stormed Mamie, instantly. "Then where is he? What have you done with him——"

"Wait a minute!" George's voice was raw. "It's true that I met him, but he wouldn't come back with me. I wasn't going to tell you anything about it if this hadn't happened, but now I've got to. I did meet him, but he's quite—quite impossible. He's down and out—wait a minute!"—as she would have interrupted him—"he's worse than down and out! He's a dope fiend, an opium-taker, a drugger! He's dead to the world. He doesn't want to come back to the world, refuses to come back, in fact—and he made me promise that I wouldn't tell you that I'd met him!"

Please turn to Page 42

"What are the prospects for your tailoring business?" "Splendid, my dear—I'm after der contract to supply police with dress suits. With der profits I open night clubs. More night clubs—police need more dress suits to raid 'em. More profits—more night clubs, see? My fortune's made."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601550

Crochet This *Exclusive* SUN-BACK SUIT!

HERE you see the very latest in sun-back swimming suits, designed to emphasise the subtleties of feminine charm—and actually flatter the smartest figure.

Easy to work, slim-fitting, and equally smart for sun or sea bathing . . . .

WATER cannot spoil the shape of this captivating suit if you work it in unshrinkable wool. And it will allow you to literally drench your body in the recuperating floods of golden sunshine.

So, if you want to be in the swim of fashion, bring out your wool and your crochet hook, and start to-day! These accurate, easy-to-follow directions will guide you to a soul-satisfying finish.

MATERIALS: 11 skeins white crocus non-shrink wool, 1 No. 8 bone crochet hook, 1 bone buckle, and 2 bone buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: Bust 32 inches; length from front peak (where shoulder strap joins) 26 inches.

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch., chain; tr., treble; d.c., double crochet; sh., shell; st., stitch.

Stitches used: Shell pattern, double crochet and treble.

SHELL PATTERN:

1st row: 5 tr. into one st., miss 2 ch. * 1 d.c. in next, miss 2 ch. 5 tr. in next, miss 2 ch., repeat from *, ending with 1 d.c. turn.

2nd row: 3 ch. 3 tr. in d.c. below, * 1 d.c. in the middle tr. of next shell, 5 tr. in next d.c. (between the 1st and 2nd shells), repeat from *, ending with half a shell turn.

3rd row: 5 tr. in d.c. between the half and 1st full shell, * 1 d.c. in the middle tr. of next shell, 5 tr. in next d.c., repeat from * to end of row, finish with a full shell, turn.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows as required.

Commence the suit at the lower edge of the right leg. Make 108 ch., join together and work 10 rounds of d.c. Now work backwards and forwards to make opening for gusset.

Work 2 rows of tr. Change to shell pattern and work 7 rows, break off and make another leg to correspond.

Now to join the legs. Commence at the middle of the left leg (9th sh. from end), work to the other end, make 1 sh. into 5th tr. of shell just made, another group of 5 tr. into the half sh. that begins the right leg. This leaves a gap of 2 sh. for the gusset.

Work on round, join the legs at the back in the same way, finish to left side.

SMART and new—and exclusively designed for our readers. The original was carried out in ivory non-shrinkable wool, with jet buckle and buttons.

This charming suit is now on display at David Jones'.

Proceed with sh. pattern backwards and forwards with opening at left side, until you have 26 rows of sh. from bottom of leg.

Now make an opening both sides for shaping. Leave front and finish back first.

The Back

38th row: Decrease at one end by making 3 ch. 1 tr. instead of 3 ch. 3 tr. (that turns the row), and at the other end 3 tr. instead of groups of 5 tr.

Work 2 rows without decreasing.

41st row: Decrease at left end only (making 2 tr. less).

42nd row: As 41st row.

Work 2 more rows without decreasing.

45th row: As 41st row.

46th row: As 41st row.

Work 2 more rows without decreasing; 37 rows altogether, make 71 ch. for belt, turn.

The Belt

49th row: 70 d.c. on ch., 76 d.c. on groups of 5 tr., missing 2 sts. between groups 71 ch. turn.

50th row: 216 d.c.

Work 3 more rows of d.c., making 2 d.c. into last st. at each end, turn.

54th row: 5 d.c., 5 ch., miss 4 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c. This makes a buttonhole.

Make a buttonhole the other end after you have turned for the 55th row. Work 4 more rows, decreasing 1 d.c. at the end of each row, turn.

60th row: 70 d.c., 2 slip sts., fasten off. This makes the straps equal widths.

To Continue Front

Same as back from the 38th row to the 46th row, only making the decreases at the opposite end. Then work 6 rows without decreasing, working the last row in groups of 4 tr. instead of 5 tr., fasten off. Join wool at centre back, and work 6 sh. When working 7th sh. join front to back by working through both together, make next d.c. into centre of next sh. on front.

Work 4 more shell, then 44 tr., 4 sh. At next sh. join to other side of back, then 6 more sh. Work backwards and forwards, decreasing ½ sh. each end, and keeping 44 tr. in centre for 14 rows. Next row work sh. pattern all the way across and continue (still decreasing each end) until there are 14 more rows worked altogether. There should be 14 sh. in the last row.

Now divide the work into two parts (for shaping up to straps), leaving 1 sh. for centre, 6½ sh. each side of centre sh. Shape each side by decreasing 1 sh. at the end of the next 6 rows until only 2 sh. remain. Fasten off and make the other side to correspond. Fasten off. Join wool at centre back and work sh. all the way round.

The Strap

Work 9 d.c. into 9 st. at side of brassiere, 5 sh. from top, and continue for 90 rows of d.c., turning each row with 1 ch. Join with d.c. into 2 sh. of opposite front, and make another strap to match.

Gusset: This is made in d.c. Make 10 d.c. into the 2 sh. patterns between the legs. Work backwards and forwards, increasing 1 d.c. at end of each row until you have 27 d.c. Now decrease 1 d.c. at each end of every row until you have 10 d.c., fasten off.

Sew in gusset, press work on wrong side with a damp cloth and fairly hot iron.

Sew up side openings, sew on buckle and buttons.

This suit should be worked very firmly.

Sensationally different...

Equalizer KOTEX

radical advance in sanitary protection 20 to 30% more effective

2/6 Box of 12 Pads

THE next time you buy Kotex, be sure it is Equalizer Kotex, with the processed centre that gives 20 to 30% extra service. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. It is amazingly comfortable, light in weight, but safe and certain in protection for those hours when safety is of greatest importance.

"Phantomized" ends remain

Ends are not only rounded, but also tapered and flattened, so that they will be entirely inconspicuous, "phantomized."

If your DRAPER or CHEMIST cannot supply you, write Kotex Australia Limited 339-343 Crown St., Sydney, N.S.W.

How shall I tell my daughter?

Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjory May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Miss Lilian Check, c/o G.P.O. Box 2589EE, Sydney, N.S.W.

Send for THESE

Exquisite Linens. . . *traced ready for quick working in cross-patch embroidery—the very latest in art-needlework. . . . So simple to do that a child may master it with a professional touch.*

MAKE your choice quickly. Time is fleeting, isn't it? And Xmas will soon be here. So, do not let this opportunity pass for bringing color and charm, plus golden service, into your home—or some other lucky home.

WITH SUMMER here, al fresco teas are a delight. . . How entrancing this cloth looks! And this charming design seems ideally suited to the traymobile, doesn't it?

THE linen used in these charming articles is superb; the design enchanting — as these sketches show. Color charts accompany each order, giving stitch directions and correct colors to be used. The borders in each case are spoke-stitched, ready for the crochet hook or for attaching lace in attractive harmony. Note the small cost of each article and that postage is free.

Lovely **TEACLOTHS**, cream or white linen, spoke-stitched border, traced ready for working. Size, 36 x 36 inches, price 5/6; 40 x 40 inches, 6/11; 45 x 45 inches, 8/11; 54 x 54 inches, 12/11.

TRAYMOBILE CLOTH, cream or white linen, 14 inches by 28 inches. Traced ready for working. Price only 2/3.

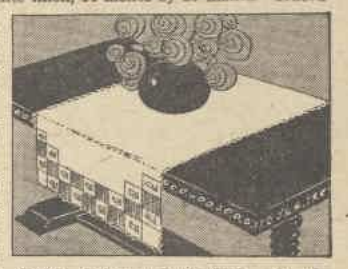
PILLOW SHAMS in white linen only. These could be worked in all white if you so desire. Each measures 20 inches by 30 inches. Traced ready for working. Price per pair, 5/6.

TABLE RUNNERS, in cream or white linen, 12 x 36 inches. Price, 2/-; 12 x 45 inches, 2/9.

DUCHESSE SET comprising three pieces (centre piece measures 18 x 21 inches) in best quality cream or white linen, and traced ready for working, will cost you only 2/-.

Pretty **SANDWICH D'OYLEYS**, traced in white or cream linen, 5 x 12 inches. Price 6d. **SERVIETTES**, size 12 x 12 inches, are only 10d. each.

Novel **CARD TABLE COVER** in fawn crash linen, traced ready for working this design, piped all round in green, blue, red, or brown. Price, 2/9.



THE TABLE-RUNNER placed crosswise on a refectory table for chic. Send for one to-day!

OVAL TABLE CENTRES in best cream or white linen, traced ready for working. Size, 13 x 18 inches, **Price 1/4**; Size, 14 x 20 inches, **Price 1/7.**

CLOSE-UP of this delightful design, which can be worked in the simplest and quickest of stitches.

THESE exquisite traced articles may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application or by post at the prices indicated at: —

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.

BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.

In fact- Vegemite has been tested by one of the great dieticians in England whose name is a household word there, and he said that Vegemite was very rich in Vitamin B. Of course you know, dear, that if we didn't have Vitamin B in our food we should soon become ill. Have you tried Vegemite sandwiches

V.12

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601551

The OPPORTUNIST

Continued from Page 41

MAMIE had fallen back against the rail. It was evident that she had been badly hit by the recital.

"I don't believe it!" she panted from between white lips. "I don't believe it!" And with a sudden vehemence: "How do you know it was Buck?"

"I didn't—not until he spoke to me!" George admitted. "He stopped me in the Paobla Square, and asked after you. He'd seen us ashore this morning, and had guessed that I was your husband——"

"But he didn't know I was married!" Mamie exclaimed.

"He did! He'd seen the announcement of it in the 'Cape Argus.'"

"In what?" interrupted Captain Drapper. "Seen it where?"

"In the 'Cape Argus.'"

"That he hadn't!" The captain's face was redder than ever. "That he hadn't!" he repeated, dogmatically. "The 'Cape Argus' hasn't arrived here yet. It comes up by train, and since you were married only five days ago, it stands to common sense that the particular issue containing the announcement of your marriage can't have reached Lorenzo Marquez!"

"Then how the devil——"

"He didn't know!" Captain Drapper anticipated the question. "He guessed at it! You've allowed yourself to be swindled, my lad. You've been done brown!"

"Don't be a damned fool!" George ground out angrily. "I tell you it was the man to the very life! Right size, knew me, knew Mamie, had red hair, talks American that you could cut with a knife, followed us around all the morning—damn it!—he even saw us having tea in the Pinto Cafe and remembered that I took four lumps of sugar!"

"Four lumps of sugar?" stammered Captain Drapper.

"But you didn't have tea in the Pinto Cafe!" shot out Mamie. "You had beer! The only time you had tea was in that little place on the beach."

"Beer?" gasped George, in amazement. "Then how the dickens did he know——"

"He didn't!" chipped in Captain Drapper again. "That was another of his shots in the dark!"

"And what do you mean when you say that he talked American so that you could cut it with a knife?"

George sighed. He was getting too bewildered to think.

"I don't know," he said. But as Mamie continued to press him: "Well, Say, Bo!' and 'Beat it, guy!'—and things of that kind!" he added, weakly.

"Buck is an American gentleman!" snorted Mamie then. "Not a Bowery fan!" And with a growing conviction in her voice: "I don't believe it was Buck at all!"

"Then who was it?" shouted George in desperation.

"Where did you meet him? In what cafe?" cut in the captain.

George told him, and after a second or two's hesitation told them the whole story from beginning to end. "And you can make what you like of it," he ended up disgustedly.

Half an hour later the three of them were back in that same kiosk where he and Buck had held their conversation, and since Captain Drapper spoke a few words of the lingo, it was he who took upon himself the role of investigator.

"You've been swindled," he announced, after a lengthy argument with the grimy proprietor. "It appears that some man came here this afternoon, and mentioned that he would be returning in the evening with another man. He asked to be addressed as 'Buck,' and to be treated as an old and well-known habitue—and for that service he agreed to pay one pound to the proprietor. He also wrote a letter, it appears, and engaged the services of another beachcomber for some job which the proprietor doesn't know about——"

"But which was to carry that note to me, of course!" cried Mamie.

"As soon as he was quite sure that you were still aboard after your husband had gone ashore," explained the captain.

"But had this fellow who arranged all this had he got red hair?" insisted George.

"Well," confessed Captain Drapper slowly, "as a matter of fact, he hadn't. This proprietor chap is certain that he had brown hair. Dead certain of it."

"Then it's not the same man!" exploded George. "You're barking up the wrong tree, captain. Here! Ask him if the man who came in this afternoon was the same man who came in with me to-night?"

Followed another long argument, during which the proprietor exhibited signs of nervousness.

"No, it wasn't the same man."

"There you are, then!" cried George. "I'm not such a fool as you think. Now ask him if he knows the man who came here with me."

But the proprietor had had enough. He didn't know that man. No, he'd never seen him in all his life before. And, anyway, it was more than time to close the kiosk.

"You don't think it was Buck, do you, George?" asked Mamie, as she climbed into her bunk. The dawn was already tinting the masts of the shipping, and she was tired—deadly tired.

"I'm afraid it couldn't have been," admitted her husband sadly. "I'm afraid we've been swindled."

IT was past midday when they again put in an appearance on deck. The "Umvaluta" was standing out for the open sea, and Lorenzo Marquez was already lost to view behind the sandhills. George found a couple of chairs and placed them in the lee of the aft saloon, and there, rocked by the gentle off-shore rollers, he reconsidered the whole extraordinary affair. They were still sitting there when, just before tea-time, they were joined by Captain Drapper.

"I've been thinking," he began, in that ponderous voice of his, taking the chair next Mamie, "and what defeats me about the whole business is the calm way you handed over that fifty pounds without bringing the man along for identification by the one person who knew him."

"Why, indeed?" echoed Mamie.

George scowled. There were times when the "Umvaluta's" red-faced captain drove him to positive frenzy.

"Neither of you saw the man, neither of you can have any idea of the circumstances which led up to it——"

"But what tickles me to death is the way you tipped that other ragamuffin a sovereign for robbing your wife of ten! That's a scream, that is!"

George bit down on a rasping rejoinder as the steward appeared with the tea. In silence he watched him deposit his tray on a wicker-work table. In a morose silence he watched him prepare a cup and hand it to Mamie, watched him sugar his own cup—one—two—three—four! Four lumps! . . . And suddenly the breath caught in his throat.

For one brief second of time the whole world was blotted out. Nothing was visible, nothing—save a freckled hand dropping lumps of sugar into a white cup. One—two—three—four!

"Your tea, sir," he heard the man say.

And that broke the spell. Back into his vision swept the blue sea and the blue sky, but as the last of the mist rolled away, and he saw that freckled hand still holding out his cup——

"Steward," he heard himself saying, and he was surprised at the calmness of his own voice—"steward, what have you done with your red wig?"

The cup dropped with a splintering crash! (Copyright)

Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter: Put the light out, Jim.

Portrait Kathleen Court by 'Basil', London

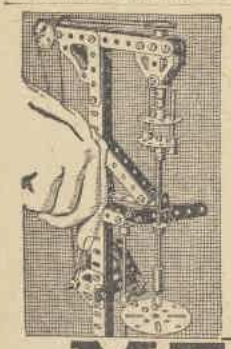
Facial Ageing can begin its attack before 20 Years of Age—*seldom fails to be seen by 30!...*

There are three points where Facial Ageing Begins . . . three centres where the combined attacks of climate, time and, possibly, wrong diet, show themselves to your disadvantage. These three danger zones are at, or near, the Eyes, the Mouth, and the Forehead. Ordinary face creams and powders do not guard the vitality of the skin-cells and tissues—some may even attack the cells and tissues. You must use at least *one* cream that is specially devised to activate beneath the skin surface — at least *one* cream that will repair the damage done by the enemies of your youth — that will *rejuvenate* as well as flatter. You must also use a face powder that is genuinely capable of enhancing your loveliness, while doing no damage whatever. If you desire only one cream and powder, then use Facial Youth Cream and Golden Youth Powder. That may easily be sufficient — certainly no other two preparations alone can serve you so well. If, however, the inroads upon your loveliness have already become very pronounced, you would be well repaid by adopting the following simple Routine . . .

A Swift, Sure Way to Recapture Loveliness When Its Departure Has Begun...

Before going to bed cleanse the pore-depths by using Facial Youth Cleansing Cream. This feathery cream melts as it touches the skin, becoming a fine oil that quickly, harmlessly, floats out impurities soap and water cannot reach. Do this for One Minute, then wipe off with a towel, and wash, using Paris Facial Treatment Soap. Dry, and then apply Kathleen Court's Night Cream, leaving on. When you awake, if your skin is of the oily type, apply Kathleen Court's Astringent Skin Tonic; if "dry," apply Golden Youth Beauty Lotion. Pat in, then apply a protective, rejuvenating film of Facial Youth Day Cream, following with Golden Youth or Sunproof Face Powder and Rose Petal Rouge. If you use Lipstick, remember those of Kathleen Court are pure and indelible, as well as charm-creating. All good chemists and big stores sell these beautifiers at moderate prices. Constant scientific analysis ensures the finest quality possible, regardless of price. You can **RELY** on the Kathleen Court Beauty Preparations to do their work—**swiftly, effectively and safely!**

Kathleen Court



The Hobby of a Thousand Thrills

Three impulses common to almost every boy—to invent, to design, and to create—are the reasons for the world-wide popularity of Meccano. Think of the thrills and fascination the building of real engineering models with Meccano will give you. Imagine how proud and delighted you will be with the models you will create and construct—and make up your mind now to get Meccano this Christmas.

SEND FOR THE NEW MECCANO BOOK

In return for the names and addresses of three chums, we will send you a free copy of the new Meccano Book. This fine Book contains splendid articles describing famous engineering feats, and, in addition, it tells you all about the Meccano hobby.

Wholesale Agents in Australia:
E. G. PAGE & Co. (DEPT. 43),
51 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY
(P.O. Box 1832 K)

MECCANO

Manufactured by Meccano Limited, Liverpool, England.

48

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR
BOUGHT EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY

Order your Christmas and Holiday frocks now!

Christmas is drawing very near, and if you have not yet ordered your holiday frocks, you should do so without delay. Write NOW to L. L. Coles and tell them of your requirements.

A perfectly fitting frock . . . made to your own measurements for 21/-

Thousands of women all over Australia are taking advantage of the unique service offered by L. L. Coles' Fashions. You, too, can have your frocks made to your own measurements . . . dresses that fit you perfectly, and yet cost so little. If you should be dissatisfied with your frock, return it, and your money will be refunded.

For Street wear . . . fashionable frocks in Marocain, Floral Rayon and Fancy Voiles.

S.W., W., AND O.S. TO YOUR OWN MEASURE. (E.O.S. 2/- Extra). £1/1/-

TENNIS FROCKS
Bleached KANEBO FUJI 12/11
POST FREE ANYWHERE IN AUSTRALIA.

L. L. Coles
FASHIONS
Manchester Unity Building, Corner Swanston and Collins Streets, Melbourne C.1.
'Phone, F5372. Established 1905.

Mail This Coupon NOW

L. L. COLES' FASHIONS,
Cr. Collins & Swanston Streets,
MELBOURNE, C.1.
Please send me Self-Measurements Forms and Patterns.
Name .....
Address .....
.....
"W.W." 2/12/33.

GREY HAIR
300 LOSE JOBS

THE aged, "burnt out" appearance that grey hair causes is a great handicap in business as well as in social life.

Youth is thoughtless, and the grey-haired find themselves on the shelf and forgotten in the social whirl. But in business it is serious because their very existence is jeopardised.

Particularly in these times of unemployment grey heads are finding it difficult to keep their jobs, and at least 300 of them are displaced every year by younger people. This is tragic—unfair—but grey hair does undoubtedly make one look old and worn out, and there's no excuse for anyone to put up with grey hair who doesn't want it, because it is so easy to bring back the natural colour by just brushing **Raydene** through the hair two or three nights a week.

Thousands of people have proved this already, and the case of this Sydney man is interesting. He says: "My work as sales manager takes a lot of nervous energy out of me, and I suppose that caused me to go grey. There's something pathetic about a grey-haired man, so I took a friend's advice, and started on RAYDENE to get back the natural colour. I only used two lots of RAYDENE, and my hair looks just as young now as ever it did. It's marvellous all right, and so easy to use."

Raydene is the new antiseptic which restores grey hair to its natural colour without the use of dyes or stains.

Raydene contains no dye, paint, or stain, so that it cannot stain your scalp, fingers, or your linen.

Raydene begins with the hair-roots, invigorating them and cleansing the scalp of dandruff and impurities that cause baldness, and restores the natural colour to every strand of hair quickly and surely in a few short weeks. You can wash your hair in the usual way because its colour is permanent, and will not wash off or change in shade and the process cannot be detected by your friends.

If you are grey, get a 2/9 box of Raydene from your chemist, make it up at home yourself, and watch the result in a week or two. If preferred, send a postal note to—

W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. S, 353 George St., Sydney (opposite G.P.O.); C. F. Lloyd and Co., McEwan House, 343 Little Collins St., Melbourne; or D. Maclean & Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Raydene will reach you by return mail.

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE
"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer FRUIT DRINKS whenever you need them with—

P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—
Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

FREE A large glass tumbler with every bottle (Queensland excepted).

Stocked by all good grocers.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601552

FALLING STAR

Continued from Page 14

DWORSKY freed his hand and laid the patient's hand back on the cover.

"Phew!" he exclaimed. "No question of death! Listen here, young man, I will stick to you if you will stick to me." He looked inquiringly into the face under him. A beautiful face. But it didn't have the slightest resemblance to the face of Oliver Dent of the posters. Dworsky was not exactly a friend of the films. He did not like its artists, especially because he had operated on them.

"Hell," he thought, "so we are in the soup, are we?

"So," he said aloud, "you agree to the operation."

Oliver looked at him. He couldn't move his head, but his eyes were functioning. At the door the Doctor turned around and asked:

"Doesn't the little dog bother you?"

He had just seen, for the first time, the little bundle of whitish ragged fur that had rolled itself like a ball and was breathing deeply.

"What dog?" Oliver asked. Then he remembered. "Is Tobias here?" He had forgotten him completely.

Tobias pricked up his ears when his name was called. But he, too, was too tired to drag himself to his master's side. His spirit was broken ever since they had spirited him away from his master and tied him up in the baggage-car. He wagged his tail a little, and then turned his dry nose into his own dirty fur.

THE operation took place next morning. Although they gave Oliver a good dose of anaesthetic before the operation, the patient counted eighty-four before he lost consciousness. At the last moment the operation-lamp transformed itself into a Klieg light, and the whole thing appeared as if they were shooting a scene in which he had refused to play. Dworsky, standing there in his rubber gloves and operating outfit, waited, and noted down the patient's resistance as a symptom typical of all alcohol drinkers.

The operation was marvellous to watch, and his two assistants spoke about it for a long time afterward. The operation lasted an hour and eight minutes.

Oliver remained under the influence of the anaesthesia until evening. When he awoke, he had a feeling that he was composed of many pieces, and that the pieces were, each one separately, from other parts of the world, fitting themselves together like a Chinese puzzle, and causing him pain as they did so. He could not speak, but he opened his eyes—they asked a question.

Dworsky was standing over him, his wrist in hand. He looked friendly and more gentle than ever.

"I think everything will be all right. I think we'll pull you through all right," he said slowly and clearly, to penetrate through the cloudy consciousness of the sick man.

Oliver made a movement with his lips that should have been a smile. Dworsky was still holding his hand.

Suddenly the little dog rose from his place and limped to the bed. He rose on his hind legs with his tongue out as if he wanted to lick the master's hand. But as he found no hand, he whimpered loudly. Having done that, he fell back on his paws, went to the door, stretched his neck, and howled loud and long and desperately.

Dworsky was an authority. Tobias was only a little Sealyham terrier. But the great surgeon trembled as if he had suddenly understood what the little dog wanted to say with his howling.

IT was Joe Ray, the little fellow of the Publicity Department, who first brought the news to the studio. His freckled face was pale and covered with sweat as he rushed into Bill Turner's office.

"I've got to talk to Bill," he stammered. The two optimistic secretaries, accustomed to bursts of hysterics, informed him that Mr Turner was in conference.

"Conference or no conference, I've got to see him!" Joe shouted. "There's no conference too important for what I've got to say."

"The studio won't collapse if you don't speak to Mr. Turner to-day," one of the secretaries said indifferently.

"Bet your sweet life it would!" Joe cried. His voice rose, as it often did. He had an explosive sense of his own importance. People who are about to impart sad news often experience a sort of triumphant joy in doing it. Joe had got the news from a newspaper friend who had telephoned him from New York. No one else knew it yet in Hollywood. He had a "scoop" of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour on everybody. It was his big card, his chance.

Of course Bill was not in conference. He was sitting in his rocking-chair with his feet on the table, and was reading a letter.

"Oliver Dent is on his deathbed!" Joe Ray screamed as he spread his arms out, standing there like the messenger of misfortune in a Greek drama.

"Have you gone nuts, boy?" Bill demanded.

EIGHTEEN minutes later Turner ordered the mobilisation of his army. Houston called the affair a "dirty story," although he loved Oliver Dent and his eyes were heavy with tears. They had already telephoned to Dworsky's clinic in New York and received the encouraging answer that Oliver Dent was still alive. They found Jerry, Oliver's secretary, who didn't know anything, and who stood there before them with the eyes of a rabbit, and fell in a faint when they told him the news. But nobody paid any attention to him. He came to, in the infirmary on the lot, and was shortly afterward sent by private plane to New York without baggage or hat. He borrowed a handkerchief from the young director, Brown, who had interrupted the rehearsal of "Billy Gets Married." All rehearsals were suspended, or suspended themselves, despite the enormous costs that such a breaking-up of the organisation entailed. People left the stages and the bungalows, and stood in groups discussing the sensational news. At about six o'clock the whole town knew. An "extra" was published, as when Valentino and Reed were sinking.

"OLIVER DENT DANGEROUSLY ILL. CONDITION IS HOPELESS."

Newsboys yelled the headlines in all the streets, jumping aboard the flood of cars and bounding in and out of traffic to sell the papers still wet with ink. Newspaper telephones, and the special telephone of the Phoenix Picture Corporation, were swamped. Crowds collected at the doors of the studio grounds. Radio announcers spoke with trembling voices about "our friend Oliver." Telegrams flew to New York, and telephone wires across-country hummed. The express train was crowded with people going to New York that day, not to miss the death of Oliver Dent. Reporters of every paper, two poets, and eight sob-sisters were on the train. There were delegates of the Phoenix Pictures, and of the One Hundred and Eleven Club. Oliver's lawyer and doctor, and the colored servant Dan, and the trainer, Nando, started to New York on their own hook.

Mr. McOrlahan, chief of the publicity department, went to New York to direct the publicity personally. Three heiresses from Pasadena, who were in love with Oliver, had buried themselves each in a separate compartment. There were men in small groups whose functions nobody knew. There were photographers and agents and all sorts of people who hoped to derive some profit out of Oliver Dent's death.

In the drawing-room on the train was a veiled lady—Ria Nara. While she was travelling to New York, Donca Moresca, ignorant of what was happening, was sleeping. She was lying on her couch in the bungalow, and sleeping with her thumb childishly hidden in her balled fist. Her cheek was pressed against the black consolation-pillow Coco; for Donca had been unhappy before she had fallen asleep—unhappy, tired and discontented, and not a little desperate; God alone knows why. She had seen the "rushes" of her work, and that had depressed her. She found herself horrible, and the story horrible, and the photography horrible. She saw her artistic ruin and bankruptcy. Eisenlohr had sent her to sleep; for that night, at ten o'clock, they were to begin the outdoor night scenes, and he needed his star fresh and in good form. The window-shutters were closed. And the one fly that had been buzzing in the room had been silenced by Manuela.

Donca slept. Eisenlohr threw an eye up to the closed shutters of the bungalow as he passed by in his car. The office had sent for him to come immediately. He had gone to an outlying lot with the photographer, Piujev, and the property chief, to supervise the last details of the decorations; the shore of the Neva, the fortress of Schlusselberg, and the two streets of Petrograd; one street with the pillared archway in the Empire style, and the other one torn and barricaded.

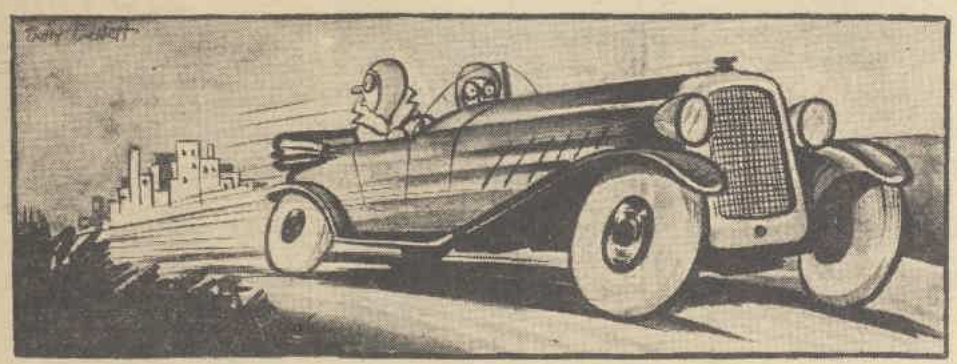
Eisenlohr was a little nervous, as he was always before "mob scenes," and gathering inner strength for the rest of the evening. He spoke continuously, although he was already hoarse. He was incessantly crumpling something between his fingers. He loved Oliver Dent with a healthy, strong, masculine love. And yet at first thought after he had heard the news of Oliver's illness, he discovered that Director Mackenzie was occupying his mind. Poor "Mack" would now have his difficulties with the direction of "Progress." He had thought of that first. That was the disagreeable part of the great scare. They all felt almost the same way. The disagreeable aspect was even worse than the sorrow. Death always is full of meaning for those who are not dying.

FINALLY all the important personages of the Phoenix Pictures Corporation were assembled in Projection Room Four, and not in Bill's office. Bill now stood in front of them, walking up and down, and seemed to have just come out from under a shower, for his grey hair was wet and flat on his head.

"Children," Bill said, "we have all had a big scare, and I don't have to tell you what's happened. I have just spoken to Dworsky. He is somewhat like a pasha, but just the same he is a great man. If Oliver can be saved, Dworsky will save him; that's sure. We have established direct communication with the Dworsky clinic, and will get information from now on every hour. I think we also got the papers under control, and the publicity will go as we want it, and as we need it. What concerns our Oliver, what concerns him——" said Bill Turner, taking his glasses from his eyes for a moment and then setting them back on again. "We all know what we feel for him. He is a wonderful chap. And if I know Ol, he wouldn't let himself sink. And Dworsky is not without hope. I don't want to sing here Oliver's praises as if he were already dead. What I want to say is that the fool has done that to himself with his drinking and carousing, and has got us into a dirty hole from where we've got to pull him and ourselves out as well as we can."

And everyone who heard Bill curse so, was aware that this was the only manner in which he could express his great love for Oliver Dent. The chief of the Scenario Department, Dr. Erbacher, couldn't repress tears that came into his eyes.

Please turn to Page 45



1st BRISBANE TO MELBOURNE RECORD BREAKER: What house was that we passed?
2nd SPEED HOG: Sydney!"

ZELLA
client
WON the £5,000
LAST FRIDAY

Owns Zella's Birthday Charm

In the 167th Lottery, drawn last Friday, one of Madame Zella's clients, Miss Ursula Ritchie, won the first prize of £5000 with ticket No. 17771. Note those 7's. You know how important Madame Zella considers the number "7", to be, and here is further proof to support her theory.

Madame Zella's new Birthday Charms have been available for only a few days, yet already one wearer has won the £5000 in the State Lottery.

One of first to wear
Mme. ZELLA'S
New Birthday Charm

Madame Zella's new Birthday Charms have been available for only a few days. Miss Ritchie was among the first to receive one, and already she has won the £5000. That shows you how lucky these new Birthday Charms really are.

If the Charm you own has failed you, you will want one of these Birthday Charms and you can have one, ABSOLUTELY FREE, by joining Madame Zella's syndicates now.

These Zella Charms
ARE FREE!
Why they are luckier

Just imagine it, you don't have to pay extra to get a Birthday Charm from Madame Zella. Simply send 1/6, as described below, to join her Syndicates and she will give you your Charm for nothing.

Madame Zella has always said that a Charm that brings luck to some people would not be lucky for all—it all depends on birthdays. According to Astrology, a person born in January is entirely different from another born in, say, February, and a charm that would be lucky for the January born may be powerless to help the February born.

So, after much study, Madame Zella decided to produce a set of charms designed according to birthdays. They are ready now! You can have yours FREE. The one she sends you will be the one to suit your birth date. Remember Miss Ritchie's win. Your Birthday Charm may do the same for you. Stop being unlucky. Join Madame Zella's Syndicates immediately and get your Birthday Charm FREE.

Win £1715 for 1/6

For 1/6 Madame Zella will give you a one-seventh share in a ticket in the next available N.S.W. State Lottery, which may win you £715 in hard cash. She will send you, also, a ticket in the Second "Lucky Stars" Art Union, in which the first prize is valued at £1000. Thus, for 1/6 you will receive chances to win prizes to the value of £1715, and, in addition to all that, you will get, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a charm designed according to your birth date. (NOTE: Mme. Zella will not send you a book of Art Union Tickets to sell).

Just cut out this announcement and send it, with a postal note for 1/6, a sheet of paper showing your birth date (day, month and year), and a stamped addressed envelope (please don't forget this) to Madame Zella, Dept. C, Box 4346Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

Meet Zella
IN PERSON
At Her New Lottery Share Shop

Last Friday Madame Zella opened her new Lottery Share Shop, "The Temple of Fortune," on the corner of Hunter and George Streets, Sydney. By visiting this shop when you are next in town you can meet Madame Zella herself and join her Syndicates (you will get prompt lottery service—shares while you wait). What is more, you will be able to receive your special FREE Birthday Charm from Madame Zella's own hands. Note the Address:

On the corner of
George St. & Hunter St.
Right opposite entrance to
WYNYARD STATION

Of course, if you live in the country, or, for any reason cannot visit Mme. Zella at her shop, you can still join her syndicates by writing to her as explained above.

SKILFUL EYESIGHT SERVICE

CIBB & BEEMAN'S
1934 DESIGN

We are able to give you the most exacting eyesight service, making glasses to your individual requirements. Our service has been enjoyed by a great number of people, and is widely recommended by highly satisfied wearers of Gibb & Beeman Glasses.

Our advice is reliable — quality of goods always the best, and our charges are moderate

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.,
Optometrists and Opticians
O. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 6 Hunter Street, 3 doors from George Street.
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 378 Pitt Street, Opposite A. Herderns'.
And at 74 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601553

TERRY and TEDDY — TERRIBLE TWINS

By HARRY EYRE JR.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

FAIRY LIGHTFOOT and Fred landed safely at Mushroom Grove early next morning. All the bearded men and the lost children were so happy to have Fred back with them once more, and were delighted to see Fairy Lightfoot with him also. They explained to Fred that Wunderlust had gone out very early that morning to see the Moonman, and that they expected him back shortly.

After Fred had told them all about his exciting adventures during his imprisonment in the witch's cell, and had eaten a little breakfast, Wunderlust returned.

* * *

"WELL, Fred, I had nearly given you up as a bad job," Wunderlust said jokingly, "but we won't talk about that now you are all safe and sound. What I want to ask you is that you come with us to Teddy Bear Land."

As all the children were anxious to start on their trip early, Wunderlust packed them into his aeroplane, and, accompanied by Fred, headed for Teddy Bear Land. They had not gone far when they came to a big blue river. Wunderlust stopped the plane and told all the children to hop out for a while and look at all the beautiful flowers growing by the riverside. Flowers of all kinds and colors were to be seen, and as the children were admiring them a big tiger came down the slope for his morning drink.

Wunderlust didn't see the tiger till it was almost on top of him, and yelled to the children to run for the bridge, which was, luckily, not far from where they stood.

Helter, skelter, they ran, with the tiger close at their heels. As the bridge was very narrow the tiger was too big to go across it. He just sat down at the end of the bridge and roared and roared angrily.

In the rush Wunderlust had made for his aeroplane with two frightened children holding tightly to his hands. He started his engine and flew to the other side of the river. There he was met by Fred, who had been taken across by his magic shoes, and who was waiting patiently for the rest of the children to cross the bridge.

When all the children were across the river they walked along light-heartedly.

The Friendly Tiger

happy they were away from the awful tiger. But imagine their absolute horror when they saw, not fifty yards away from them, a tiger come from behind a tree. It was hopeless to try to reach the bridge now, as they were much farther from it than the tiger.

How their little hearts beat with fear!

* * *

WHEN the tiger came nearer the children were amazed to see a big saddle on its back, and as they looked at its face they noticed a broad smile come over it. When they saw how good-tempered it looked they felt sure it must be a friend. So when it came very close to them they patted it. Then it knelt down for them to get on its back. This they did. It got up again as soon as they were all comfortably seated on its back and proceeded to walk steadily up the big hill.

When they came to the top of the hill they could see on the other side a cosy little red cottage practically hidden from view behind a big clump of trees.

As they reached the door of the cottage the old tiger knelt down once more, this time to let them off, then trotted off in another direction.

* * *

FROM out of the house came a wee teddy bear, all soft and fluffy looking. Then came another teddy bear, larger in size, but, all the same, very soft and cuddlesome. The next one to come out was not altogether as soft looking as the other two, and was very much bigger than either of them, but it seemed to have the kindest face, and smiled as it spoke.

"Come right in and have some of our porridge. I don't know whether we have enough to go right round, but you'll all manage to get a little bit of something to eat," it said, smiling at Wunderlust.

(Fred sees something out of the window. What is it he sees? Read about it in next week's instalment.)

Just Chatter

GWEN AVERY, of Killarney, is fond of painting; Peggy Libow, of Centennial Park, writes very good verse; Marian Reid, of Drummoyne, reads our page regularly.

S. Hegarty, of Donald (Vic.), does good sketches; Noel Degotardi, of Willoughby, went up in Kingford Smith's aeroplane recently; Kitty Eastwell, of Wilsnavale (Q'land), can ride a horse.

Gladys Spearing, of Carmila (Q'land), is a great admirer of beautiful scenery; Helen Jenkins, of North Sydney, is nine years old; Vivienne Price, of Woolooaiin (Q'land), is fond of painting pictures.

Moira Giblin, of Brighton (Vic.), has a tiny black kitten; Joan Carter, of Murrumbeena, likes swimming; Peggy Williams, of Toowoomba (Q'land), writes good verse; Barbara Hudson, of Scone, likes reading about "Fred."

Introducing Joan Kerr, of Wollstonecraft. —Palk.

Joyce Hagenlocker, of Annerley, is fond of sketching; Dorothy Johnson, of Tinana (Q'land), likes acting; Isabel Swanson, of Casino, recently passed her music examination.

Jason Woodhams, of Warren, likes arithmetic, drawing, history, and geography; Dorothy Maze, of Chatswood, is fond of gardening; Margaret Derwent, of Oatley, is recovering from a severe illness.

Omer Scully, of Kyogle, lives on a dairy farm; Walter Hopton, of Strathfield, is a good sketcher.

Above is Joan Thirsian, of Manly.

Nardine Roden, of Meringur (Vic.), likes the country air; Peggy Wilken, of Cole Vale, is eight years of age; K. Holloway, of North Sydney, is fond of painting; L. Kendale, of Milton, can sketch very well.

Esther Taylor, of Waverley, writes an interesting letter; Hal Colton, of Auburn, likes reading stories.

Bessie Taylor, of Woodend (Vic.), likes knitting and crocheting; Eunice Aldridge, of Willoughby, writes an interesting letter; Edith Essex, of Douglas, is fond of painting pretty pictures.

HELPING MOTHER

By Iris Ellison

I've got a little sweeping brush,
A duster and a pan,
And when my mummy's in a rush,
I help her all I can.
I clean the raisins when she bakes,
And beat the eggs up, too.
I put the almonds in the cakes,
And only eat a few.
I 'range the chairs against the wall,
And 'tend they're little boys,
But one day I let the teapot fall—
It made a terrible noise.
On washing day I never rest,
And yet it's strange to say,
That mummy says I help the best
When I go out to play.

For this original verse Iris Ellison, Eunoe Street, Katoomba, wins a 5/- prize.

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

I have decided to make the age limit in the painting competitions 12. I am doing this because I think the little ones should have a competition of their own.

The prize of 5/- for the best letter this week goes to Beryl Nolan (12), Tarzali Stores, Tarzali, via Cairns, Q'land.

Beryl tells me all about the town she lives in, and all about her various pets. "My greatest pastime is gardening, and I have grown some very pretty flowers," she goes on to say in her letter.

Good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

RESULT OF PAINTING COMPETITION.

Prize of 5/- to M. S. Reid (10), 3 Evans Rd., Kew (Vic.), for the best colored picture.

Prize Cards are awarded for the next best to Margaret Brombead (6), Roxburgh St., Lorn, West Maitland; Grace Gardner (13), Nikenbah, (Q'ld.); Betty Sedson (9), 74 Stafford Street, Stanmore.

FOR FUN & FANCY

A SIMPLE TRICK

PLACE an orange on the table and a glass jar over it, wrong side up. Ask your friend if he can lift the orange in the jar, and carry it across the room with the open mouth of the jar down all the time. This is how it is done. Take hold of the jar with both hands, and with a smart jerk and circular motion, start the orange moving round and round the inside of the jar. Once you have got it moving freely you can keep it going, and as long as the circular motion continues the orange will cling to the inside of the jar, and not fall out. So you can carry it across the room.

Teacher: Smith, that's the third time I've caught you looking on your neighbor's copybook.

Pupil: Yes, Sir—he writes so badly.

Father: Why do you put the dog's food beside the piano?

Small Son: He won't let anyone go near it.

Prize Card to Isabel Swanson, 76 Centre St., Casino.

Magistrate: What is your trade, my man?

Prisoner: Oh, I'm a timber merchant in a small way.

Magistrate: What do you mean by that?

Prisoner: Oh—er—I sell matches at a street corner.

Prize Card to Jack Beahan, 51 The Mall, Bankstown.

REALLY, this is shocking, Freddy!" said his mother. "How is it that you are always at the bottom of the class?"

"Oh, don't worry, Mum," said Freddy. "They teach the same at both ends, you know."

Prize Card to Joan Beck, Laurel Avenue, Epping.

"Why is The Australian Women's Weekly like a hard-boiled egg?"

"Because it cannot be beaten."

Prize Card to J. Holland, 80 Barion Street, Mayfield.

POSTMASTER: This letter is too heavy, you'll have to put another stamp on it.

Old Lady: Why, you silly man, that would make it heavier!

Prize Card to Syd. Wilkins, "Padua," 5 Acton St., Croydon.

A picnic train was travelling slowly through a cutting, and several boys were "playing ball" in a carriage.

Said one boy, "Mind that the ball does not go out the window!"

Said another, "Throw the ball against the wall of the cutting, and see if it will bounce back!"

But no one tried.

Prize Card to Vannie de Poogd, Franklin St., Eaglehawk (Vic.).

Little Man: Excuse me, sir, but I can't see the stage at all."

Big Man (good humoredly): Oh, just you laugh when I laugh, and you'll be all right.

Prize Card to Bessie Taylor, Pyke Street, Woodend (Vic.).

Prize of 5/- to Nowell Reeves (13), 12 Hawthorne St., Maryborough (Q'ld.), for this clever sketch in black and white.

Little Muriel was gazing from her bedroom window up into the sky and asking mother innumerable questions about the heavens. Suddenly a shooting star flashed across the firmament.

With a gasp of astonishment Muriel turned round and exclaimed, "Oh, Mummy, look! God's striking matches!"

Prize Card to Doreen Beer, Gunning (N.S.W.).

QUEER NOTICES.

Lost, a chair, by a man with mahogany legs.

I wrote this with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other.

Wanted to sell dresses, a man, made of crepe-de-chene.

Prize Card to Edna Hancour, "St. Elmo," Eagle St., Longreach (Q'ld.).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601554

FALLING STAR

Continued from Page 43

"SO we all want to hope and wish, and take it for granted, that Ol will come back. But now we've got to take into consideration that he is not here. And there are two great difficulties that I have got to talk over with you. The first one is about 'Progress.' The production was to begin next Thursday. The scenario is ready; the cast is engaged; and we have nothing that we can fill in with. Has anybody anything else to offer? No? 'Progress' without Dent is a bitter pill. I think we've got to make a star part out of the woman and give it to Ria Nara. What do you say to that, Mackenzie?"

"Ria has gone to New York!"

"Well, she will come back for a fat part."

"Peg——"

"No. We can't load the whole film on Peg alone. Peggy's got to wait. That doesn't matter."

That was the end of Peggy. That was her finish. Her moment had passed. She never got any further than where she was, and later married a clerk in a clipping-bureau.

"The story has got to be changed now to fit Ria Nara. Let Loos do it."

"What? Loos' contract has expired."

"Give him a new contract. Stewart E., you talk to him. The difficulty now is with Dent's part. If we shove it a little in the background, who can play it?—Who, Whipple? Why not Burbank?"

Burbank was the oldest man in Hollywood, and always played blind old men and long-bearded fathers of young sons.

"Man alive, we need something young! We have got to stick to Oliver Dent's type. Think the matter over, and anybody who has a proposition or an idea to offer——"

"Well, so that's that about 'Progress'," he went on in the same breath. "That isn't the greatest of my worries. We still have nine days before us. That's not bothering me. What is breaking my head is the 'Night of Fate.' Children, I think that's getting bigger and bigger every day. It's going to be the best film we have made in two years. A masterpiece! A dead-sure box-office success! We still have six days of outdoor work. And I don't have to tell you that we have put into that production a bushel of money. I think you guess now what's worrying me— Donca. If our little Donca should find out what's happening to Oliver, we could just stop shooting and kiss our three hundred thousand good-bye. A loss that we can't figure in money if we are to stop production. We are now——"

"But why must we stop production? Why stop shooting?" Stewart E. asked.

"Well, we couldn't keep Donca here—if we chained her! If she finds out anything, she'll be hopping the next plane to New York. So far, she doesn't know anything. She's asleep, and I have a regiment on guard around her bungalow. And it is up to us to see that she finds out the truth as late as possible. As late as possible!" he repeated, walking up and down with his hands on his breast.

THEY were all silent, breathless, now. Suddenly Bill stopped in his tracks and looked fixedly at the men.

"If I had something to do with it, and if things go as I want them to, she wouldn't find out anything until the 'Night of Fate' has been shot to the last inch of film."

"Yep, that's the only thing," Eisenlohr called out quickly, and rose to his full giant height. "We've got to keep it from her. She mustn't find out anything; or we lose her and the film is kaput!"

"Just a minute," called Houston from the third row, and all heads turned to him. "I am ready to bet you anything that Donca would stick. I know Donca. I think I know her, I think I've known her longer than the rest of you. Donca would sooner croak than leave us flat and lose her chance. She knows that this is her great chance."

"So! And I," Bill Turner answered patiently, "have known Donca just as long as you, and better than you! There is no human being more spontaneous than Donca. I bet my life that you couldn't shoot another inch of film if Donca should wake up and find out what's happening. We would lose forty thousand dollars to-night if she knew it. She's a wild one. Do you remember that face-slapping affair? She went over and slapped the face of the wife of that millionaire in her own home. That's Donca."

"Do you remember how she smashed through the show-window of the automobile display-room because her prince had suddenly got a yearn for a car that was in the window, and it was after office hours? Well, that, too, is Donca," Eisenlohr added, smoking a cigar very patiently, a cigar so big and so black it looked like a trick cigar, and not a real one.

"You don't need a long memory to know how crazy Donca can be," Stewart E. said. "And the story of how she drove at night, in make-up and costume, to Pasadena to take Oliver out of the train. And was it hot stuff for the press!"

"We are not here," Bill said, "to recall all of Donca's crazy doings." He looked at his wrist-watch while speaking. "Our problem is this: Can we stop her from finding out what the matter is with Oliver? And how can we do it?"

The gathering was solemn and oppressed and thoughtful for a moment. They were all in the profession. They had responsibilities. And they understood what it would mean to abandon a production like the "Night of Fate" before it was halfway through.

Finally Eisenlohr said:

"First thing we have got to find 'Takus. He knows how to handle Donca. He's got to keep her under his eyes. She should not be allowed to leave the studio for a minute. She has been sleeping here the last few nights. We've got to keep her here. I too have some influence with her. I'll try everything. I'll make bold to promise to keep her in such a temper that she will think of nothing but the film. Nobody will be allowed to talk to her. We've got to keep everybody here under threat of dismissal for that. Her maid is O.K. and doesn't gossip. I take charge of the maid. I'll talk to Applequist, too. She should not see a newspaper. I'll see that her telephone in the bungalow is put out of order. And we only have six more days to shoot. That's a long time. And if Oliver lasts out six days, I'll try and keep Donca here that time. But if anything should happen to Oliver in that time, then—well, then I don't know——" Eisenlohr finished hoarsely and uncertainly. He had pumped himself up for the big scene.

Donca was still asleep. The one-armed watchman walked up and down in front of her bungalow. Manuela the maid slipped out of the house and went up to him.

"What's to be done?" she whispered. "What do you say to this tough luck?"

"He will pull through," the one-armed optimist said with conviction.

"You think so?"

"Sure. Didn't I pull through?" the man pointed with his chin to his empty left sleeve pinned with a safety-pin to his coat pocket.

Walking up and down—up and down. It was dark. The stars were in the heavens. He looked up. Beautiful stars. The one-armed man remembered the time he had spent at the base hospital. He knew what it was to be cut to pieces. He had the impression that he could see Oliver Dent in his sickbed while he was walking up and down, up and down, and looking up at the stars. He was probably the only man in the studio who knew what it all meant. "Poor Oliver," he said in a comradely spirit.

Manuela slipped back into the house. The Morescu had rung.

Finally it was Grannit, the fat casting director, who offered the best idea as to what should be done with the male star role in "Progress." Grannit had a reputation in Hollywood as the man with the finest nose for discovering talents. Mackenzie stopped eating as soon as Grannit came up to him in the commissary and leaned on the back of his chair and negligently said:

"I think I've found the right boy for you to fill Oliver's boots in your new production. There's nothing better than him. It's that Aldens boy."

"Aldens? Aldens? Who's that?"

"You should know him. It's the young German. You yourself picked him out of the extras to serve as 'standing' for Oliver."

Will Oliver Dent recover? Next week you will know.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THIS DELICIOUS SUMMER HEALTH FOOD

These new Oaten Cake Biscuits, appetising, light, and cake-like in texture, will delight your family and your guests.

In addition to their wonderful flavour and quality, they are rich in protein value and also in essential vitamins.

Try them for morning tea, afternoon tea, lunch, or supper. You will find them supremely delicious, wonderfully valuable and sustaining, and extremely popular with everyone.

ARNOTT'S FAMOUS OATEN CAKE BISCUITS

TRY ALSO ARNOTT'S FAMOUS GINGER NUT BISCUITS

Always ASK Your Grocer for ARNOTT'S FAMOUS BISCUITS and make sure you get them.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601555

Quick Relief from SUNBURN

Dangerous skin ailments often start from severe sunburn. Avoid this risk by using the finest antiseptic and healing ointment—Iodex. Eases pain, quickly soothes and relieves inflamed tissues.

FREE! New 36 page First Aid Book just out. Tells how to act in every emergency. Every home should have one. Write now to Iodex Co., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/-. From all Chemists

SHE WAS GETTING FATTER

Now Down to Normal

"I was putting on flesh very rapidly," writes a married woman, "and also suffering from constipation, and was very liverish. Three months ago a friend advised me to take a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning. I have kept this up regularly ever since, although I have been down to my normal weight (9 st.) for several weeks. I never felt better in my life, and I intend to carry on with Kruschen always. Several of my friends have remarked how slim I was getting and how well I was looking. After my having told them how it was done, they are doing the same."—(Mrs.) D. H.

Overweight arises frequently because the system is loaded with unexpelled waste, like a furnace choked with ashes and soot. Allowed to accumulate, this waste matter is turned into layer after layer of fat. The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day all wastage and poisons that encumber the system.

Wash Linen with Persil

-and learn what REAL Whiteness means

PERSIL'S SUDS ARE ACTIVE ...OXYGEN CHARGED

31-26-32

EVERY WOMAN ENTITLED TO GOOD HEALTH

Those whose health is causing them ANXIETY and who are desirous of MOTHERHOOD should call or write for a copy of our Free Booklet, "HEALTH FOR WOMEN," which contains much useful advice and information. Send 1d. postage. Address all letters, Department AW, LADIES' COLLEGE OF HEALTH, 54 OXFORD STREET, SYDNEY. Melbourne Office: 327 Collins St. (Est. 37 years).

A GIRL can't be *too* CAREFUL

Continued from Page 11

"WHAT a flop this is!" she complained to Sturdy. "Let's go away from here." So after all she was on her way in the yellow car that didn't need to be steered any more because it just naturally took the road to Judy's and turned in there.

"Drop me at home, Sturdy," her voice was small and hurt, "then you won't have to come back." Jean lived in Sturdy's direction.

"Come on, Jude, let's take Jean home."

Judy made excuses. She invented a headache to no avail, for Sturdy insisted the air would cure it. "Filthy dance," he said. "We won't go again."

"Why Sturdevant Wellington Oakes! You perfectly well know the Fish's Fin dances are the keenest on the whole beach," exploded Judy.

Instantly she was ashamed of her temper. It wasn't Sturdy's fault her evening had been spoiled, but he'd never understand if she tried to explain. Men were like that. To think she'd fallen for Nicky, the two-timer! The nerve of him, calling her jealous! She'd get even. He'd eat out of her hand yet.

Sturdy was puzzled. Judy in a tantrum was nothing new, but this time there seemed to be no reason, just because he agreed with her—suppose he hadn't!

Jean held her breath when suddenly Judy relented. "I'm sorry, Sturdy. Just let me out. I'll be all right to-morrow. You're a dear not to get mad. 'Night, darlings!" And she flew up the walk.

In that brief moment a plan had been born. Lights were ablaze throughout the house. That meant a crowd of people and that she was in time to catch her father before he went to bed.

Departing guests laughed and buzzed about. Then Judy remembered. It was one of her mother's famous parties. Unnoticed in the dark she slipped to the side porch and entered through a window. She didn't feel like being polite.

After the last good-byes had died away she heard her father's voice. When he came nearer she confronted him.

"What, ho! Thought you never quit dancing till they closed the place."

"I'm tired," came the plaintive voice. "Besides, I wanted to see you."

"Sweet child, a mere father does count sometimes?"

"You know you do, Daddy darling. But this time I want something very special." Her eyes were pools of mystery.

"How much?" queried Mr. Windsor, reaching for his cheque book. He knew the symptoms, for Judy was an expensive though delightful luxury.

"Not a penny, Daddy; just a little favor and no questions asked. It's a secret."

He looked apprehensive. The interview was not unprecedented.

"Daddy, did you ever hear of the Rhythm Rogues?"

"Can't say that I have. But that doesn't mean anything."

"Well, for your information, they peddle syncopated harmony. Everyone says they're hot and that tin-pan gang at the Fish's Fin now is rotten."

Her father winced. "Why, I thought you liked it."

"Well, they were all right at first, but now they're a washout. I think we rate a change, and the Rogues' leader is here on a visit."

Mr. Windsor looked thoughtful. There was something behind her scheme, but he'd not press the matter. "The contract's signed."

"Not for the whole season. You said yourself they'd do better on a week-to-week basis."

Her father smiled. That was once Judy had heard what he said. But what was the catch? He must be careful.

"I want the Rhythm Rogues signed up for to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night! Whew! That's a dizzy pace. Why the rush?"

"Oh, don't ask me to explain. I'm so unhappy." She looked miserable. "You can do things, Daddy; you always find a way."

Rank flattery, but true; he always did, for her. He hesitated and Judy burst into tears. "Don't do that and I'll try to fix it," he promised.

His daughter smiled through her tears; for she could turn them on and off.

"Now run along to bed. It'll take some strategy and perhaps some cash, but if you want it you shall have it. I may be easy, but you happen to be my weakness, as you very well know. Who's the leader of these Rogues?"

Judy flushed. "Nicky Hunter," she said, but her face told the story. Her father sighed. It had happened before and would again.

In frosty green and with dangling eardrops in her small, pink ears, Judy looked like a sophisticated nymph. She was the hit of the evening, sparkling, effervescent. The masculine element hung on her words, followed her about, much to Sturdy's disgust.

Nicky's eyes scarcely left her. He found directing difficult in this newest, most desirable position which had miraculously come to him. The wonder of it visibly strengthened his opinion of himself, although Judy was utterly oblivious to his very existence. He did his tricks one by one, then walked over to her.

"I can't keep my eyes off you."

Judy was demure. Her long lashes swept her cheeks. If he only knew who had pulled all those wires!

"Well, what a surprise! The party's certainly strong for you."

Nicky shrugged nonchalantly. "Oh, I managed that in a masterful way," he boasted. "I've got influential friends, and of course everybody knows we're good. I can't dance with you as much as I'd like," he confided, "but you'll get an awful kick out of my performance, won't you?"

"I might," replied Judy, but the scales had fallen from her eyes. He was just another bird-brain. Good old Sturdy! There was no froth nor illusion about him. He was someone to bank on. Maybe she'd go for a ride with him. "Yoo-hoo! Sturdy, how about one of our gangster dates?" she called to him.

"Okay," he agreed, as usual.

As they left, Judy paused to look back. "Lots of nice men here to-night," she murmured pensively.

Outside in the shadow a small boy lurked.

"Looks like John," thought Judy, but she said nothing.

Sturdy steered her abruptly in the opposite direction; he, too, had seen the furtive figure.

Inside the club-house Nicky played every instrument in the orchestra. The dancers stopped and crowded around. Nicky looked in vain for Judy. Surely she wouldn't miss this part! Why, he'd panic them! He picked up his saxophone. A muffled squawk! Another. The crowd applauded. Nicky, crimson of face, tried again. The results were worse. Desperate, he turned the saxophone upside down. Out poured a stream of fine white sand. A sand-fiddler sprawled on the polished floor. "What, no rabbit?" jeered a voice.

Judy never saw the fiasco. The yellow car was on its way.

(Copyright)

Tennis Players Would Welcome A Visit from English Team

New Zealand Itinerary

Record booking marked the opening of the box plan for matches at the White City courts, Sydney, at the week-end, when the English players will be seen in action.

NEITHER the American nor the French tennis players occasioned the same anticipation among tennis enthusiasts as that accorded the forthcoming tests. Yet the Australian Lawn Tennis Council has shown no further interest in the proposed project of bringing a women's tennis team from overseas.

That the public generally would give such an event its whole-hearted support can surely be regarded as a certainty. In view of the centenary celebrations in Victoria next year, in which women's sporting organisations are to play an active part, a visit from such tennis stars as Dorothy Round, Peggy Scriven, Betty Nuthall, and Mrs. Fernley-Whittingstall would undoubtedly be a timely event.

The New South Wales Association has already demonstrated its co-operation by forwarding a request to the Australian Council to grant permission for them to send an invitation.

Instead, however, of giving this matter the immediate attention that it merits, the Australian Council has shelved the proposition for the time being. This attitude was entirely unexpected, particularly in view of the fact that Mr. Harley Malcolm, secretary of the Australian body, at one time managed a women's tennis team touring England and the Continent, and is, therefore, in a position to appreciate the value of an interchange of visits from women players.

MISS NELL LLOYD —Howard Harris.

There is just one possible explanation. The Australian Council may be awaiting the return of Mr. Stan Youdale, manager of the Davis Cup team, who returns to Australia next month. As he has so recently contacted the English Association and the individual players to whom the invitation would be extended, his opinions and suggestions will be of the utmost value.

* * *

IMMEDIATE interest focuses on the women's team to tour New Zealand arriving in Auckland on December 19. They will leave immediately for Whangarei, a journey of 120 miles. This match will be the first ever to feature a visiting team in that town.

The New Zealand championships will be played at Christchurch, and it is quite on the cards that an Australian player will again carry off the trophy, though Miss Joan Hartigan, present holder of the title, will not be present to compete. Unfortunately, the dates of the tour clash with those of the Australian championships. For this the weather is solely responsible.

Following the championship event, a test match will be played in Wellington on January 13, and the team will leave on the return journey five days later.

Miss Nell Lloyd, who will captain the team, is making her seventh trip to New Zealand. Other team members are the Misses Bickerton, Hall, Valkenburg, and Dingle, and they have been ranked in that order.

Afternoon Frocks Out of Favor

THERE is one kind of frock which is being rather pushed out from the Australian woman's wardrobe — the pretty, rather "dressed" afternoon frock.

Nowadays women can roughly be divided into two sections; the working and the leisured. The former wear pyjamas all night and an eight-to-six costume, followed by a seven-to-midnight evening get-up; the latter wear pyjamas all night, another set until noon, and I've-been-golfing-since-dawn lunch outfit, which never saw a fairway, let alone the rough, pyjamas like satin wallpapers in competition for a home cocktail party, and half a frock for the evening wear.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SYDNEY: 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C1.
BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS.

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

(c) Such claims to reach this office not later than the last Friday in each month.

Payments for contributions claimed for will be made on the 15th of the month following publication.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded. WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MSS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

Special claim forms for contributors are available on application.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.

HOST HOLBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrooks' Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetiser.***

No more sulks at meals

OFTEN the trial of a mother's life is to get her children to eat heartily of the proper food. Try giving "finicky" children their milk in Hansen's Junket—the one junket with high food value. It can be made in many ways, all of them easily digested, appealing to children's tastes. Hansen's Junket actually *creates* an appetite. . . . Doctors recommend it and children love it!

Golden Mountain Junket.

1 Hansen's Junket Tablet, 1 quart milk, orange flavouring, 1 egg white, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup prune pulp, 4 teaspoons lemon juice. Make junket as instructed on tube. Flavour with orange and chill. Beat egg white stiff, add sugar gradually until blended. Add prune pulp (made by rubbing cooked prunes through sieve) and lemon juice. Pile on top of junket when ready to serve.

HANSEN'S Junket TABLETS

• Sold at all grocers and chemists.

DRINK HABIT COMPLETELY OVERCOME

37 YEARS' SUCCESS

Drinking men and women can beat the crave for alcohol, and regain self-control and robust health by the aid of this grand Remedy. EUCRASY.

One woman writes: "It has brought wonderful happiness to our home after years of misery."

Harmless. Not Costly. Can be Given SECRETLY. Call or Write for FREE SAMPLE, etc., to

Dept. B., Eucrasy Co. 297 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

CATARRH relieved at once!

Just a little Tiger Salve in your nostrils is a really amazing remedy for the worst case of Catarrh. *All Chemists and Stores, 2/- per tin.* S-3-2

TIGER SALVE 2/-

VAREX Ensures Permanent Healing for Bad Legs

Bad legs and varicose ulcers can be permanently cured by the Varex Treatment.

The treatment requires only one dressing a week, and, above all there is no need to go to bed.

Call at the Treatment Rooms and consult the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.

ERNEST HEALEY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 502N, George Street (between Lowe's and Angus & Coote's), Sydney.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601556

LADY GAME... *Is Patroness of* Sports Council

Advisory Board Appointed

Lady Game has expressed her pleasure in accepting the invitation to become patroness of the N.S.W. Women's Amateur Sports Council.

An advisory board has been appointed to enable the council to give authoritative rulings on vital matters appertaining to the various associations affiliated with the council

AFFILIATED associations include those of hockey, cricket, basketball, baseball, rowing and vigoro, and to every member of these associations the patronage of Lady Game will be a source of the utmost gratification. It marks a definite standard, a milestone in the history of women's sport in this State.

Though the project of forming a Women's Amateur Sports Council, to which all sporting associations controlled by and composed of women could be affiliated, seemed a very ambitious move at the outset, consequent developments have proved its utility and its comparatively brief career has been a record of progress.

Recognising that, in the near future, the council will be called upon to give opinions on such subjects as the position of grounds from a health point of view, or of buildings from the architectural standpoint, an advisory committee of three women, each fully qualified in her profession, has been appointed.

The Council is the most representative body of sportswomen in Sydney, and it is hoped that before very long the Government will make them a grant of land that will provide adequate accommodation for the various sports.

The value of the advisory board will then be fully evidenced. Dr. Marie Hamilton, who is president of the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association, makes it her particular care to safeguard the physical well-being of the players. Miss Barbara Peden, B. Arch., A.R.I.B.A., will give her advice in the matter of the building of dressing rooms, pavilions and so on, while Miss Thurles Thomas, B.A., LL.B., will solve all the knotty problems of law with which the council may be confronted.

Sporting SHORTS

Country Week

Country Week will be held in Sydney in January of next year, and country women's cricket clubs are reminded that the entries for Country Week must reach Miss Peden, hon. secretary of the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association, not later than December 20.

ALREADY the Illawarra Association has signified their intention to enter two teams, and the Newcastle players are definitely out to retain the title of country champions.

All country players will be keenly watched by the selectors, in view of the fact that there will not only be interstate matches this year, but extra matches against New Zealand.

To Entertain Tennis Players

MRS. H. S. UTZ, a well-known tennis player, is entertaining a large party at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on Saturday. The English tennis players will be the guests of honor, and among the party will be the Australian Davis Cup team, and the members of the New South Wales women's team chosen to tour New Zealand.

Challenge Cup

NESTLES' physical culture team were the winners of the Bjelke Petersen challenge cup for physical culture. Over a hundred teams took part in this test, which was held in conjunction with Health Week. Nestles have a very fine hall at Abbotsford, where they give regular demonstrations of their physical culture drill.

Sportsgirl and Singer

MISS DAISY ROYAL, once a member of the Sydney women's cricket team, and now an enthusiastic tennis player, is one of the contraltos in the Australian Broadcasting Opera Company.

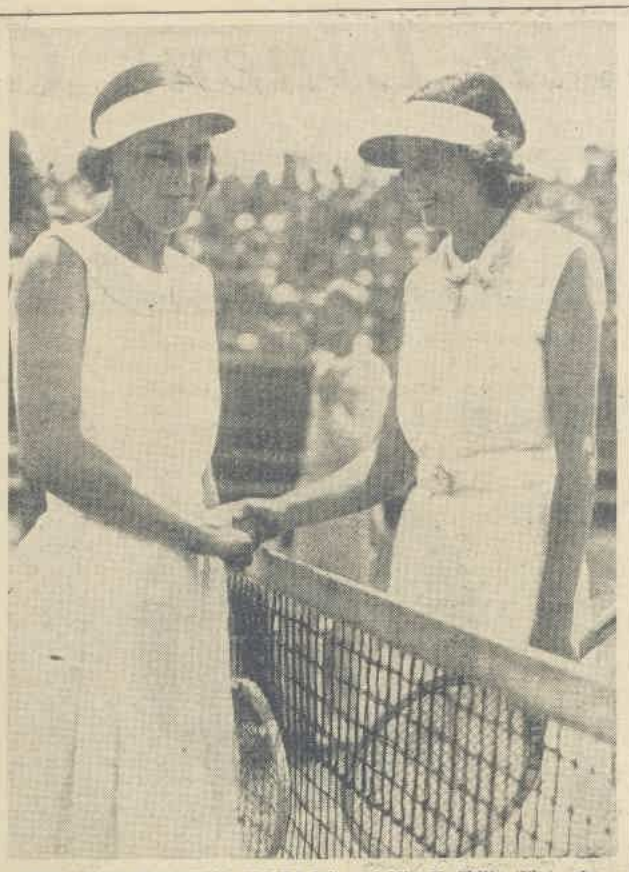
Olympians Celebrated Reunion

PRIOR to the departure of the women swimmers for New Zealand, women members of the Olympic team held a reunion. Mrs. Chambers, Claire Dennis, Eileen Wearne, and Bonnie Mealing awaited the arrival of Frances Bult to complete the party of Olympians for the celebration.

Popularity of Squash Racquets

DESPITE the strenuous nature of the game, squash racquets is gaining popularity at an amazing rate. Hard on the heels of the formation of a N.S.W. Squash Racquets Association comes the news from London that courts are springing up in that city like the proverbial mushroom, but still the number of courts is quite inadequate to the number of players.

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 331 Pitt Street, Sydney



MISS JOAN HARTIGAN, (N.S.W.) left, and Miss N. Chitty (Vic.), who met in the final of the Victorian women's singles championship at Kooyong on Saturday last. After three hard-fought sets the more experienced player from N.S.W. succeeded in winning the title from the Victorian junior, who is regarded as being one of our most promising players.

PERSONALITIES ... at *Kooyong*

Perfect weather marked the finals of the tennis championships concluded last week-end at Kooyong. Unprecedented enthusiasm has attended the appearance of the visiting English team.

TEN thousand spectators greeted the players on Saturday afternoon, among whom were Mr. Norman Brookes, president of the V.L.T.A., and Mrs. Brookes with their family in full force. Daughter Cynthia left early in the afternoon with her fiancee, G. H. Gengoult Smith, to pay Lord Mayoral duties at the Henley regatta.

One of the outstanding players was Miss Nancy Chitty. This young Victorian showed great form.

Her power, for the most part, was in her ground strokes. It is surprising to see the punch she puts into her strokes for one so slight. She is an old Methodist Ladies' College girl.

In the morning she met Miss Joan Hartigan, the New South Wales champion, in the final of the women's singles. After a very exciting match where both players were using their strongest weapons, a strong forehand drive by the former and a powerful backhand by the latter, the honor went to Miss Hartigan.

This school was well represented, as Miss Shirley Whittaker, who is now at the University, is another old M.L.C. girl, and Truda Cox is a present girl. The former is a left-handed player, and is noted for her volleying. Unfortunately she was suffering from badly-blistered hands by the end of the week.

The schoolgirl, Truda Cox, is a good all-round player, and shows great promise of later development.

Mrs. H. V. McKay, nee Mavis McIvor, made a reappearance in these matches after a trip to England. She and her husband defeated T. G. Evans and Miss Helen Sage in the mixed doubles handicap. The former is the popular one-arm player, and an indefatigable worker.

Mrs. F. Newport and Miss Myra Marsh, who were to have been partners in the championships, met with an accident on the way to the courts, which resulted in the latter being taken to St. Benedict's Hospital suffering from abrasions and shock. But Mrs. Newport pluckily took part in a B grade women's singles semi-final, which she won.

In view of the repeated discussions for and against the wearing of shorts, and the unexpected favor which they have so recently found in the august eyes of the Australian Council, the players' apparel came in for a good deal of comment.

However, if our women tennis stars do approve of the abbreviated costume, they lacked the moral courage to appear before such a vast audience in them. Champion Joan Hartigan was very effectively frocked on Saturday afternoon in a white linen frock, pleated from the knees, while mixed doubles champion, Mrs. Jack Crawford, wore an attractive backless crepe-de-Chine.

Miss Nell Hall, always a charming figure on the court, chose white pique with a pleated skirt, over which she donned a green jumper.

The Stephenson sisters wore white handkerchief linen frocks with lace-stitched jumpers, and Mary Blick also favored pleated linen. While admitting all the points in favor of shorts, their coolness, comfort and so on, the general verdict was given in favor of the fresh and equally cool-looking white linen.

COMPETITION FORMS

Clever Ideas	Things That Happen
I	T
Recipes	**Brainwaves**
R	B

Clip out any or all of these small coupons and attach, with gum or a pin, one to each corresponding entry. All correspondence, to Box 1531E., G.P.O., Sydney. —W.W., 2/12/'33.

Do Not *Misuse* Your *Blazer!*

By RUTH PREDDEY, Ex-member Interstate Women's Cricket Team.

Indiscriminate use of blazers has long been a contentious matter among the various women's sporting associations, and, for that matter, the various leading men's associations have viewed the misuse of this item of their sporting uniform with such seriousness that they have registered their colors.

NO one is allowed to wear club colors in a blazer unless he is a member of that particular club, and woe betide the player who would venture forth upon the highways and byways of the city wearing his blazer.

Blazers were first brought into use for boating. They were found to be so light, easy to pack or to carry, and desirable in every way for the sports players to wear over their usually light sporting costumes, that they soon became popular among the different clubs.

The top left-hand pocket is the accepted place for the crest or badge of the association or club you represent. The fact that you have won special events does not permit you to use your blazer as a medium for advertising the fact. Deeds always speak for themselves, and you may be sure your achievements are well known to those interested in your particular branch of sport, without your having to broadcast your prowess.

The greater the player the more modest he or she is, as to triumphs and records. Jack Crawford, the world's greatest tennis player, would look like the comic page of a newspaper if he were to appear on the courts with his achievements emblazoned on his coat. Actually, he just wears a plain grey sac coat.

Associations, as a rule, grant representatives the right to use a blazer when they have been chosen to take part in interstate matches. There is a difference of opinion in this regard also. Whereas some associations only grant this right to the actual members chosen as players, other associations grant the privilege to the manager and anyone else accompanying the team in an official capacity.

The difference is simply this. In the former case the blazer is essentially a representative's blazer, and can only be worn by those who actually represent the State, association, or club, in that particular sport. In the latter case, where officials are granted the right to use these blazers, they are nominally known as association or club blazers, and the actual representatives lose their distinction, for players and officials can claim equal right.

LADY GAME, who has expressed her pleasure in accepting the post of patroness of the N.S.W. Women's Amateur Sports Council.

Wear your blazer for your sports day, and with your sports frock, but don't wear it with a floral frock, as so many girls are prone to do.

REMEMBER ALWAYS - YOUR LIVER RULES YOUR HEALTH

A course of Bile Beans is the safest and quickest way to dispel liver troubles. Try them and note the wonderful change in your health.

LIVER TROUBLE CAUSES
BILIOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION
HEADACHES
DIZZINESS
SKIN ERUPTIONS
ANAEMIA, Etc.

WITH the liver out of order, bile fluid is thrown into the blood circulation. The poisonous waste that is then stored in the system gives rise to alarming symptoms. Yellowish complexion, dull eyes, coated tongue are often accompanied by pain and tightness near the shoulder blades. Unchecked, this may lead to jaundice, anæmia or chronic constipation. A regular course of Bile Beans is what you need to put the liver right and remove the troubles it has caused. For over 30 years Bile Beans have been recognised as the world's greatest liver specific. Their valuable contents duplicate the action of natural bile in restoring the healthy elimination of poisonous waste matter, thereby toning up the system to its natural healthy state.

1/3 40 Pills
3/- 120 Pills
All Chemists and Stores

BILE BEANS
SOON PUT THE LIVER RIGHT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601557

New Styles . . . *in Linens, Cottons*

AT DAVID JONES'

(POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY.)

White Calf Shoe

A popular low-priced Summer Shoe! "Cabana" Tie, punched all over in a smart design. All sizes. Pair, 16/9..

New White Meshette

Delightfully cool and comfortable! White All-Over Mesh Oxford—the perfect finish to your linen suit. All sizes. Specially low priced at 16/9.

FIRST FLOOR

Fabric Bargains!

4/6 Nara Crepe 2/3

Half-Price! Be early for this wonderful offer! Our famous all-silk Nara Crepe in many mid, light, and dark shades. 29 inches. Usually 4/6. Yd., 2/3.

2/11 C. de Chine 1/11

Buy several lengths now! Fine, pure silk Crepe-de-Chine for cool Summer frocks and undies. Many wanted, pastel, mid and dark shades. 36 inches wide. Usually 2/11. To clear at 1/11.

Splendid Values!

Crepe Morocaine 2/6

Each shipment sells out in record time. Coarse crepy finish morocaine in no less than 50 new season's shades. 36 inches wide. Popular low price, 2/6.

36in. Loofah Linen 5/11

New rough slub weave Linen—and it's uncrushable! What a find for Summer frocks & coats! 10 different shades. 36 in.

ON THE FIRST FLOOR

MANCHESTER Reductions!

12/6 Osman Sheets 9/11

A special purchase of high-grade "Osman" Sheets at 20 per cent. off usual prices! Plain weave with soft linen finish. Guaranteed for service.
Size 54 x 90in. Usl. 12/6 Per Pair, 9/11.
Size 63 x 99in. Usl. 16/6 Per Pair, 13/3.
Size 72 x 99in. Usl. 18/6 Per Pair, 14/11.
Size 80 x 99in. Usl. 19/11 Per pair, 15/11.
Size 90 x 99in. Usl. 23/6 Per Pair, 18/11.

2/11 Pillow Cases 2/4

20 Per Cent reduction! "Osman" quality Hemstitched Linen finish Pillow Cases with envelope ends.
Size 20 x 30in. Usl. 2/11 each. Now 2/4.
Or save by buying .. .. .. 6 for 13/9.

7/11 Lunch Cloths 5/6

Buy now for Christmas Gifts! Pure Irish Linen Luncheon or Breakfast Cloths, Coloured borders in rose, green, blue or gold. Laundered ready for use.
Size 45 x 45 Usl. 7/11. Special each 5/6.
54 x 54 in. Usl. 10/9. Now only 6/11.

30/- Cloths 19/11

70 only at this wonderful price! Snow white Irish Linen Damask Cloths. Size, 70 x 90 in. Usl. 30/. Ea., 19/11.

Special Offer!

21/-Mosquito Nets 17/6

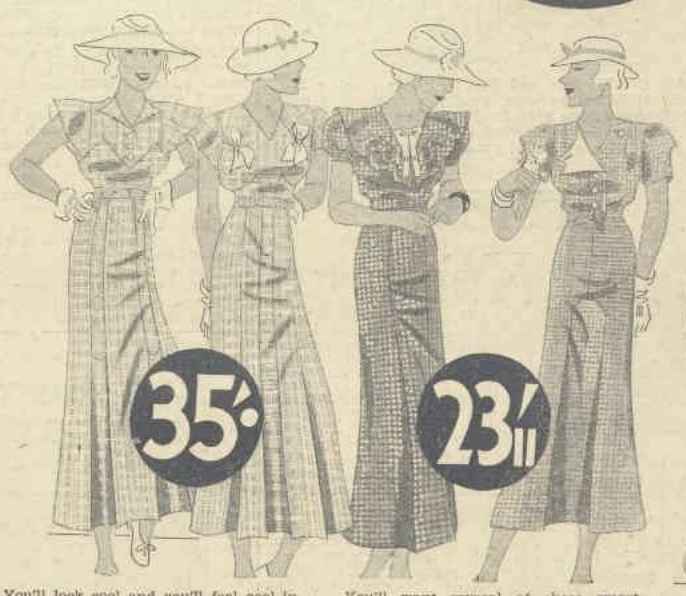
Special double-thread English-made Mosquito Nets, Hoop style. Will give excellent service. Single bed or three-quarter bed sizes. Usl., 21/. Now 17/6.
Double-bed size. Usl. 33/6 Now 23/6.

FIRST FLOOR

Remember— David Jones' for Service!

FOUR AMAZING PRICE GROUPS from 16/11

- *Checks*
- *Stripes*
- *Plain*
- *Spots*



After all, we figure, what good is a Linen Frock if you can't pop it in the tub as often as you like! For that reason, we insisted on this Belfast Linen because it's fadeless! In two smart styles as illustrated. Choose from Apple Green, Saxe Blue, Rose, Yellow, French Blue, Rush Brown, or String Shades. Bust sizes 33 to 40. Lengths, 46 to 48 ins. One price only, 16/11.

SECOND FLOOR

You'll look cool and you'll feel cool in a Pique Sports Frock! Note the perky little bows on the shoulders of the one above and the trim, tailored appearance of the other. Sizes, 33 to 40 bust. Lengths, 46 to 48. Blue, green, yellow, broken stripes. One price, 35/.

You'll want several of these smart little Check Sports Frocks this Summer! In that delightful Houndstooth Check—everyone has been wanting. Two new styles as sketched above. Blue, red, green, yellow, brown, and white checks. Bust sizes 33 to 40. Lengths, 46 to 48 inches. Price, 23/11.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

The world's gone Cotton as never before! Pick these Cottons—they're so delightfully gay and fresh-looking for Summer days! Two styles for young moderns—as illustrated. Stripes in black and white, green and white, blue and white, and red and white. Bust sizes, 33 to 40. Lengths, 46 to 48. Remarkable price at 18/11

SECOND FLOOR

MAIL ORDER READERS—A little added care helps such a lot, it makes ordering by post quite easy! For instance, when ordering any of these smart little frocks just make sure to state length and bust measurements and give two colours in case we cannot supply first choice.

USE THE LAY-BY! A very handy service, as many people have proved! Especially now—at Christmas time—you may just see something you would like for a gift, and haven't enough money with you to purchase it outright—a few shillings will reserve it on Lay-by!

Order your Toys now! Wonderful values offering!

Special Purchase

Imported

Hand Embroidered

FROCKS

for Infants

Little wisps of things—fine, hand embroidery on fine French Muslins—the baby will look lovely in one of them! We were lucky enough to make a special purchase of 500—so select yours early. Every one of them is hand scalloped around the neck, sleeves, and skirt! White, pink or sky. Fit to 12 mths.

9/11

Special Purchase Boys'

PANAMAS, 8/6

USUALLY 12/6

4/- saving on genuine hand-woven superfine Panama Hats for Boys! Absolutely the lowest price anywhere in Sydney at 8/6 each. Sizes adjustable with leather straps. Suitable for women also. Usually 12/6. Special at 8/6.

8/11 Genuine Panama Hoods 6/11

NEW STORE ONLY

COPIES OF THE WONDERFUL FROCKS WORN BY THE WORLD-FAMOUS SCREEN STARS NOW AVAILABLE IN OUR "CINEMA FASHION SHOP!" ADAPTATIONS FROM 45/-. ACTUAL COPIES FROM 84/-.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4601558